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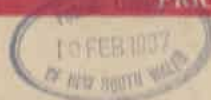
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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St. Valentine's Day

ONE BRAVE WOMAN in Daring Undersea VOYAGE

Lady Wilkins Signs On As Cook For Polar Trip

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England. By Air Mail.

With Lady Wilkins' decision to accompany her explorer husband, Sir Hubert, on the submarine dash to the North Pole, the expedition is being called "an epic of bearded men and one brave woman."

On the submarine there is no room for passengers, so Lady Wilkins will be signed on as a cook.

"SHE is a good cook," said her husband, "but she will need a great deal of ingenuity to vary the menus, as we shall have to live on dehydrated food."

Dreamy-eyed and gentle-voiced Australian Sir Hubert Wilkins says that his wife pestered him to go on the polar trip for so long that at last he has given in.

He is allowing her to go because he thinks it will be the safest trip he has ever made. Nevertheless, because this is still a rather new way of travelling to the Pole, there will be many risks and unexpected dangers to face.

Nearly 400 women have asked to join the expedition, but Lady Wilkins will be the only woman member of the submarine's crew of six.

Sir Hubert is in London to arrange for the building of a circular submarine for a two months' trip to the North Pole.

I saw him, looking not very happy in his well-cut English clothes, at the comfortable solidly conservative Royal Societies Club, when he told me that his wife, who before her marriage was the Australian actress, Suzanne Bennett, had at last persuaded him to take her with him.

She has been left at home while he made seven trips to the north and nine to the south.

Her Kitchen

LADY WILKINS can wear silk frocks at the North Pole if she wants to. The submarine can be heated if necessary, but the normal temperature will be as warm as an

early spring day in Australia because the sea is so much warmer than the ice above it.

The main room in the submarine will be 24 feet by 12 feet, with small cabins opening off it.

Lady Wilkins' kitchen, though thousands of miles from civilisation, will be better equipped than many suburban kitchens, as it will be fitted with an electric stove.

The submarine will travel below the surface of the sea for 12 hours a day, and will "pull up" once daily while the crew climbs out on the ice for exercise.

While Sir Hubert is in London Lady Wilkins is rehearsing in a new play in New York.

Another Explorer

FRAU MAGDALEN FREUCHEN, pretty wife of Peter Freuchen, Danish explorer and scientist with the party, is the most disappointed woman in London because she is unable to make the trip.

Frau Freuchen has already visited the Arctic, and her genial, bearded husband says she is a "first-rate explorer."

She, too, was an actress before her marriage. Going to Greenland she regards with the same pleased anticipation as the average Londoner feels about a trip to Scotland



ABOVE: Sir Hubert and Lady Wilkins.



PETER FREUCHEN, who will go to the Arctic with Sir Hubert Wilkins, is 7 feet tall, a bearded explorer with a cork leg. His wife, shown with him in the picture, has been on expeditions to Greenland and the Arctic Circle.

or a Sydney woman about a trip to Melbourne.

She has travelled by motor boat round the far north of Greenland, when ice has disappeared for a month for the northern summer, on short exploration trips on foot, and on long climbs to the ice-covered mountains by dog sled.

It is a much more exhilarating life, she says, than tea parties and dances. Her experience is an indication of what lies ahead of Lady Wilkins.

She wears fur-lined suits and huge fur-lined boots, leaves her make-up and mirror at home, bathing in melted ice or, in Greenland's summer, in the sea, and knows she will return to Denmark with a flawless complexion.

"Most people think Greenland is just a huge expanse of white," she said. "Actually, the colors in the ice, snow, sea and sky are unbelievably brilliant. And the air is so miraculous, so vitalising that one's nerves even survive cooking on a primus stove in a cold wind, and sleeping in tents pitched on the snow."

"I have never been in a blizzard, but I was nearly left behind on the ice half-way up the great Ice Cap. We were travelling with dog sledges with Eskimo drivers."

"The Eskimos are always very casual about looking after their self-reliant womenfolk, and my

Menu Magic

ONLY dehydrated food will be carried on the Wilkins expedition, a fact which limits the menu.

Lady Wilkins compiled, with the assistance of a famous chef, a variety of menus for dehydrated foods which literally made the explorers' mouths water.

She was taken on the strength at once.

driver climbed aboard and drove off without bothering to see whether I was on board, too.

"My frantic yells brought him back, but he made it plain without any words that I was a very silly woman."

This charming woman talked casually to me of adventure which comes to few people in a life-time. She grew wistful when told that Lady Wilkins would leave the New York stage as soon as the submarine was ready for its hazardous dash.

Instead of a theatrical star acclaimed by the crowds, she would simply be a woman cooking meals for her menfolk, facing the perils of the Arctic wastes.

Yes, bearded men and a brave woman seems a good way of describing these explorers.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Housewives' President

MRS. W. THOMAS, Melbourne, who celebrated her golden wedding recently.

She has been president of the Victorian Housewives' Association for the last seven years, and is still going strong, working as hard as she did 21 years ago.

She was Federal President for three years.



Australian Artist

A WOMAN who shares honors with her artist-husband is Amalie Colquhoun, wife of Archibald Colquhoun.

They run an art school together in Melbourne.

For the past year they have been painting in Edinburgh and London, and recently held a joint exhibition at Islington Galleries, London. Mrs. Colquhoun's portraits of well-known Australian girls were particularly lovely.



Takes to Toy-making

MRS. EDGAR WRIGHT, Tom-bong station, Delegate, N.S.W., otherwise Hilda Rix Nicholas, whose portraits and landscapes have hung in Grand Salon, Paris, has invented a new kind of toy.

She moulded nursery rhyme figures out of cotton wool mounted on anatomically perfect wire frames.

After making her nursery rhyme people she used them as models for nursery pictures. Pictures and toy people provided novel exhibition in Melbourne recently.

Babs doesn't mind telling!



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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

ACTRESS Grows OLD

Complete Short
Story by...
John Taintor
FOOTE

*A brilliant story
of the stage, and of a
young artist's career
endangered by the
jealousy of the star.*



WE had been in rehearsal twelve days. The play, in a galvanic sort of fashion, was beginning to come alive. Now and then a scene would become more than actors' reading lines. There would be people on the stage. Interesting people! At the discovery, I became faintly touched with pride.

These gleams of hope in the depressing darkness of the empty theatre were all too rare. For an hour I had sat in boredom, flashlight and notebook in hand, awed by the dogged patience of Rollo Lockhart, the producer.

The star was on the stage. Without make-up, apparently as bored as I was, she was drab, colorless, totally lacking in charm. Under the hard white downpour of the single shadeless electric globe that economy demands at most rehearsals, she looked her age—which was forty. She was walking absently through a scene, as she had walked through every scene so far, and I remember Rollo Lockhart's brief statement when told by the management that Julia Arden had read the script, liked it, and would play the lead at two hundred pounds a week and a percentage.

Rollo had remained silent for a moment, and I, who had been exulting at the news, felt chilled. At last he spoke:

"Well," said he, "we're going to see life in the raw."

I HAD thought, over this cryptic phrase, at the time, pondering its meaning. I had grown puzzled as Julia Arden had walked through her scenes, muttered her lines, and submitted listlessly to the producer. Rollo had inferred that she was something more than temperamental. A bit of theatrical gossip, no doubt! A rumor founded on a possible flare-up in some long-forgotten play.

Well, at any rate, here she was, the great Julia Arden, rehearsing—if you could call it that—in a play of mine. Not too swiftly, with steady, painstaking art, she had reached a pinnacle in the theatre all her own. For the past five years London had flocked to see her in—what did it matter? "She can read the telephone directory and make them love it," was one description of what she did to an audience.

I had warmed myself with recollections of her past irresistible triumphs for twelve long days, then—that very morning—I had gone to Rollo for reassurance.

"So you're worrying about Julia, are you?" he said. "Well, don't."

"But she isn't putting anything into her work," I insisted.

"Listen," said Rollo. "When she's ready she'll show you things you didn't know you wrote."

"How do you know she can?" I asked. "How do you know she isn't slipping?"

Rollo's mouth slowly opened, slowly closed. "That ought to make me laugh," he said. "It's the biggest gag of the season."

I abandoned anxiety, so far as Arden was concerned, as Rollo had suggested, but as the morning passed she drove me to indignation. Lesser members of the cast were so eager in their work, so apologetic over a slip in line or business, so humbly responsive to Rollo's production. The scenes that were beginning to play were theirs. Anything that included the star was killed by her indifference.

She was in a scene, at the moment, with an earnest little ingenue—a find, Rollo had told me—discovered in a small theatre. She had been a dancer. In fact, I think it was her charm as a dancer which made Rollo give her a chance in drama. The girl had a natural gift for acting—I could see that—



and a really sound technique. She was playing the scene up to the hilt, with touches of deeply moving insight. A shame to pour herself out like that and get no response! What a sweet piece of acting for an ingenue! Her voice, her manner, her gestures reminded me of someone—I could not remember whom.

AND now, for the first time since rehearsals had started, Arden became something more than a woman walking in a dream. She met the young girl's ardor with nothing, but for the rest of the scene she favored the ingenue with a peculiar heavy-lidded stare. Once or twice she passed her hand over her brow. She seemed to be either brushing away or struggling for a recollection.

The scene came to a lifeless close, despite the efforts of the ingenue. An actor made an entrance and started a speech. He was not allowed to finish. The star took her hand from her brow and flung it aloft in a magnificent gesture that paralysed his tongue and swept him from the stage.

"We'll try that scene again."

Fingers seemed to race along my spine. The deep, rich splendor of that voice! After the flat monotone I had been hearing, it was as though a jew's-harp had been replaced by a cello.

The great Julia Arden—you could see her greatness take her—stared, for a moment longer, at the young girl!

She was a find, this girl. Rollo discovered her in a small theatre. It was her charm as a dancer which made Rollo give her a chance.

"All right, child. Give me the line, 'But, mother, I love him!' We'll start from there."

That stage, ten seconds later, had become electric. A too-familiar deadlock between a still young mother and a suddenly grown-up daughter became, somehow, the doom of beauty and womanhood, through all the ages, to swift decay. Against a background of dirty white theatre wall, covered with pipes, appeared a woman who had sped from the eager joys of spring through the golden contentment of summer to the ache, the sadness of autumn.

Winter and then an awful stillness were just ahead. With the last of her enticements she had built a little fire of love at which to warm her still lovely body before moving on into the cold. Just a little fire—a pitiful little fire. She found her own flesh and blood stepping between her and its warmth. The female in her arched its back and spat and unsheathed its claws to tear young love aside. But young love had a word for that, "Mother!" And the green went out of her eyes, the curve from her fingers. She turned from the fire and went on, with a quiet despair that wrenched at the heart, that left one too blind to see her pass from view.

I found myself locked in my seat. My notebook was gone, my flashlight was rolling down the gangway. Rollo was beating me on the back.

"How do you like that?" he wanted to know.

I did not reply to Rollo. Arden was speaking again—out of character now.

"It won't do," she said. She came down to the dead footlights and peered in my direction. "Mr.—er—whatever your name is—the author, I mean."

I got to my feet.

"Yes, Miss Arden," I said.

"I can't play that scene; it's rotten."

I went down the gangway and looked up at her in a reeling world.

"What's wrong with it?" I asked.

"How should I know? I'm an actress, not an author."

Rollo appeared at my side.

"Listen, Julia," he said. "The scene played like wildfire."

She gave Rollo a withering look.

"You mean it was played. What else did you expect?"

"Of course it was played," said Rollo. "It knocked me out of my seat. You'll make 'em sit up."

"Sit up! If I couldn't I'd never step on a stage again. Don't you suppose I know what to do with mother-and-daughter stuff?"

"Have you gone arty or something, Julia?" exploded Rollo.

Please turn to Page 14

Complete Short Story
by...
**MARIAN
SIMS**

Illustrated by...
BOOTHROYD



HERITAGE

*A beautiful girl journeys
to her lover's home and experiences
a change of heart.*

LISA had never known a quiet like this. She knew the calculated, expensive quiet of great estates, and the brief hush of New York side streets in deep night, and the taut silence of audiences that had been caught in her own magic; but the stillness of this Carolina country was different. When Chris stopped the car to rearrange a piece of luggage she felt it, brooding over sunlit fields of young tobacco and corn and strippling trees. A train whistled somewhere, but the blade of sound only accentuated the stillness.

Chris slid under the wheel again and she looked at him with wonder in her eyes. "You left this," she marvelled, "for New York."

He grinned at her. "Sure. And if I hadn't?"

That made her shiver. If he hadn't, he was saying, he would

never have met her. "I'd rather not think about that. But don't you miss it terribly, sometimes?"

"Not so you could notice. This all seems beautiful for a while, but wait till you've tried living with it."

The car was purring again, nosing its way back on to the silvery streak of road. The expensive roads didn't seem to mind being empty. They went everywhere, underscoring the isolation. She said abruptly, "Tell me some more about the family."

Like most adopted New Yorkers Chris had sloughed his background, and she knew too little of his people. There was the colonel, his father, whose title was a relic of the Spanish-American War; and Robin, his older brother; and they lived on a farm. She had meant to find out before this, but all day yesterday they had talked theatre and the play Chris was writing. It was these fields and the nearness of the Milburn farm that made her suddenly eager for details.

"Well—what do you want to know?"

"Everything. What they think and do; what sort of people they are."

HE frowned. "I haven't seen much of them in ten years; just a week now and then. And there's always a sort of veil between you and your family under circumstances like that; it's like trying to talk to someone over long distance."

"Do they do anything besides farm?"

"Heavens, no! What farmer does?" He added hastily, "They couldn't. You see, the place has two thousand acres."

She tried to imagine two thousand acres in the possession of one family. Her grandfather had farmed in Germany, but he had owned fifty acres and counted himself lucky. She looked thoughtfully at Chris, who was smooth and very polished.

"I can't imagine you as a farmer's son."

He laughed. "Neither could I. That's why I let old Robin carry on; it fits him perfectly."

"What do they do on the farm?" She wanted to make good with Chris' people; to meet them with some comprehension of their background and their lives.

"Tobacco mostly. This is fine tobacco country. And, of course, corn and rye and oats for the stock. There's a lot of timber, too, and Robin cuts trees like a

SOMETHING in Robin's voice had moved her strangely. She grew misty-eyed with tears.

miser; I think he takes the waist measure of every one before he lets go. And chickens and hogs and cattle."

Her respect for farming grew. "I didn't dream it was as complicated as that."

He shrugged. "It's not complicated when you've been raised with it. Of course, some of the land is worked by tenants. Negro and white; nobody could look after all of it."

The Milburns, she realised with a new respect, were very like the feudal lords of an earlier day; only—if one judged by Chris—there was nothing of the autocratic sense of power that had accomplished the downfall of feudalism. Chris didn't see anything impressive in two thousand acres and an overlordship. It was merely something to flee from. But she reminded herself, if he hadn't fled she would never have met him and they wouldn't be driving over a concrete road in North Carolina. She moved her shoulder until it touched his, and his response was warm and immediate. He laid an arm across her knees and drew her closer.

"Glad you came?" His voice went rough.

"Very."

Being engaged for a year hadn't accustomed her to Chris, and she wondered sometimes if she would ever have a chance to become accustomed to him—if she would ever be quietly sure and at home with him.

They came at late afternoon to the Milburn boundaries, and Chris waved a careless hand. "To your right and left you see the ancestral estate."

IT seemed to her that the marching rows of tobacco were immediately straighter and larger and sturdier, and that the fences were better built. She said eagerly, "But where's the house?" and Chris laughed.

"A mile and a half down the road."

He turned finally into a sandy lane that led toward an oak grove and through the trees she saw an ugly square white house, marked off from the encroaching fields by a picket fence.

She said without thinking, "It's not the kind of house I expected," and he laughed again.

"You thought there'd be lofty columns entwined with clematis, I suppose? It's what comes of reading romantic fiction."

Dogs began to bark frantically, and an English setter cleared the fence in a flying leap. Chris shouted, "You fool, that's a fine way to get run over!" and the dog took it for a compliment and wagged its tail so frantically that its body bent in the middle.

With the dog as escort they drove through an open gate and stopped at the rear of the house. "Since you're one of the family," Chris explained, "you'll go in the back door like the rest of us."

In the kitchen a corpulent negro woman said, "Lordy, Mr. Chris. I sho is glad to see you. I thought you was Mr. Robin," and scrambled for an egg-beater she had dropped.

Chris chuckled. "I hope you're not disappointed." He laid a hand on Lisa's arm. "This is Miss Hoffman, Minnie."

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WITHOUT ORDERS

Complete Short Story

... By ...

Peter B. KYNE



WALTER MADDOX brought the plane down, taxied to the passenger landing ground, turned the plane over to the second pilot, and entered the office building to make out his report. Bill Calkins, in charge of operations, came into the pilots' room, and tossed a telegram on the table in front of Maddox.

"How is it you're forty minutes late?" he demanded, with a faint touch of the arrogance which sometimes tinctures the natures of those upon whom devolve responsibilities slightly too heavy for their mental calibre.

Walter Maddox, unimpressed, did not look up.

"When I have given in my report to you, Bill," he answered carelessly, "you will find the information you seek embodied in same. Duplication of labor is infallible evidence of gross inefficiency."

Bill Calkins not infrequently got on Maddox's nerves, and Walter was never averse to putting him in his place. He completed his report, made a final entry in his log, and handed both to Bill Calkins. Then he opened the telegram. It was from the president of Amalgamated Air Lines, and ran as follows:

Effective this date and immediately upon completion of route three your services as pilot will be required no longer by this company stop Upon application to local manager pass will be given you to any point reached by the lines of this company stop In the opinion of the undersigned you have needed a holiday for several years.

Walter Maddox read this disconcerting telegram three times, after which he handed it to Bill Calkins.

"Better take this up with the manager, Bill," he suggested. "He'll have time to put a pilot aboard the 10.30 to-night, to take my plane back. A time-table is a time-table, and the air mail waits not for time, tide or man."

A PART from his occasional little touch of arrogance, Bill was reasonably human. He was horrified now and did not try to hide it.

"This," he said, "is a rotten shame. It's a ridiculous business. You're the second oldest pilot in the Amalgamated, and, if anybody should ask me, far and away the best."

"I'm thirty-five years old, Bill. Perhaps the head office has reached the conclusion that thirty-five is old enough for a pilot." He sighed. "Bill, I was flying in France when I was seventeen; I've wing-walked and been a stunt man for the films; I've flown by every route on the Amalgamated Lines for four years and have never had an accident or a row with employee or passenger. And to-day for the first time I was really late. Ah, well, they can't give me a bad-conduct discharge. My experience is all down in the records. To hades with them! Some other line will be glad to have me."

"I hope so," said Bill dubiously. Walter caught that dubious note and nodded grimly.

"I'll probably be grounded for a long time, Bill. Despite a man's excellent record, once he has been sacked without an explanation, companies are apt to imagine that there's a rotten streak concealed in him somewhere."

He moved round to the table,

Illustrated
by
FISCHER



drew a pad of telegraph forms towards him and wrote:

Director Amalgamated Air Lines

Acknowledge receipt telegram even date dismissing me stop Vacancy in list of pilots always joyous news to second pilot stop Tim Casey who has been my second pilot two years has in him making of star pilot stop He had two thousand hours in air and the best interests of the company will be served by giving him promotion he merits stop Thanks for offer of pass to wherever I want to go but you cannot quiet my sense of outrage and injustice by dropping me anywhere

Walter Maddox.

He walked across the hall to the telegraph office and sent the message.

Then he went out and said good-bye to Tim Casey, still waiting at the passenger entrance, after which he picked up a taxi and went to the little, cheap, single room he occupied when he stayed in town.

He had a similar room at the other end of his route, and loathed them both, for of late he had made the discovery that he was getting to be a lonely man.

"A man of thirty-five years old should have a home," he often soliloquised, "even if he only occupies it three nights a week. And he should have a loving wife, even if his method of making a living isn't quite fair to her because it keeps her constantly worried. Yes, if I'm ever to have a real home and a wife and children it's time I did something about it."

This early afternoon he definitely put that bright day-dream behind him, as is so often the habit of strong and generous men who suddenly find themselves denied the right to earn a living in the only job they know. He told himself, too, that he would have to put Maisie Armstrong out of his head now and congratulated himself that he had resisted the temptation to propose marriage to her only three nights ago, when she had him and Tim Casey up to her little flat for dinner.

She had sent Tim down to the



"You'll never win a beauty prize, Walter," said Maisie, "but thank goodness for your big, square chin."

corner shop for cream, and Walter had had ample opportunity to put the question. And he would have put it, too, had not something told him that Maisie had a suspicion he intended to put it and hoped he wouldn't, for certainly he had never heard a girl change the conversation as fast and as often as Maisie had. Wherefore, he had decided to await a more propitious moment.

What a darling she was! Most attractive of hostesses on the Amalgamated Air Lines—he had always believed she was fond of him while she was on his plane, but lately she had been going out with Kendrick, who was twenty-six and fair and curly-haired and blue-eyed and downright handsome, if one didn't object to the cleft in his chin—like the man

in the collar advertisement. The lad had a way with him—an easy, insouciant way with women.

After Maisie Armstrong appeared on the scene Leonard Kendrick devoted himself solely to her. Strange about women, Walter thought. Apparently they never looked for character in a man. Kendrick was pleasing enough in so far as personality went, but Walter had a suspicion he was spoilt and selfish. Often he wondered what he would do in a difficult situation. Kendrick had flown six months with him as second pilot and Walter had never wholly trusted him.

Walter shaved and bathed and laid his uniform away—for ever. He lighted a cigarette and lay down on his bed to do some profound thinking—and presently,

The tale of an
Air-hostess and
the Pilot who
was in love
with her.

Despite his great mental distress, he fell asleep. When he awoke it was five o'clock and he was hungry.

Now, in common with most men, Walter did not like having dinner alone. A good friend of his, Sam Cressy, was due at the aerodrome at six o'clock. So Walter decided to take a taxi, kidnap Sam when his plane came in, and take him out to dinner.

At the aerodrome he dropped into the office and said to Bill Calkins:

"Any news from Sam Cressy?"

Calkins raised a troubled face. "I'm afraid he's lost, Walter. He hasn't been heard of since he took off, and that was an hour and a half ago. I can't get into touch with him on the wireless."

Maddox sat down.

"That's bad. I think I'll stay here until I learn what's happened to him. I imagine he's run into bad visibility."

At six o'clock the manager at the last stop on the route telephoned that Sam Cressy had just come in. He'd been caught in a storm he couldn't circumvent, which had caused him to turn and swing in a great circle.

Please turn to Page 18

MARCH OF THE MODE by René

In the Evening



IN THE EVENING we see the same variety of silhouettes as in day clothes.

On the two centre figures illustrated is a fair example of the contradiction in outline and material, formality and informality.

Black slipper satin, very stiff and lustrous, makes the new and daring tunic gown. The tunic is lined with white satin and ends in two long and sweeping tails at the back.

The green model is one of the newest materials, the finest, sheerest wool, embroidered with knotty wool spots. Velvet sweet peas encircle the waist and neck, and the lady also wears some perched in her hair.

In the surrounding outlines we see Grecian drapery; very much basqued jackets; voluminous skirts and princess silhouettes.

SMALL and ... SMART!



• ABOVE: A charming example of the latest "pork-pie" beret in beige felt. The pom-pom of bright carmine supplies a vivid spot of color.

• TOP RIGHT: A dashing toque in mottled white cloque, tied high on the side in a rabbit's-ear bow.

• AT RIGHT: This "Rosalind" model is made of black velvet, with a very high crown and a stiffened bow of emerald velvet ribbon.



It is positively dangerous to neglect a Cold. If all "Colds" were promptly treated with HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE there would be little fear of any serious complications (such as Pneumonia, Pleurisy and Bronchitis).

For that obstinate, irritating, tickling COUGH that pesters you and irritates everybody else; for the sort of COUGH that shakes you to pieces; for the COUGH

that often follows the Flu; in fact, for ANY sort of COUGH there is nothing better, safer or quicker in action than Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION always ask for and see that you get HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure, because Hearne's obtains its amazing results without the use of narcotics, and does not upset the stomach.

For all CHEST troubles take

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE . . .

GALISMAN RING

Concluding our brilliant serial of romance and adventure.



"He was certainly frightened," agreed Miss Thane. "He forgot to smile. What do you suppose he will do, Sir Hugh?"

"I hope he may make an attempt to find Cleghorn and buy his silence. If he does he will have delivered himself in our hands. But don't let Ludovic stir from the house! I'll warn Nye to be careful whom he lets into the inn."

"I can feel my flesh creeping already," said Miss Thane, with a shudder. "It has suddenly occurred to me that that very unpleasant person thinks Ludovic is occupying the back bedroom."

Eustace gave a gasp.

"Oh Sarah, you do not think he will come to murder Ludovic, do you?"

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," said Miss Thane. "And I am occupying the back bedroom! I just mention it, you know."

As the day drew towards evening Eustace's fears became more pronounced: when the candles were lit and the blinds drawn she persisted in hearing footsteps.

The whole party went up to bed soon after ten o'clock. Having assured herself that the windows in Ludovic's room were securely fastened, and his pistols loaded and under his pillow, Eustace at last consented, though reluctantly, to seek her own couch. Ludovic took a fond farewell of her.

MISS THANE came along the passage at this moment, and put an end to their tête-à-tête. She quite agreed with Eustace that Ludovic must lock his door. She had every intention, she said, of locking her

NEXT WEEK:

OUR fascinating new serial, "Lady With Carnations," by the famous English author, A. J. Cronin, will begin next week.

This is a novel of considerable distinction, lifted right out of the ordinary by the writer's sure and delicate handling of his theme.

own. She bore Eustace off to her room, stayed with her till she was safely tucked up in bed, turned the lamp down, made up the fire, and went away wondering whether there really might be something to fear, or whether they had allowed their fancy to run riot. This problem kept her awake for some time, but after a couple of hours spent in straining her ears to catch the sound of a footfall she did at last fall asleep, lulled by the monotonous rise and fall of her brother's snores, drifting to her ears from across the passage.

At one o'clock these ceased abruptly. The moon had reached a point in the heavens from which its rays were able to find out a chink between the blinds over Sir Hugh's window. A silver of light stole across his face. Its baleful influence was instantly felt. Sir Hugh awoke.

He knew at once what had roused him and with a muttered curse got up out of bed and stalked over to the windows.

There was a smart wind blowing; a sudden gust tore the case-ment out of his slack hold and flung it wide. He leaned out to pull it to again, and as he did

By
**Georgette
HEYER**

so noticed that one of the windows in the coffee-room directly beneath his bedroom was also standing wide.

Yawning, he groped his way into his dressing-gown, and then, picking up the candlestick and treading softly for fear of waking the rest of the household, sallied forth to rectify Nye's omission.

He went carefully down the steep stairs, shading the flame of the candle from the draught. As he reached the bend in the staircase, and rounded it, he caught the glow of a light, suddenly extinguished, and knew there was someone in the coffee-room.

Sir Hugh might be of a naturally indolent disposition, but he had a rooted objection to fellows nefariously creeping about the house. He reached the bottom of the stairs with most surprising celerity and, holding up the candle, looked keenly round the room.

A figure loomed up for an instant out of the darkness; he had a glimpse of a man with a mask over his face and a dagger in his hand, and the next moment the candle was struck from his hold.

Sir Hugh plunged after him, tripped over a stool and came down on his hands and knees with a crash. The intruder was visible for a brief moment in the shaft of moonlight, before Sir Hugh could pick himself up he had vanished through the window.

Sir Hugh swore and got up. The noise of his fall seemed to have penetrated to the rooms above, for a door was opened, footsteps were heard flying along the passage towards his bedroom and Eustace's voice sounded, begging the landlord to wake up and come at once.

"It's only I!" called Sir Hugh, tenderly massaging his grazed shin-bone. "Don't start screaming for Heaven's sake! Bring me a light!"

Another door opened. Miss Thane's voice said: "What was that? I thought I heard a crash!"

"I dare say you did," returned her brother. "I fell over a damned stool. Send that scoundrel Nye down here, I've a bone to pick with him."

"Good gracious, Hugh!" exclaimed Miss Thane, venturing half-way down the stairs and holding a candle. "What in the world are you doing there? You do not know what a fright you put me into!"

"Never mind that," said Sir Hugh testily. "What I want is a light."

Eustace, who had come downstairs with Nye, gave a sob of fright and stared at Miss Thane. "He did come!" she said. "Ludovic!"

She turned on the word and fled upstairs, calling "Ludovic, Ludovic, are you safe?"

Nye had gone over to the window and was leaning out. He turned and said: "The shutter's been wrenched off its hinge, and a pane of glass cut out clean as a whistle. That's where he must have put his hand in to open the window. You didn't get a sight of his face, sir?"

"No, I didn't," replied Sir Hugh, stooping to pick up the dagger at his feet. "I keep telling you he wore a mask. A loo-mask. If there's one thing above others that I hate it's a lot of damned theatrical nonsense! What was the fellow playing at? Highwayman?"

Please turn to Page 28



ANNY BLATT, world's acknowledged leader in knitwear, designed this attractive jumper. It is one of many fashionable garments for which full directions are given in our free knitting book. (See below.)

GLORIOUS Knitting Book For READERS—FREE!

Other Delightful Surprises In Mammoth Issue Of Women's Weekly

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW

The Australian Women's Weekly is preparing for its readers a wonderful knitting book, which will be given away free in the issue which will be on sale in a fortnight's time.

Absolutely the last word in fashion are the nineteen knitted models for which full knitting instructions are given in this unique book.

OUR special representatives in London and New York have searched diligently for the very best overseas designs available in the new season's knitwear.

As a result we are able to feature exclusive garments which carry the hallmark of approval of the most famous houses of London, Paris, Vienna, and New York.

In addition, a number of splendid Australian designs are included. Cardigans, jumpers, sports blouses, dresses, and other cosy and modish garments can all be knitted from the clear and simple directions which are given in full for each design.

Every design is beautifully illustrated, some of the illustrations being in four-color Artgravure.

The result is a truly brilliant galaxy of knitwear, such as has never before been assembled by any newspaper.

Other Surprises

EACH year The Australian Women's Weekly has specialised in giving its readers the world's best offerings in knitting designs, and the presentation of this free book inaugurates our knitting season for the year.

The book will be followed by other charming designs, included from week to week, in succeeding issues of the paper.

You will take the keenest pleasure in knitting garments which are illustrated in our free knitting book.

This wonderful knitting book is not the only happy surprise prepared for readers

in the issue of The Australian Women's Weekly which will be on sale on February 23.

In addition there is a free novel, which, by the charm and delicacy of its treatment of an unusual theme, won for itself a lasting place in the affection of women. This is "Lavender and Old Lace," by Myrtle Reed.

The Australian Women's Weekly procured the free novel rights of this delightful book as a special gift for its readers, believing that the Old-World grace with which it is written will make an irresistible appeal to every woman.

Another splendid exploit by the famous Captain Blood is related in one of the thrilling short stories by Sabatini, which help to make the issue memorable also for its fiction.

All told, there are over a hundred pages of absorbing interest in this epoch-making issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

The price is, as usual, 3d. Be sure to order your copy from your newsagent now, as the demand is sure to be overwhelming.

The Fashion Parade *sketches by Petrov*

Modish

- 1.—On a dark dress try this tie or halter-necked vest of bright-colored or pastel crepe.
- 2.—A jewelled black bird is worn as an evening hair ornament, perched on top of the head.
- 3.—High-cut day shoe of black suede. The shape you will wear for autumn.
- 4.—With a dark dress or suit this frothy jabot of white chiffon held with a paste clip.
- 5.—Twisted woollen cord and wool tassels for this novel belt. Scarlet wool, white dress.
- 6.—Pigskin sports glove, showing brown leather lacings.
- 7.—Glove of raspberry doeskin with novelty back. Worn with black.

- 8.—Strap shoes are in again. This one is black velvet to wear with a black dinner suit.
- 9.—To replace a collar, a thick twist of colored wool and big tassels for a woollen dress.
- 10.—Floral chintz handkerchief and bag to wear on the beach.



Accessories

- 11.—Large pieces of jewellery for evening wear. Earrings, brooch, and bracelet of imitation diamonds and emeralds.
- 12.—Lots of gold bracelets to wear by day. A jewelled orchid instead of a brooch by night.
- 13.—The new shape for autumn handbags. Copper suede with link handle and copper gloves.

- 14.—Curling ostrich feathers on a velvet band. One of the new evening headdresses.
- 15.—Many strands of pearls for a necklace and bracelet, worn with a black frock.
- 16.—A backless waistcoat of silver lame, worn with a black suit for late afternoons.
- 17.—Diamond flowers are the latest trimmings for evening gowns.
- 18.—Schiaparelli shows these black suede gloves with red finger-nails lacquered on.
- 19.—Autumn suits have tailored velvet lapels and buttons, usually black on a colored suit.
- 20.—Evening shoes mount high, as in this toeless and heelless brocade sandal.



SYDNEY GIRL'S Sacrifice FOR SPAIN

Portia Holman's Moving Story of Tragic War Scenes

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London.

With her medical degree practically in her grasp, Miss Portia Holman, a Sydney girl, has decided to interrupt the course and devote herself entirely to the cause of the wounded in Spain.

There she will join the little band of gallant Australian women working with the Medical Aid Unit. She is the daughter of the late Mr. W. A. Holman, a former Premier of New South Wales, and Mrs. Ada Holman, of Double Bay, Sydney.

IN a special interview with The Australian Women's Weekly in London, Miss Holman, who is tall and slim, with

pretty auburn hair, tells of her experience in a visit she has just made to Spain.

She was vividly impressed with

From Academic Quiet to Heroic War Work

AFTER a brilliant academic career at Sydney and Cambridge Universities, Miss Holman was appointed Lecturer in Psychology at St. Andrew's University, Scotland. Then she took up the study of medicine, passing all her exams with distinction.

When she made her decision to go to Spain she was a fifth-year medical student at the Royal Free Hospital, London.

the tragic plight of the unhappy war-stricken populace.

"I went to Spain at Christmas," she said, "and visited Barcelona and Valencia, and our first hospital at Granen. It had been a disused farmhouse, and the first unit had



MISS PORTIA HOLMAN, the Sydney girl who is tending the wounded in Spain.

Doctors recommend it!

Complete beauty and germicidal protection

without medicinal or carbolic odour!

Your skin must have definite antiseptic protection if it is to be free from blemishes. You'll get that protection from using Protex—the germicidal soap which doctors recommend, and which contains Ti-tree oil.

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11 Times Stronger Than Carbolic Yet Non-Irritant

Melaleuca Alternifolia (showing the tree and leaf) from which ti-tree oil—the powerful Australian antiseptic used in Protex—is distilled.

PROTEX

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to die out an accumulation of rubbish several feet deep before it could start work. Now it is a model hospital.

"By the time I arrived there the war zone had moved and the hospital was not overworked. But the local doctor had vanished when the war was uncomfortably near, so the hospital looked after village patients as well as war victims.

"Several babies were born at the hospital, and it gave you rather a lump in the throat to see in one ward bandaged soldiers and in the next a proud mother with a tiny baby in her arms.

"The unit has left the Granen hospital in charge of a Spanish doctor and six British nurses, and moved its base with most of the original British staff of 23 to a former Spanish hospital near the Madrid front line.

"Our theatre is a model of efficiency, and the hospital is splendidly equipped. It needs to be because the staff not only has to deal with wounded men from the front line, but with stricken refugees as well.

"Food is plentiful but monotonous. Transport of supplies is the worst problem. Since Britain's non-intervention policy bans the export of British coal to Spain, there is a very poor train service; in fact, at times it is non-existent.

"The fact that water has to be

carried more than four miles to the hospital makes regular transport an urgent necessity. Owing to absence of fuel, our sterilising in the theatre is done over spirit stoves.

"The Spanish women who are not in the fighting line are playing their part bravely by carrying on work on the farms.

"I am going to Madrid to work in the wards next month. There are several Australians with the Medical Aid Unit—Eileen Palmer, secretary and interpreter, Nurse Miller, Nurse Hodgson, and four other Australian nurses in Barcelona.

Appeals For Aid

"SPANISH Medical Aid recently sent to Spain 180 stretchers, morphine and anaesthetics, an ambulance and a half-ton truck both carrying surgical instruments, medical supplies, food, and warm clothing, including 1000 pairs of socks and 1000 pairs of gloves.

"Four more ambulances, one specially equipped for poison-gas cases and carrying surgical requisites, will leave at the end of the month.

"But we want much more money. To maintain the unit in its present state of efficiency costs £500 a month, and every ambulance we send, every field base we establish, puts up the maintenance costs."

Startling Features of New Paris Dress Shows

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE.

Opening of the Paris dress shows reveals that the silhouette for daytime is still square-shouldered and narrow-waisted. Skirts are short and straight, or slightly flared.

Boleros, fitted jackets hip-length or a little longer, are prominently featured.

FULL coats with loose backs have embroidered pockets at the yoke-line. Slender evening frocks, achieving fullness with one-sided drapery, vie with romantic picture frocks.

Startling features are Patou's skirts, which are slit from above the knee, and Schiaparelli's shorter-than-ankle-length evening dresses over stiffened petticoats.

Interesting details include Schiaparelli's prints of shields, flags, and crowns (inspired, of course, by the Coronation), and her film-star-

signature prints. Evening coats are very long and there are some picturesque new "Garden of Allah" capes. Trimmings include gold military embroidery, glass flowers, leaves, and stencilled leather. Contrasting jackets and skirts are worn. Evening frocks have necklines like bathing-suits.

Favored fabrics include smooth woollens, shantung, linen, alpaca, slipper satin, crepes, lame, cheviot, and shepherd's plaids. Colors include gold, orange, yellow—inspired by the Princess Juliana's wedding—pink, mauve, navy, white, plaids, and tartans (out of compliment to the Queen).

QUEEN SETS *New* HAIR STYLES



SIX ATTRACTIVE coiffure styles which embody the most artistic ideas of the 1937 modes. They include rows of sculptured curls done in halo fashion, cylindrical curls, the Grecian plait, and other streamlined types.

Exclusive Demonstration For Women's Weekly Will Revolutionise Coronation Coiffures

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London. By Beam Wireless.

Hitherto so conservative in her coiffure, Queen Elizabeth has now decided to adopt a completely new style. She is abandoning her fringe altogether and now favors a delightfully soignée style, which, while essentially modern, is nevertheless regal in its dignity. Her hair is to be parted on the right side instead of in the centre.

Her Majesty's decision means a revolution in Coronation hair styles, which have hitherto been modelled on the fringe idea.

In thus changing her hair style, the Queen is following the advice of Alphonse, the well-known hairdresser of Dover Street, who has coiffured Lady Murray Anderson, Lady Gowrie, and many other prominent Australian women.

TO-DAY Alphonse arranged a demonstration of the new coiffure exclusively for The Australian Women's Weekly at his salon, using as his model his pretty auburn-haired assistant, Iris.

The style is a modification of the modern off-the-face mode combining the modern line with a dignified severity. The hair is dressed in numerous flat disc curls, arranged in a sloping line tapering to the nape of the neck. This not only gives length to the face, but with the curls built up slightly at the back of the head adds height.

"Her Majesty," says Alphonse, "has soft, fine hair which lends itself excellently to this style. She has also a beautiful eyebrow line and a well-shaped head, which the new style shows to great advantage. It will also admirably suit the wearing of a crown or coronet."

"For these reasons I confidently forecast that the majority of peer-

esses will adopt the Elizabeth coiffure."

Alphonse will go to the Palace twice weekly to dress the Queen's hair, while Her Majesty's personal maids attend to it daily.

He will go to Buckingham Palace on the morning of the Coronation to set the Queen's coiffure for the exacting ceremony.

When dressing the Queen's hair, Alphonse uses a special shampoo.

For Queen's Life Story see Page 45

poo, the basis of which is pine tar. It contains no soap. For the little Princesses he uses a shampoo based on the white of an egg. He dresses and sings their hair at ten-day intervals.

"Both the Princesses have naturally wavy hair of a beautiful color," Alphonse says. "Their hair needs no touching up."

After demonstrating the Queen's new coiffure on Iris, who wears her



THE QUEEN with the fringed bobbed which she is now abandoning.

hair rather long, Alphonse dressed mine, which is short, so as to show me that the new style is suitable for either long or short hair.

Hair styles have never been more important than to-day, and the search for interesting variations of the mode continues unceasingly. Every woman is demanding a style which will enhance her individuality, express some mood of the moment or be particularly suited for some specific occasion. The modern streamlined effect is well to the fore. Hair to be chic must be immaculately groomed, short, off the face, and finished with all sorts of fascinating curls.

In fact, particular emphasis is on curls this year, and on the unique treatment of them. They may be sculptured, often flat in bands across the head, or combed up into halo effect. Or they may be cylindrical, curling provocatively round the ear and at the nape of the neck. Very sophisticated effects are being achieved with cylindrical rolls used instead of waves.

And for evening, curls are especially elaborate and formal, but may be combed out into a more frothy, informal arrangement if liked.



HER MAJESTY sketched with her hair dressed up in the new style as interpreted by Boothroyd.

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12/2/37

An Editorial

FEBRUARY 13, 1937.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY



SUNDAY of this week will be Saint Valentine's Day—a day associated since time immemorial with "valentines," cards

of greeting between lovers, and other old romantic customs.

The actual date, the fourteenth of February, was a day of gifts even before the time of Saint Valentine (the third century A.D.). On a moderate estimate the festival is at least 2000 years old.

Yet, age-old and firmly entrenched in popular favor as the St. Valentine's customs appeared to be, they gradually waned towards the close of the nineteenth century.

This was perhaps due to the more romantic customs becoming forgotten. One of the most picturesque was the token which was sent to a sweetheart anonymously or merely marked with initials to arrive on St. Valentine's Day.

The sender then visited the recipient of the valentine, and, if acceptable, claimed a kiss and became his (or her) acknowledged sweetheart.

Later the custom dwindled to the exchange of gifts or highly-decorated cards between lovers; and finally came the caricature card which ridiculed some trait of character or physical feature supposed to be possessed by the recipient.

These naturally lent themselves to the perpetuation of petty spites and squabbles, and in Australia died out gradually in the present century.

In Britain and America, the romantic Valentine has had quite a popular revival. St. Valentine's Day cards and gifts are freely circulated, not only between lovers, but between husbands and wives, as tokens or reminders of affection.

It is, perhaps, a good sign, a token that all romance has not vanished from this era of crude facts and mechanisation.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Farwell to Gretna Green

THE announcement that Gretna Green marriages are to be abolished will grieve all lovers of old-fashioned romance.

Gretna Green is a little village in Scotland just over the English border. Owing to the more elastic Scottish law, runaway marriages could be solemnised at a moment's notice, the officiator being the local blacksmith or inn-keeper.

Actually the speed-marriages ceased in 1856 with a new regulation demanding 21 days' local residence.

The job of careering across country for three weeks (with infuriated parents in pursuit) became too much of a good thing for eloping couples.

The final ban on the officiating blacksmith seals Gretna's doom as the Reno of British romance.

Under a Spell

THE Simplified Spelling Society has been calling for a universal "tong" to bring the nations of the "Erth" together.

The first reaction of the average reader to such spelling is a smile, such as is accorded to little Tommy's epistle, "Dere Santa Claws, please send me a bisket for Crismus."

But surely if English (as claimed) is to become the World Language, its spelling is due for a good pruning and revision.

The plight of the foreigner wrestling with "cough, bough, slough, dough, laugh, through, although, plough, and rough" is an old joke—but the laugh is equally against ourselves and our fanstastic orthography.

Give Missiles a Miss

"PEOPLE who live in glass houses should not throw stones," ran the old maxim. It will go definitely into the discard when the ultra-modern house (described at the recent Auckland Science Congress) becomes the vogue.

Constructed of unbreakable glass bricks, this house possesses unshatterable glass windows, which are also reckoned bulletproof.

Whether Australians will value this latter recommendation is problematic—but the new windows should be very popular in certain so-called "civilised" countries overseas just now.

Bouncing Babies

CLAIMED as "the largest baby ever born" is that of Mrs. Fwick (Fort Wayne), U.S.A., which weighed 18 pounds.

The Australian dailies let it go at that. The Australian Women's Weekly, however, would like to put in a claim for Mrs. Dignam (Belmore, N.S.W.), a daughter (Muriel), 20 pounds, in 1900. And, as runner-up, Mrs. Burns (of Wauchope) with a boy 14lb. 12oz. Now bring along your Americans!

Mothers of the usual five to 10-pounders, however, need not be envious. A light or medium weight babe is as likely to grow up a Hercules as a heavy one. Future growth of babies is unpredictable.

Lyric of Life

Valentine

I give my love to you my dear,
With hope that's simple and sincere
In this fond heart of mine . . .
That through the years my life
will be
A soft, delightful melody
With you, my Valentine.
—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

The Hard Word

"HARD as a bagful of nails," was the blunt description of the modern American girl by a Sydney solicitor, who returned recently from the Land of the Almighty Dollar.

From a woman's point of view, rather an indictment of the American male. For it was the latter who invented the gangster, the "racket," the sub-machine-gun, tear-gas for strikers, dollar-worship, kidnapping, hustle, the joy-ride, the cocktail, the roadhouse, and the "petting party."

In such an environment who would not grow "hard"? After all, armor is for protection, and if the hard-boiled American lass views life in terms of hard cash, the equally hard-shelled American male first provided the flinty environment and the need of defence against it.



CHINA'S FIRST LADY. Madame Chiang Kai-shek, with her husband, the famous General who has played a dramatic part in China's affairs. See story column 4.

Cheapering the Sky

BRITISH air-travel services at rates as low as 3½d. per mile are seriously spoken of.

In Australia, where taxis charge 6d. to 1/- per mile to travel only short distances and at one-fifth the speed, this proposition reads like a fairy-tale.

Obviously the air is making a bold bid to supersede the road, as it is already superseding the sea for passenger traffic. In America railways are already feeling the competition, as witness the vogue for the 100-miles-per-hour passenger train. Cheap air-fares may yet win the day for the plane.

A Painful Joke

NATURE, which bestows on the lower animals solid teeth, which grow upward as they wear down, apparently devised the hollow tooth for human beings as a practical joke.

Witness the plight of Keith Lester, the fifteen-year-old Australian lad who has already grown four sets, the majority of which needed extraction.

A sympathetic twinge will thrill every reader of this news item, except, perhaps, those hard-boiled executives, the dentists. Dame Nature can joke—but this one seems rather overdrawn.

Woman's Part In China's War Dramas

When Chiang Kai-shek, Commander of the Chinese armies and Prime Minister of the Nanking Government, was recently kidnapped by his own subordinate, Chang Hseuh-liang, two people set off by aeroplane to his rescue—his secretary, an Australian journalist called Donald, and Chiang's wife.

LATER Mme. Chiang Kai-shek was reported to have vanished, and her friends feared that she, too, had been kidnapped by the mutineers. However, she eventually returned with her husband.

Probably no other woman in the world to-day has been so intimately concerned in the making of history as Mme. Chiang Kai-shek.

Her influence is not due solely to her position as consort of "the strong man of China," though that position has certainly given her her opportunity, in the land where armies belong to individuals, and the owner of the strongest army automatically becomes politician, statesman, and administrator of national and international affairs.

Her brother, Mr. T. V. Soong, is a polished statesman, who has represented his country in important posts both at home and abroad.

Her elder sister married Dr. Sun Yat-sen, first President and present patron saint of China.

As a member of this wealthy, cultivated, and influential Shanghai family, Miss May Ling Soong, as she then was, had every advantage that life in a cosmopolitan, modern city could offer.

First Lady in China

FROM childhood, she was acquainted with persons of many nationalities. She was schooled in both Chinese and foreign culture, and was sent to study in the United States, where she took her B.A. degree at Wellesley College, one of America's greatest educational institutions for women.

In 1927, soon after her return to China, she married General Chiang Kai-shek. He had just triumphantly completed a military expedition against the northern war-lords and had been elected President of the Nanking Government.

As First Lady of the Chinese Republic between 1927 and 1931, Mme. Chiang Kai-shek did not immediately find any serious use for her special talents. Her great opportunity to show her quality came later, when her husband was no longer chief executive and they had got away from the over-charged atmosphere of Nanking.

Elevating the People

IN 1931 the Left faction of the Kuomintang Party accused President Chiang of trying to make himself dictator. He resigned the presidency and retired to Kiangsi Province, to wage war upon the Chinese Soviet, entrenched there in its capital at Jukin.

Mme. Chiang accompanied him, and they established their headquarters in the ancient city of Nanchang.

She and her husband worked together. They enlisted the help of everyone who might prove useful.

Mme. Chiang's work was twofold. First, she personally investigated the conditions of the people and the oppression they suffered at the hands of their own troops, with the result that, in the words of Mr. Shepherd, "the people began to get a square deal, to go about their daily toil unmolested."

Next, she helped to inaugurate a "New Life" movement, the purpose of which was "to elevate the people to an understanding of their duty to their villages as well as to their families, and also to their nation as citizens."

Mme. Chiang gives her husband all the credit for the ideas in this movement, but it is easier to believe that she, with her particular cultural history, was the person with sufficient detachment to see China in true perspective.

The Chinese Press calls her "co-sponsor" of the movement.

Not the least valuable of her gifts to her country is just the unconscious display of generosity, of freedom from jealousy, of willingness to co-operate wholeheartedly without claiming rewards, of ability to look unpleasant truth in the face without becoming discouraged, which are the aim of the New Life movement.

These are rare qualities in China.



These are rare qualities in China.

PANJANDRUM Lower GOES EAST



Quaffs a Couple of Pagodas with Woop Pee & How Now

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's Foremost Humorist
Illustrated by ARIA

Well, what do you think of my kimono, Flower Of The Morning? And my new obi?

I have returned from Japan, where I went to get a cherry stone to plant in our flower-pot because our aspidistra died. A most interesting country. It is a glorious experience to sit in a satsuma being wheeled along by a samurai and watching the ju-jitsus flitting by in their colorful obis.

I WAS the guest of an aged nobleman who lived on the slopes of Fujiyama. What the Japanese crockery and calendar manufacturers would have done without that mountain is hard to say.

Woop Pee, for such was the aged nobleman's name, treated me with every courtesy and consideration. For instance, I was down at the carp pond pondering upon this and that when a servant approached me and bowed.

"Execrable and revolting Woop Pee has sent this degraded and disgusting object to inquire if the honorable and altogether delightful Mr. Lower would deign to drink a cup of intensely distasteful and poisonous tea," he slobbered.

Oriental Courtesy

I RUBBED my forehead in the mud and said, "Oke." Marvellous how soon one picks up the language.

I could never get used to sitting on the floor to drink tea. Of course I've sat on floors before, but I wasn't drinking tea, and then there's always the problem of what to do with your legs. The business of getting up is another difficulty. One looks so undignified getting up on all fours and then lurching into a jade hall-stand or something.

That reminds me of another example of the extreme politeness of the Japanese people. On one occasion, while getting up off the floor, I knocked over a carved ivory sideboard, and smashed it.

"How glad I am," said my host, "that the beauty thing has at last been destroyed. What excellent taste, honorable sir! I was always doubtful about that sideboard."

I was flattered, naturally. "I don't like the look of this thing, either," I remarked, kicking in the sides of a mother-of-pearl wash-stand.

"Glorious!" exclaimed Woop Pee. "Have a pagoda."

Well, we had a couple of pagodas, and really I don't know how they can drink the stuff.

"How do you like this vile muck?" asked Woop Pee, courteously.

"It is the distillation of an angel's breath," I replied. "It is altogether wrong that my unworthy lips should sip it."

"Well, to tell you the truth," he said, "I think it's a bit on the turn. Still, it seems a pity to waste it. There is always the yen back on the empty bottle."

True Oriental courtesy.

I forgot to tell you that my host

was a wealthy enamel shaving-mug manufacturer who makes enamel shaving-mugs without any enamel. And that reminds me. I'd like to know who pinched the wooden elephant off the top of my wireless cabinet last Saturday night. I was fond of that elephant. He was one of the few real friends I had. In hours of stress there's nothing like a good heart-to-heart talk with a wooden elephant.

Of course, you married girls don't need one. You've got one and call it a husband. They're quite useless! But it's nice to have them about the place when you're feeling cranky.

Incidentally, I did a tour of the rice fields and distributed a little largesse to the coolies. Just a yen here and a sen there, but it seemed to bring a little brightness into their lives, and one old, bent, decrepit, blind, crippled, maimed, doddering, senile, drooling—(That's enough! That's enough!)

Anyway, this old coolie came tottering up to me and presented me with a rickshaw. Much as I disliked the things, I ate it with every appearance of enjoyment. This pleased the old man immensely, as it seems that he had cooked it himself. It is such little acts of thoughtfulness that endear one to the hearts of the lowly.

When in Peking (the name has since been changed to Peking because too many people were making knock-knocks about it) I met Ah There, a high-caste Chinese pound-keeper. I asked him how ever he managed to keep a pound without breaking into it and having to borrow his fare home. He told me that it was an old family secret which had been handed down from father to son for generations.

The inscrutable East!

Industrial Mission

I WENT into a few opium dens, but found them very slow after some of the parties I've been to in Australia. The last one I left, the proprietor bowed me out the front door and I patted him on the head and said, "I opium make a lot of money."

He immediately went away and committed haricot. I've been sorry about that ever since.

In Tokyo I went into a Japanese restaurant and ordered a sampan. I had a little time to fill in while waiting for How Now, a Chinese diplomat, who had just returned from Manchukuo after a lengthy discussion on the ginger jar and feather-duster

It is a glorious experience to sit in a satsuma being wheeled along by a samurai, says Lower.

smuggling which had been going on across the border. He arrived when I was halfway through my sampan, so I beckoned him with my fan.

"How goes it?" I hissed in Japanese. He glanced furtively around the room.

"Here!" he whispered, thrusting an envelope into my hand. "I am

being followed." He then Man-draked off.

So far, I have been unable to find out whether it is a summons or an S.P. slip. Time will tell. Especially if it's a summons.

"Three-Three's always please"



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Start to-day . . . regain your health like so many other sufferers have done . . . with the aid of Membrocus, the wonderful different Dry Inhalation.

Chronic Sufferer Reports "DEFINITE LASTING RESULT"

"I am pleased to be able to state definite improvement as my Doctor examined me yesterday, the first time for ten weeks. He says there is an 80 per cent. improvement; they are his words, and I am sure Membrocus has helped. This is only my fifth monthly lot, so am pleased."

Positive Results Reported Daily

CATARRH, HAY FEVER, ANTRUM trouble

Without Operation

We offer you a dry inhalation treatment that is not experimental . . . It is a proved, mildest treatment from which many previous sufferers have found happy and lasting results after many experiments and disappointments with other treatments. The scalding tears, running or blocked nostrils, sneezing fits, constant dropping of mucus from the clearing of the throat, the disgusting spitting, offensive breath, the pain in the forehead and antrums, are all speedily replaced by clear nasal and head passages, improved eating and sense of smell and a glorious freedom from the eternal embarrassment previously experienced.

Lazy cases of CATARRH, HAY FEVER, ANTRUM TROUBLE and similar complaints previously considered hopeless, have reported COMPLETE RECOVERY, and what is most important, THERE HAS BEEN NO RECURRENCE OF THE TROUBLE, EVEN AFTER YEARS.

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"I am very pleased to be able to say that I am feeling the benefit of the treatment. The Catarrh seems to be gradually clearing up. During the last couple of weeks there has been a most decided improvement. The cough and mucus are getting less each day."

"SPEEDY, POSITIVE, AND LASTING RESULTS" WITH

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS

Membrocus, the dry inhalation treatment, does more than merely relieve attacks; chronic cases of both Asthma and Bronchitis up to even sixty years' duration have reported to us "COMPLETE RECOVERY WITHIN 3 TO 4 MONTHS WITHOUT RECURRENCE AFTER USING MEMBROSUS DRY INHALATION."

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A RECIPE: "Just a line to let you know that I am keeping real good lately. I went and saw the doctor on Saturday and he informed me that the Asthma had all cleared up, also said there was no sign of the Bronchitis either. I wish to thank you for your wonderful treatment."

We want you to know that Membrocus is not taken merely to relieve the symptoms, but is compounded to get right to the cause of the infection, treating through the blood stream. Remember, Membrocus dry inhalation is different from all other treatments.

You, too, no matter what your age or condition, will find it well worth while to try

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NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

Man Builds His Castles of Sand

Janet Beith's New Novel

When Janet Beith wrote her Scots epic, "No Second Spring," she was hailed as a writer of exceptional promise.

Her second book, "Sand Castles," supports that viewpoint. It proves her also to be a writer of ability and distinction.

THIS story of the rise and fall of the Lancashire cotton industry is a sincere and painstaking study, but somehow it lacks the grim vitality of Miss Beith's first novel.

Treatment rather than craftsmanship may be to blame.

Ever since Noel Coward wrote his play "Cavalcade" there has been a steady flow of novels detailing the life of a family with the moving screen of the years as a background. Used once or twice it is a clever and telling device. Its main fault, however, is that characters are dwarfed by the tremendous march of events. The personal drama is submerged by the clash of history in the making.

That is what happens in this story of two young Scotsmen—Dave and Alan Stewart—who go to Manchester to work in the cotton industry. We get glimpses of them as youngsters working against a background of ever-growing prosperity. We see one nauseated by commercial practices of the day turn aside from it and go to the South African War, to be killed in action. We see his more "canny" brother in love with business and the making of money. He marries his brother David's sweetheart, and the story moves on until the decay of business and the scattering of the commercial sand castles by depression—castles which men have built by tireless energy and pluck, swept away in a day.

Fluid Narrative

THE main value of the story is to be found in its terse, fluid narrative style, and in the excellent characterisation. Every figure in the book, good or bad, is human. David and Alan Stewart are admirable studies. Anais, the girl, is

Books to Read

"WILD HARBOUR." Ian MacPherson.
"Duet in Discord." Elizabeth Garner.
"Close of Day." N. Warner-Hooke.
"All the Trees Were Green." Michael Harrison.
"Blue Silver." Victor Bridges.

a product of Edwardian England, beautiful, cultured, domestic, and a little afraid of her male relatives. Charles Appleby, cotton master, is a traditional figure, wealthy, pompous, and a trifle self-satisfied, but a good fellow withal. Miss Beith is particularly happy in character studies of the men in her novel. Josiah Sidebottom is a wonderful picture of a chief clerk of half a century ago.

He has been drawn with fidelity to type, which is almost photographic. He is the Jekyll and Hyde of many businesses. Oligarchical, servile, and cringing to his superiors, bombastic and bullying to those under him, in his suburban home a figure depressing and melancholy in surroundings of horsehair and antimacassars which caused so many Victorian novelists to rise in revolt against the type.

As a retrospective view of life Miss Beith has given us a powerful and attractive study. The children are bright and human, but somehow throughout the story the human characters seem weighed down by the machinery of a life of their own creation.

It is a book to be read, however, for its good English, its quiet strength, and its occasional glimpses of beauty.

"Sand Castles," by Janet Beith. Our copy from the publishers, Hodder and Stoughton.

ACTRESS GROWS OLD

Continued from Page 3

"I'm not complaining about the job stuff, but the scene does something to me. It makes me feel old! I'm not old, and I won't be made to feel old." She turned and stared at the ingénue, this amazing youngster who until the other day had been just a dancer in a downtown show. The same baffled expression that I had noticed before came into her face. She swung back to us. "It's in every scene I have with that child. Something's wrong with them. I feel it every time she comes on the stage."

"You haven't played a scene with her, or anyone else, until a minute ago," said Rollo.

"That's why I played it—to be sure. Well, I'm sure now. Those scenes do something to me. They've got to be altered. You've got to take whatever it is that makes me feel like a shrivelled old crane out of them . . . That is, if you want me to play the part," she added over her shoulder as she left the stage.

"That's all for this morning, Charlie," Rollo called to the stage manager. "Everybody back at one o'clock." He took my arm. "Come on; let's get out of here."

I followed him from the theatre. "So that's what you meant by life in the raw," I said, as we walked down the street.

Rollo grunted. "What are we going to do?" "Go in here and get a bite," said Rollo, pushing through the revolving door of a restaurant. "How do you feel?" he asked, when a waiter had set cocktails before us.

"Sort of hollow inside; a little sick at the stomach," I confessed. "Most of all, I feel like dropping the whole thing."

"Of course," said Rollo. "Put that cocktail where it belongs."

I raised my glass with a shaking hand and gulped its contents.

"Now listen," said Rollo. "You've turned out a play. It's a well-written job. Does that mean anything? It does not. With an ordinary actress in that lead, nobody knows what would happen. By the time the critics had finished with it, it might not last a week. Before enough people found out it was good theatre, with an interesting story, the office might have to close it down. But now put Julia in it. She stands the first-night crowd on their heads. The critics follow their lead. They're busy thinking up quotable pars for their notices before the first-act curtain is down. We're a riot. We run until Julia gets tired of playing it. The film people fight each other, trying to buy the picture rights away from each other. Have you followed me so far?"

I nodded.

"All right; now we come to the catch. Before we get Julia in front of that first-night crowd you'll be wondering why the Battle of Verdun was even discussed. I'll tell you why—she's the best actress I ever saw or ever hope to see, but she's got a screw loose. She's the top in the maddest business on earth, and that means she's mad herself. Now we're going to see plenty of trouble, but you come back to the theatre with me when we've had lunch and let me do the talking, and back up anything I do or say. How about it?"

"All right," I said. "But I'll never write another play."

Please turn to Page 20



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"The best skin specialists told me that nothing would remove my freckles; that I would carry them to my grave," said a well-known Society lady. "But I surprised them all with a preparation called Kintho (double strength) which faded away the rusty brown freckles and gave me a fine complexion!"

The action of Kintho is really remarkable, for merely a few nights' use will surely and harmlessly begin to bleach out every last freckle—leaving the skin soft, transparent, and creamy-textured as a child's. An cure is usually enough for even the worst case. Be sure to ask your chemist for the double strength Kintho which guarantees money back if the very first jar doesn't remove the freckles."

Quins Quickly Grow Up—New Pictures



Miss Annette Dionne



Miss Cecile Dionne



Miss Emilie
Dionne



Miss Yvonne Dionne



Miss Marie Dionne

SOON THE FAMOUS Dionne Quintuplets of Canada will be three years old. These new pictures of the babies show how quickly they are growing up. They reveal, also, the striking similarity of features, which makes it so hard to identify one Quin from another. A new series of stories of their daily life, by Doctor Dafoe, will begin in next week's issue.

—Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly—Copyright, 3



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HERITAGE

MINNIE'S teeth were the whitest Lisa had ever seen. She bowed—a gesture that managed somehow to combine homage with a great dignity.

"We who is glad to have you," she said. And then her eyes twinkled irrepressibly into Chris' "She's better-lookin' than you, Mr. Chris, and that's sayin' a heap." She bobbed her head. "Come on in the house. Yo' pa's expectin' you."

The colonel was on his feet as they entered. He said, "Chris!" as he grasped his son's hand briefly, and turned to Lisa. "My dear, we're proud to have you."

She said unsteadily, "Not half as proud as I am to be here," and dragged off her hat with a gesture of having come home.

They sat down. Minnie would carry their suitcases upstairs, the colonel explained, adding that he guessed they wanted to wash. Lisa smiled at him. "After a while. Right now I want to sit down and get acquainted."

He chuckled delightedly. "It won't take long, from all appearances." He glanced at Chris. "You're smarter than I thought. How'd you do it?"

Chris grinned. "I've inherited your fatal charm."

Lisa flushed. They were discussing her as freely as if she had been in New York, and she wasn't accustomed to such frankness.

The colonel grew suddenly grave. "Don't mind me, Lisa. I haven't had a woman around in so long I've forgotten how to act."

They talked easily after that, about small things that would banish constraint: the trip, the farm, New York. Lisa dis-

covered the living-room with interest because it was unlike anything she had ever seen: shabby armchairs rubbing elbows with old mahogany; an ancestral portrait flanked by etchings of bird dogs; shotgun shells on a Hepplewhite table. And in the shadows of one corner stood a grand piano.

Chris got up finally, smiling at her. "We're boring you to death, and I know you want a few minutes' rest."

The colonel rose quickly. "Lisa's to have your mother's room," he said quietly and turned to her. "If you want anything just ring the bell and Minnie'll get it for you."

The room made Lisa's throat hurt. It was so pretty and neat and dead—like a shrine. Chris' mother had had taste—you saw that from the room—and breeding, else she would never have clung so stubbornly to the amenities. She went to a window and looked into the yard that was cool and shaded and quiet with this unbelievable quietness.

She turned from the window and opened her dressing cases, smiling to think of the colonel's amazement if he had guessed that she never unpacked her own clothes. There was a bath adjoining the room, and that surprised her; farmhouses in Germany, she had heard, rarely boasted such luxuries. She bathed and put on her simplest dress—hazy blue chiffon that matched her eyes, with long sleeves and a high neck—and forgot, in her eagerness to discover Chris' home, that she had meant to lie down for a while.

Lamps had been lighted in the living-room when she came down, and she thought at first that the room was empty. Then a man rose from one of the big chairs and stood still, looking at her. He was tall and weathered and ugly, and his eyes were even deeper than the colonel's.

She said quickly, "You must be Robin," and he nodded and came toward her.

"Yes. How do you do?"

His voice was like the colonel's—deep and soft, with a Carolina flatness, and she found it hard to believe that he and Chris had sprung from the same stock. He moved a chair slightly for her with an old-fashioned courtesy, and waited for her to sit down.

"I'm sorry I wasn't on the welcoming committee," he said. "You were earlier than I looked for."

"Yes. Chris drives like the wind."

She had a desperate feeling of constraint. A sense that Robin, for some reason, hated her. He seemed to be measuring her—waiting for her to prove herself silly and alien. She never knew why she attacked so abruptly. She only heard her own voice, striking back at his hatred.

"HOW can I make you like me, if you're so determined not to?"

He started and flushed darkly. For a moment their eyes clashed, and then he bent his head in a gesture of apology. "You win. I had that coming to me. Will you—try to forgive me?"

"Of course. You expected an outsider, who would find you—quaint."

She knew from his face that he had expected just that, and she had a disproportionate sense of triumph.

And then Chris' voice from the doorway brought the three of them back into focus.

"Robin! Well, you old son of a gun!"

The two men gripped hands, and Lisa tried again to remember that they were brothers. The contrast was all in Chris' favor. It heightened his charm and his vital good looks, and she felt a quick throb of tenderness that was very close to adoration. They sat down, and the talk became light and easy.

Robin said finally with a twinkle, "Now that New York's chief attraction is here with you, I hope you're going to stay a while."

Chris flashed her a warm, en-

Continued from Page 4

veloping smile. "As long as she wants to stay." He added with a trace of self-consciousness: "I'm writing a play—thought I might as well try it myself after having criticised everybody else's. I'd just as soon spend the summer here working on it."

Robin raised an eyebrow, and again Lisa had a sense of something deep and dark and hostile. "You don't say. Is it any good?"

Chris shrugged. "That remains to be seen. I hope so."

They were very gay at supper, and Lisa forgot the fear that had stung her. Robin was exerting himself as a gesture of atonement, and she saw that he had a charm as real as his brother's, if not so obvious.

Please turn to Page 31

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An unmistakable sign that your kidneys are ailing



The kidneys, those wonderful filters of the body, keep the system free from the poisons which the natural working of the body constantly throws out (uric acid, bacteria, dead cells, etc.). In normal health these poisons are passed out of the body through the bladder—you are not even aware that you have kidneys.

Apart from their filtering, the kidneys have other work. They regulate the sugar and water content of the body, so ensuring that these two items are always present in proper proportions.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are specially prepared to heal and strengthen the kidneys. Inflammation is reduced and the kidneys are nursed back to health. Then the kidneys quickly remove the accumulated poisons in the system and your aches and pains disappear.

But let the kidneys get unhealthy, as is easily done by shock, chill, after-effects of influenza or other disease, and you quickly know there is something wrong. The poisons, which should be thrown out of the body regularly several times a day, are being held up. They settle in muscles and joints, causing Rheumatism, Joint Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Sciatica and similar "mystery" pains. The body also suffers because the balance of nutriment from food and drink is not corrected by the sick kidneys.

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Some... NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"My husband is most fastidious about his clothes—he
possesses over twenty suits."
"You certainly have a lot to go through, haven't you?"



MOTHER: What's the idea
of poking the broom in
baby's face?

BOBBY: I just wanted to
get him used to kissing
grandfather.



TEACHER: What happens
when light falls into water
at an angle of 45 degrees?

PUPIL: It goes out.



DOCTOR: I can guarantee a first-class operation on your
husband for fifty guineas.

MISSUS: I'm afraid he'll have to go second class.

PIMPLES, FRECKLES

BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, AND ALL SKIN IMPERFECTIONS, QUICKLY REMOVED BY NEW HOME METHOD



Know the happiness of a radiant, smooth, young skin, as do the thankful thousands who have used my method. Write NOW, TO-DAY, while you think of it, to MISS ALMA P. CHALMERS, 34 Pitt Street, Sydney.

For years I was worried to death with unsightly freckles and ghastly blackheads. Other girls would avoid me. It was impossible for me to attend parties and dances, because both sexes would shun my company.

Whenever I went out I was actually dressed better and looked smarter than most other girls. Nevertheless, I always felt miserable. Every cream and powder and lotion that I saw advertised I would try in the hope of removing these distressing blemishes, but one and all proved failures.

My father felt so sorry for me that he took me to France and Germany. During this trip, which occupied six weeks, I underwent the treatment of a famous Parisian Beauty Specialist. Within the first week after I commenced this treatment I noticed a remarkable change, and at the end of four weeks my face was quite clear of all blemishes.

I had about abandoned all hope of ever being able to hold my own in company. You can, therefore, realize my joy on returning to London to have my old friends stop me in the street and exclaim, "How well you look! I would never have known you!" Since my trip I have never been troubled with my old complaints, because I learned just how to care for my skin.

If you will, therefore, simply send your name and address, with 3d. in stamps to cover my outlay for posting, I will send you free, in a plain, sealed envelope, full information so that you may forever remove all trace of freckles, pimples, blackheads and any other blemishes, by the wonderful method that overcame my troubles.

Remember, it is different to any that you have adopted in the past. It does not consist of cosmetics, creams, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage rollers, or other implements. No diet—no fasting—nothing to take, and cannot injure the most delicate skin.

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"DEAR DAD," wrote the boy from the art school, "don't send me any more money—I have saved half of that which you sent me last month."
"Come home," wired the father, "you'll never make an artist."

HOUSE AGENT (to prospective tenant): Yes, madam, this apartment has all the modern improvements.

Prospect (gazing helplessly at three-foot kitchenette): Haven't you any—ah—improvements that are not modern?

CUSTOMER: I didn't like those eggs you sent me yesterday.
Grocer: What was wrong with them, madam?
Customer: I thought they were rather under-sized for their age.

WIFE: So you're home at last, you miserable worm!
Merry Husband: Yeh—that's me—the worm that returned.

SHE: When do you think you will be able to become a captain?
Sailor: Not until I am the only survivor in a shipwreck.

"MY best man dined with us last Sunday and was so impressed with my bride's cooking that he sent her a carving set."
"That was nice."
"Not so very. He sent her three chisels and a mallet."

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The instruction in my postal course is so fascinating—so simple to understand—that it is as if I were standing right beside you at the piano in your own home! Thousands have already learned and expressed their entire satisfaction. Why not you? Be the envy of your friends! No matter where you live, nor whether you are an Absolute Beginner, a Medium Player, or an Advanced Classical Pianist—I can teach YOU!

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I have a piano at my disposal and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practice, so please send me your handsome, new, illustrated 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Sympatization," and your special enclosure—a unique and surprising musical novelty—for which I enclose 2/6 (P.M. or stamps). This payment does not place me under any obligation.

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ADDRESS _____

NO EQUAL FOR Corn Flakes

Votes the Woods family in Kellogg's Blindfold Test

ALL VOTE "YES".

The Woods family, of 34 Ocean Avenue, photographed while actually making Kellogg's Blindfold Test in their home. After tasting four different breakfast cereals they all agree that Corn Flakes are far the best.



NOW the name of the Woods family is added to that long list of Australian families, guest houses and housewives' committees that have now made Kellogg's sensational Blindfold Test. Here's how the test is made. Each person tastes four different breakfast foods, including Kellogg's Corn Flakes, whilst blindfolded. They then vote for the one that tastes best. To date, not one person has failed to choose Kellogg's Corn Flakes. If that makes you wonder then you're welcome to make this Blindfold Test, too. You'll find that those great, big crunchy Corn Flakes are packed with EXTRA deliciousness. Order a packet from your grocer to-day.



Votes "Yes".

"NO EQUAL FOR CORN FLAKES."

Other cereals can't get anywhere near them for flavour. The 16 oz. packet is wonderful economy," says Mrs. Woods, of 34 Ocean Avenue.



KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES, made from a specially grown Australian white corn, are the only Corn Flakes you can get in Australia.



WITHOUT ORDERS

Continued from Page 5

HED had a devil of a time until he had slipped out of the bad area and caught a glimpse of country familiar to him. He was stopping for petrol and would come on afterwards.

"Tell him to fly at three thousand feet," Walter informed Bill. "He'll be out of the storm area to a very great extent. Anyhow, that's what I discovered this afternoon. What's more, he'll be late getting in, as I was for the same reason. Who's flying Route Five to-night?"

"Kendrick."

"What!"

"Why the surprise, Walter?"

"When I'm managing director of this company, Bill, I'll sack you for not knowing why."

Walter looked at his watch.

"Unless Kendrick has been delayed by dirty weather, he should have taken off ten minutes ago. There's a bare chance I may catch him if he was behind time and warn him," and he took up the phone.

"Where's young Kendrick on Route Five?" he demanded through the phone.

"Took off about ten minutes ago," answered the ground manager at the other end.

"Then he didn't know about that storm area?"

"No, how could he? Nobody had reported it and the weather was nice and clear when he took off."

"Well, I'll get in touch with him and explain. He'll have to come back again."

"I'll get in touch with him. It's my job. How would you like some other pilot to tell you what to do? Kendrick's action must be governed according to conditions as he finds them. He's in command of that plane, and it's up to him to use his own judgment or ask for instructions."

Walter hung up and sat gazing rather bleakly at Bill Calkins.

"A foolish consistency," he quoted, "is the hobgoblin of little minds. Well, Bill, I'll not butt in on your job any more than I can help. Try to get Kendrick on the wireless."

"That," said Bill Calkins, "is a job for the other end. They have just told you so."

"You're a three-ply, nickel-plated ass," said Walter, and went to the transmitter and commenced:

"Amalgamated Air Lines calling Kendrick, Route Five."

Over and over he repeated it, but Kendrick did not answer. Walter Maddox cursed bitterly.

"This is getting serious," he said.

Bill Calkins was one who believed that which he wished to believe.

"Give him time, give him time," he urged. "We'll get him all right. Don't ask for trouble."

"Man, I do not need to ask for it. I can see it. I know exactly what has happened. That storm area has been spreading since Sam Cressy flew into it; Kendrick must have run into it very shortly after taking off. Of course, flying through bad visibility is easy, now that we have wireless, provided one can keep on his wavelength, so Kendrick plugged right ahead until the pitching of his plane told he was up against a very strong head wind—how strong he would not know, because he could not even see lights below him, hence he would not know that he was making very little headway. If any, although his speed indicator would tell him that he was doing an average cruising speed.

The telephone rang.

"Hello, this is Amalgamated Air Lines office speaking. Who are you?"

"This," said a quiet voice, "is Captain McCray in command of the 'X' Training Camp. Have your people, by any chance, lost a plane?"

"Yes. Route Five."

"Thought so. There's a plane flying round here in a devil of a storm. It's been over our camp for ten minutes. Seems headed west but making leeway east. I can scarcely hear the motors now. Thought I'd ring you up so that in the event of a crash, you'll know the approximate country in which she fell."

"Thank you. You're very kind, but I'm afraid there isn't much

that can be done for her. If I could only tell the pilot where he is—but I can't. Good-bye."

He hung up to clear the line, then phoned the supervisor at the telephone exchange.

"Give me that telephone," Calkins cried sharply. "You're not running my job. No man who has just been sacked can do that."

"Oh, you keep on asking for it," Walter snarled, and let him have it on the point of the chin. Bill Calkins went down like a log and Walter Maddox seized him by the nape of the neck, dragged him out into the passage, re-entered and locked the door behind him. He got on to the telephone supervisor, to whom he explained the situation.

There was nothing he could do now but sit and wait and suffer.

He tried desperately to get into communication with Kendrick via the wireless, but failed. At seven forty-two the telephone rang and he answered. A voice came over the wire:

"This is Mrs. Overholt. My husband's a farmer, but he isn't at home to-night. The telephone rang ten minutes ago and I was told to listen for the sound of the engines of a lost aeroplane, and now I can hear it as plain as plain. It seems to be circling overhead."

"Yes. How's the weather over your way?"

"Well, it's been very rough all the afternoon and evening."

"Can you see the lights of the aeroplane?"

"Yes, it's all lit up inside and I can see a red light on one side and a green light on the other."

"Plainly?"

"Quite. She can't be very high up. I can hear the engines very clearly. I knew a big plane like that had no business over here, and, of course, when the exchange rang me, I realised it was your lost plane. I was afraid it'd come down in the lake, so I ran out and threw some petrol over a stack of firewood we have down by the water and set it alight."

"MRS. OVERHOLT,

you're an angel from heaven. I'm coming over to see you soon and pay you for that wood and the petrol, and try to pay you for some of the other things that just aren't payable. Give me your address, please?"

He wrote it down, hung up and switched on the microphone.

"Amalgamated" calling Kendrick Route Five."

Almost instantly he heard: "Hello, Amalgamated. Route Five reporting. Kendrick's in the cabin. Second Pilot Evans talking. We're lost. Ran into a storm fifty miles out—"

"You talk too much, Evans. This is Walter Maddox. You have been lost but you are lost no longer. I know exactly where you are. Look down. Can you see a big bonfire?"

A moment's silence, then, "Yes. I can see it. Looks like a small house on fire."

"Keep circling over it. I'll call you back in a minute and give you your compass course—no, no, I can't. Oh, dear Lord, I can't. A compass course. To—where? You haven't enough petrol left, wait! I must think. Keep over there until I call you again."

He bent over the map, looking for landing fields possible to be located in the dark and in that weather, but then he remembered something. He flung the door open and found Bill Calkins sitting on the floor outside, holding his head.

"I've found her!" he yelled. "Bill, Bill, try to think. Who was that man from somewhere up north who bought that old plane from the company six months ago?"

"Name's Trueman—Arthur."

It took Walter Maddox some minutes to get Arthur Trueman on the phone.

"Have you got a flying ground?" he cried.

"I have a barn big enough to house one large plane and a good-sized landing field."

"Got any petrol?"

"Thousand gallons, about."

"Put five hundred gallons out on your field in tubs and set it alight. I'm directing a plane of ours that's been lost two hours into your field, and hoping to Heaven she has enough petrol left to get there. This is Amalgamated Air Lines."

Please turn to Page 30

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



LETTERS WELCOME!

Grouch, praise, novel viewpoint, topical comment, any interesting thought is welcome to this page. But, KEEP YOUR LETTER AS SHORT AND CONCISE AS POSSIBLE.

BEGIN AT HOME!

MOST of us talk of world peace rather as something desirable, but remote, something that we cannot further, but must leave for others to do.

But surely if each single one of us could be at peace with all with whom we come in contact we would be helping to develop that wholly desirable state of world peace.

Can we not cease contributing to the friction which goes on between us and our families, our friends, employers, tradesmen, and the stranger who jostles us as we pass? A feeling of tolerance and kindness is more infectious than a plague and needs but a small beginning from which it may grow and ultimately reach undreamed-of magnitude.

£1 for this letter to T. Kennard, Barrangarry, Carlingford, N.S.W.

AGED PARENTS

THE other day I happened to pass an old ladies' home, and watched the women sitting on a spacious verandah conversing with one another in the sunlight. They evidently had every advantage except the love and affection of their dear ones. Other elderly folk live with their families and have to put up with all the toils, storm, and stress of family life, alleviated by the staunch regard of their children, with whom they are staying.

Where finances permit, it is better for children to place their parents in the care of trained hands at a home or stick to the old-fashioned idea of looking after them themselves? What do readers think?

Muriel Desaix, 21 Nelson Bay Rd., Waverley, N.S.W.

GLORY-BOXES

MANY girls to-day seem to think that trousseaus and glory-boxes are things of the past, and when such are mentioned, laugh scornfully and say they don't intend to have glory-boxes. But can they not realise the necessity for them? They seem most essential to me!

R. Chrystal, Waterview, Port Macquarie, N.S.W.

CHANGING MINDS

IT is said that it is a woman's privilege to change her mind. But I think that a change of mind is nearly always the result of some weakness of character, indicating either a slack grasp of a subject to start with, or vacillation of purpose in adhering to a line of conduct.

The woman who is inconsistent shows that she is not growing by steady development, but is following irrational impulse.

Don't readers agree?

A. Daly, Divett Place, Adelaide.

HAPPIEST AGE

SO many people say that childhood is the happiest period of one's life. Others, again, plump for budding manhood or womanhood, and still others for old age.

For my own part, I think children are often weighed down by care. They have no sense of proportion, and their imagination supplies them with very real worries.

Men and women just entering life take themselves too seriously. They are too intense for real happiness. Old age is too detached. Life has no more surprises, nothing more to look forward to.

No, I think life is at its best between forty and sixty, when one has learnt to laugh at oneself, and the flaming ambition of youth has died down to the comfortable warmth of tolerance, patience, and affection.

Mrs. John Munro, Craighead P.O., Letaba Station, N. Transvaal, South Africa.

What Is Correct Formula For Success?

MRS. JEWELS asks whether "to act as if it were impossible to fail" is the formula for success (23/1/37).

It certainly seems the correct attitude to adopt in any enterprise, yet success, like opportunity, is a shy thing. One must be prepared to meet with fortitude the failures which many have to face, for however practical, skilful and determined one might be, there is always the element of luck to contend with.

To Mrs. Jewels' formula for success I should like to add, "Do not look for failure, but should it come meet it with a dauntless spirit," or, in other words, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again!"

Miss M. de J. Robin, 39 East Parade, Kensington, S.A.

Don't Be Gloomy!

I PARTLY agree with Mrs. Jewels. Success is certainly more sure to come to those who are cheerful and believe in themselves than to people of gloomy outlook. Look around and see how many of the glum ones succeed. Still, I do not think optimism alone makes for success. Success only comes with earnest, intelligent endeavor.

Miss J. Souley, 99 Port Rd., Southwark, S.A.

Dangerous Policy

I CONSIDER that "to act as though it were impossible to fail" is a policy which could be equally responsible for an outstanding success as for a most pronounced failure.

It suggests an abnormal confidence in one's every undertaking, and it is logical to assume that success cannot possibly crown our every action merely because the "will to win" is the driving force.

Over-confidence often contributes to the downfall of one's hopes and aims.

Mrs. L. Dorker, Tuncurry, N.S.W.

Concentrate!

I BELIEVE that persistent concentration upon an objective will bring success. But let the goal be worthy, and then, by patient watchfulness, grasping at opportunity, and unswerving aim, it is reached.

Should failure finally surprise, then realise the good the effort has done, and never say die.

D. Whitehead, East Ipswich, Qld.

What Qualities Do You Require in a Husband?

IF you were contemplating marriage, what qualities would you most demand in your future partner?

This question was discussed in our home recently. One friend particularly impressed me. After deep thought she said: "I would demand in a husband absolute fidelity and a respect for women."

I myself would require tolerance and a well-balanced mind in my partner.

What do readers think?

A. C. Joyner, 208 Albion St., West Brunswick N12, Melbourne.

Formula Modified

MRS. JEWELS' formula for success—"to act as if it were impossible to fail"—needs, I think, some modification. Surely the best way to succeed is to provide for every possible contingency, and, as far as one is able, to leave nothing to chance.

And, of course, all the hard work and perseverance in the world will not ensure success in a sphere for which one is unfitted.

Miss R. Berry, c/o Turner, Nolan and Co., 115 Pitt St., Sydney.

Why Cliques Are Formed at Social Functions

MISS H. J. MILLER (23/1/37) is not the only one disheartened by the forming of cliques at practically all social functions.

If one could take a peep into half the homes of to-day, you'd find each member of the family keeping to himself in his friendships.

Big brother goes out with one set; sister with another.

Have we reason, then, to wonder at the similar atmosphere at dance, or bridge party?

Marjory Wilson, 28 Park Street, Merrylands, N.S.W.

Very Desirable

I DEFINITELY do not agree with Miss Miller that people should mix more at social functions than they do. It is very difficult to discriminate between unknown people (some of whom are most undesirable) without seeming snobbish.

The only way that it would be possible to mix, at a dance, would be if we went back to the old-fashioned way of having programmes which would have to be filled in beforehand, and then dance only with those to whom we have been introduced.

Miss A. Moon, 20 Kingsley St., Camberwell E8, Melbourne.

Cliques Defended

VERY often cliques at dances and other social functions are not formed with any snobbish intent, but are necessary to the successful



Keeping to themselves.

organisation of an evening where a large number of people are present.

Even at social gatherings where there are no preconceived parties people with interests in common naturally form small groups.

This grouping system is inevitable. One must accept it and intelligently attempt to become an integral part of a group.

Mrs. Isabel Krippner, 11 Bligh St., Wollongong, N.S.W.

Should Be Avoided

YOUR correspondent has touched a point, which often causes a good deal of embarrassment and discomfort to certain young people attending dances and such functions.

There is nothing more annoying than to see cliques formed all over a dance hall, while others are left "out in the cold."

I think it shows lack of thought and manners. Cliques should be avoided as much as possible.

Elva Proudfoot, Frome Street, Moree, N.S.W.

Bad Habit

I HAVE every sympathy with Miss Miller. This clique-forming is definitely a habit which should not exist in this modern, happy age.

Apart from making the outsider feel uncomfortable and miserable, the idea is unfortunate for the insider. A girl goes to a function, and, although perhaps introduced all round, returns for conversation to her own small set, rather than venture forth into new realms which might prove stimulating.

Far better is the good old country habit. Everybody goes to a social entertainment, joins in with everybody else, and happily invites the outsider to join in, too. You can have such jolly entertainment this way.

P. W. Ralph, Swansea Street, Victoria Park, W.A.

Are Most Women Illogical Beings?

IN reply to Evelyn Falconer, who queries the fact that women are illogical (23/1/37), it must be admitted that the majority of women are unreasonable. This is proved by their inconsistency. They allow themselves to be ruled by sentiment.

Even among women business executives this sentiment often clouds their better judgment, while men very seldom allow sentiment to interfere with business. This may appear regrettable to some, but if business were ruled by sentiment it would be the deathblow to industry.

Mrs. J. Renard, Victor St., Holland Park, Brisbane SE3.

Men Attacked!

ONE has only to work with men to know that they are unreasonable and inconsistent, whether as individuals or as a body. More so, in fact, than women.

A glimpse into the by-laws and health regulations confirms this; they make drastic rules regarding the marketing and handling of certain foods and ignore the fact that other vital foods are being marketed and handled in a thoroughly unhygienic manner. This is only one example of man's inconsistency; there are others too numerous to mention.

J. G. Paynton, Garden St., Hawthorn E3, Vic.

Obstinate Woman

I WAS rather amused at Miss Falconer's letter, for I have yet to meet a woman who is not illogical.

I don't know whether they do it deliberately to confound, but I have never engaged in argument with one of them without being completely floored by their utter lack of logic. Prove them wrong, and they are off at a tangent, finishing up in tears, fully convinced that you are the guilty one. And they are so "one-eyed" and obstinate.

W. Sinclair, Mulgrave St., Launceston, Tas.

WASTED TALENTS

WHAT mother has not dreamed vague, wonderful dreams of her child's future on hearing those words of innocent wisdom and little original rhymes that fall from children's lips!

But where, in the youth of to-day, is the realisation of a mother's dream? The gay, careless youngsters whom one sees at dance-halls and sports clubs have no time to use their gifts.

During the period of adolescence youths and girls unknowingly sacrifice these precious talents in their endless search for fun and amusement. Laziness and self-content are withholding from the world such gems.

Lorna H. Jones, 134 Hall Street, Bondi, N.S.W.

Votes for Minors

UNTIL a boy or girl is twenty-one years of age, he or she is not allowed to vote. Yet if he or she is earning a taxable wage the tax on it must be paid. Why is it that although we must pay taxes we are not allowed to have a say in the government of our country? If a person is old and intelligent enough to earn a taxable wage, then that person should be considered old and intelligent enough to vote.

Either wage-earning minors should be allowed to vote, or the tax on their earnings abolished.

Miss Lily Clark, 89 St. Vincent's Place, Albert Park VIC.

DOES FLATTERY PAY?

SOME women will flatter a man and appeal to his vanity in order to command his approval. They think that if they are too frank and sincere, men will shun them.

But does flattery of this nature pay in the long run?

Are not some women developing into actresses in trying to hold a man, forgetting the cardinal virtue of sincerity?

Miss Louise Scott, Wallington Hotel, William St., Sydney.

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The first dose of this Remedy does this . . .

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Secondly, the colloidal kaolin it contains covers the stomach walls with a soothing, protective film, and allows

the inflamed membrane to heal and recover its strength and tone. At the same time the ordinary process of digestion is not interfered with.

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ACTRESS GROWS OLD

Continued from Page 14

"No?" said Rollo, grinning.
Thirty minutes later we heard a languid voice say, "Come in." I followed Rollo through a dressing-room door that bore a metal star on one of its panels.
"Hello, Julia," said Rollo cheerfully. "I've got good news for you."

Miss Arden, whom we found lying on a couch, sat up and began to arrange her hair.
It was a dark auburn, in violent disarray. Her efforts towards bringing it within bounds were perfunctory.

"Haven't you been out for lunch?" asked Rollo solicitously.
"My maid brought me sandwiches and coffee—if you could call it coffee. Do you know what I thought the moment I tasted it? I thought, 'The dear, good, kind Rollo, he's slipped some nice rat poison in this for his own little Julia.'"

"We've been talking over your suggestions about your scenes with the girl," said Rollo. "The author will be glad to make any changes that you wish."

I started where I sat, recovered, and gave the inside of my hat a careful inspection.

Arden desisted from the pretence of arranging her hair. She ceased to droop. Her body stiffened.

"I wish!" she repeated, her voice dropping a full octave.
"Haven't I explained to you that I don't know what's wrong with those scenes—that it isn't my business to know—that I only know that they do things to me that fear at my heart or my memory or something? Don't try to put the changing of those scenes on me, Rollo Lockhart."

"We don't expect to," Rollo hastened to say. "But the trouble is, we can't set about rewriting them intelligently until we watch them play."

"But, my dear Rollo, I've read them for you twenty times, and..."

"Just a moment. That's exactly it. You've read them, but you haven't played them. Now, we want to run the play through. We want you to put as much into all your scenes as you did in that last scene this morning. We'll both make notes and talk it over to-night. Is that too much to ask?"

She regarded him stonily for a long moment.

"I'll play those rotten scenes through just once—just once, remember—and then you'll alter 'em or else!"

"Thanks, Julia; I knew that we could count on you."
"Fiddlesticks!" said Miss Arden succinctly. "Call the rehearsal and let's get on with it."

The rehearsal began. The star lived up to her promise. She played all her scenes as only she could play them. Strangely enough, she outdid herself when she faced the ingenue in the very scenes she had objected to. In them she was magnificent, transcendent, electrifying.

AND now suddenly I knew of whom the girl had reminded me, vaguely, that morning. Arden! Arden herself! She was contriving to seem like the daughter of this stage mother of hers—bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. She did it with gestures, turns of the head, tones of voice. Why, she was actually beginning to look like Arden! "Wonderful!" I thought. "She'll be an actress one of these days!"

Rollo crossed over to my seat; in the short pause between the second and third acts.

"The little girl's got a way with her," he said. "Have you noticed?"

"Noticed!" I exclaimed. "She's amazing."
In the middle of the renunciation scene in the last act that the star had flung herself into that morning, Julia ignored a cue and came out of the part.

"We needn't go on with this," she said, in something less than the organ tones she had been using. "I know what's wrong now."

"She stood immovable for a moment, letting the emotion of her acting die out of her, then turned her eyes to the ingenue. They began to blaze. 'She's imitating me! This child! She's been doing it in every scene!'"

"Why, Miss Arden—" the girl faltered.

"Rollo!"
"What is it, Julia?"
"Who selected this girl for the part?"

"I did. From a dancing show. I took a risk."

"Didn't you notice the shade of her hair? Didn't you notice the color of her eyes and the way they're set?"

"Of course."

"Well, then, my heavens, why did you take her? She looks like me!"

"You're supposed to be her mother, aren't you?" said Rollo. "We picked her for type."

"Type! Did you ever hear of contrast in casting? Do you think I want anybody on the stage that looks like me? Type, eh! Who's been teaching her my method? She's got some of my tricks. Have you been coaching her?"

"I have not. I saw her once, in a dance, and once in repertory. She gave a splendid performance. She's giving a splendid performance here."

"Yes, it's good. . . . That dressing-room's draughty. I'm going to lie down in the smoking-room. You needn't change those scenes. Just get another girl for the part."

The star abruptly left the stage. There was a chair on the set near the ingenue. She managed to get to it before her knees gave way. I threw myself at Rollo.

Please turn to Page 22

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Mandrake the Magician

THE CHARACTERS IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:

MANDRAKE: Amazing magician, and
LOTHAR: His servant, a giant Nubian, who receive an urgent message from Gizeh, sent by
PRINCE SEGRID: Saying that his sister,
PRINCESS NARDA: Has mysteriously disappeared. They dash to the rescue. Arriving at his home, they find a guard at his door, who denies all knowledge of the

prince, and refuses them admittance. They burst past him, however, and find Segrid inside, drugged, and in a state of great fear. Before he has time to explain his position, and while he is telling them of the cruel treatment he has received from his captors, **SETI:** His cruel keeper, a colossus of a man, enters. Lothar rushes to attack him. NOW READ ON—



The COLOSSUS, SETI, HURLS LOTHAR INTO THE AIR!



LOTHAR--BETTER LET ME HANDLE THIS.

NO, PLEASE, MASTER-- NO MAN CAN THROW ME LIKE A BABY-- NO MATTER HOW BIG IS!



THE MORE HIM HIGH--

RUSHING AT SETI, LOTHAR HITS HARD AT THE MIDRIF OF THE COLOSSUS--



--THE QUICKER HIM LIE!

--FOLLOWED BY A TERRIFIC SWING TO THE JAW THAT WOULD HAVE KILLED AN ORDINARY MAN!



GET UP, BIG BULLY, US FIGHT MORE.

THE ONLY WAY YOU'LL GET HIM UP IS WITH A CRANE. YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR OWN STRENGTH, LOTHAR.



HE--HE CONQUERED SETI. IMPOSSIBLE! YET--I SAW IT.

THAT WASN'T A CONQUEST. THAT WAS A MASSACRE. NOW, SEGRID--WHERE IS YOUR SISTER, NARDA?



NARDA--OH--ALL MY FAULT. I--I'VE BEEN IN A DAZE SO LONG--THE BEST I CAN HOPE FOR HER IS THAT SHE IS BURIED ALIVE IN THE PYRAMID OF GIZEH!



I--I HAD BEEN GAMBLING QUITE A BIT AGAIN, MANDRAKE, AT THE CASINO. I MET AN EMIR KRIM. HE SEEMED NICE ENOUGH, THOUGH NARDA NEVER LIKED HIM.



AW, NARDA, I DON'T WANT TO GO THROUGH THIS DUSTY PLACE AGAIN.

ALL RIGHT, SEGRID, I'LL GO IN ALONE.



SHE'S BEEN IN THERE A HALF HOUR.

THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, SEGRID. DOZENS OF TOURISTS GO IN EVERY DAY.

EMIR KRIM AND I WAITED OUTSIDE. TIME PASSED--I BECAME WORRIED.



AT LAST, THE GUIDE CAME OUT, ALONE, CLAIMING THAT NARDA HAD LEFT HIM. I INSTANTLY KNEW THAT SHE WAS ALONE IN THAT VAST LABYRINTH OF CORRIDORS.

BUT, SIRE, I THOUGHT HER EXCELLENCY CAME OUT, FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO.

NO! NO! SHE DIDN'T!



IT'S OBVIOUS THAT KRIM'S MAN KNEW NARDA WAS STILL IN THERE.

I KNOW THAT--NOW WELL, THE EMIR KRIM TRIED TO HOLD ME, SAYING WE SHOULD WAIT FOR A REGULAR GUIDE, BUT I RUSHED IN.



I HURRIED THROUGH THE NARROW PASSAGEWAYS. IT WAS MUSTY--WITH THE DUST OF CENTURIES. MY VOICE WAS ANSWERED WITH A DOZEN ECHOES.

NARDA--NARDA--NARDA--



NARDA--IS IT YOU?

THERE WAS NO OTHER ANSWER. SUDDENLY, I HEARD SOFT FOOTSTEPS. I THOUGHT IT WAS NARDA, AND I WAS READY TO SCOLD HER FOR SCARING ME.



I TURNED THE CORNER--TO SEE--A SIGHT THAT FROZE MY BLOOD!



I LOOKED TWICE AT THIS THING THAT APPROACHED ME. THERE COULD BE NO MISTAKE. IT WAS--



--A LIVING, WALKING MUMMY! HORRIFIED, ALMOST PETRIFIED, I STARED AT IT AS IT APPROACHED ME!



NO, IT WASN'T A LIVING MAN WRAPPED LIKE A MUMMY. IT WAS A MUMMY! IT'S FACE WAS LIKE PARCHMENT, AND IT'S ODOR WAS THE MUSTINESS OF THE TOMB!



SCARED? I WAS TERRIFIED! I TURNED AND RAN LIKE A FRIGHTENED RABBIT, AS FAST AS I COULD!

TO BE CONTINUED.

Beauty Ruined

Perfect features, yet not beautiful because ugly pimples mar her skin, her complexion is muddy, her eyes dull and yellow, due to constipation and liver troubles. Poisons from food-wastes are seeping into the bloodstream. She has been regular but not thorough in her bowel habits.

An occasional dose of Chamberlain's Tablets will correct this—then see beauty reflected in her sparkling eyes, clear complexion and smooth, velvety skin.



"YOU'RE not going to do it?"

"Certainly I'm going to do it."

"But that poor child!"

"Can't help it. It's her or us."

"I won't stand for it," I said, after one look at that piteous young face up there under the single revealing light.

I stood a minute in thought. Then I started for the smoking-room, banging my knees painfully against lowered seats until I remembered my flashlight.

I found the star groping her way down the smoking-room stairs. She was dragging a magnificent sable coat behind her.

"Who is it?" she asked. I told her, took her arm, and flashed my light ahead of us down the stairway.

We came to a right angle turn in the stairs and saw the smoking-

ACTRESS GROWS OLD

Continued from Page 20

room below us. Several of the side lights were turned on.

She descended the rest of the stairs, stretched out full length on the couch and pulled the gorgeous coat up to her chin.

"Miss Arden," I began, "I've come down here to—"

"Please," she interrupted. "Please." Her eyes closed wearily.

"Don't talk, don't say a word. If you must stay here, just sit down and keep quiet."

"But I've got to talk to you," I said firmly.

"If you could have seen the face of that poor girl after you—"

A MOAN of anguish checked me. The star sat up with a jerk. Two thin

white arms rose in an appalling gesture of despair.

"I work like a horse in just a rehearsal of this man's play, and now here he is burbling at me when I must relax. I must have rest."

"All right, Miss Arden," I said. "I'll go, but I want to tell you something before I do. They say you're the greatest actress in the world, and I think you are. I wouldn't cross the street to see this play with anyone else in the part, now that I've seen what you can do with it. So here goes the play, so far as I'm concerned. You aren't a woman at all. You haven't a single generous womanly instinct. As a human being you're a total failure."

I had expected the great Julia Arden to struggle to her feet and go screaming out of the theatre, out of my play, dragging her sable coat behind her. Instead of that she remained perfectly still. I found her regarding me thoughtfully with her chin cupped in her palm.

"Give me a cigarette," she said.

I offered my case and held a light for her.

"Sit down!"

"Thanks. I'll be getting along."

"Let's be real—you started it. Let's not play a scene. Get a cushion from that couch over there and put it behind my back."

I did as she asked, startled, confused by the quiet friendliness of her tone.

"Now sit down," she commanded.

I obeyed.

"So you think I'm a failure as a woman and a human being?" she said, after a puff at her cigarette. "You'd be a fool if you didn't. But, you see, I'm not a woman. I'm not even a human being. I'm something that does tricks on the stage and gets fifteen curtain calls, and then goes home and is massaged and bathed and fed and put to bed, so that the tricks will go smoothly the following night. That's my life. I haven't time to be a woman. I haven't time to be a human being. I'm just a bag of tricks. I spend every waking moment being a good bag of tricks. I've given up my life to that. Whenever a habit or a longing or a natural instinct gets in the way, I put it aside. Whenever other people get in the way I put them aside."

"That's what happened to your ingenue. You see, she does things to me—I don't know just what. Perhaps it reminds me of my own youth. Whenever she's on the stage, I seem like a tired phantom watching my young self struggle with the tricks of acting as I struggled long ago. She has a way of giving her head a quick fling, when she misses a trick, that startles me. I can understand her imitating me—she must have studied me, and she's got a flair—but that trick, I haven't done that for years. I don't miss tricks any more. Where did she get that?"

"Just a gesture of impatience," I suggested, "that anyone might have made."

I was no longer angry. The seeming brutality that I had witnessed appeared more reasonable, less wanton, now. This quiet, confiding, almost humble Arden was a revelation. Perhaps, in her present mood, the right word might get the ingenue back.

"I think I know," I said.

"You do?"

"Yes. She has a flair, as you put it. She's a remarkably good young actress. I think you saw that in her and admired it, and hated to take this chance away from her. It was generous of you, and kind. I was wrong in what I said a little while ago. I think you were wrong in what you said about yourself. Prove it by overlooking her small attempts at imitating you and let me tell Rollo to put her back in the part."

Arden came to her feet as though shot from a catapult. The sable coat sailed through the air and landed on the floor.

"You fool!" she raged. "You poor fool! Have I wasted all this talk on an imbecile?" She leaped at me and stood glaring into my face.

Please turn to Page 26

"...oh Frank... must you work overtime again!"

We'd only been married just over a year, but I felt—somehow—that Frank's love for me was growing colder. I used to sit and wonder why I was ceasing to attract him. Anyway, to forget my troubles, I decided to go to the pictures.



There, during the interval, I saw them—my husband and her! Sick at heart I went straight home and cried until I felt I could cry no more. I thought I'd really lost my husband's love. Suddenly I realised that my husband's companion possessed a really lovely complexion.



As I looked in the mirror I wondered if I was ceasing to look attractive. Then I remembered that my favourite film star urged women to use Lux Toilet Soap to keep complexions free from Cosmetic Skin—the small blemishes and enlarged pores that so soon spoil good looks.



So, saying nothing to Frank, I continued to follow the film star's advice. I knew, as my skin improved daily, that my complexion would soon be even lovelier than it had ever been!



And then I had positive proof that once again I was attractive to my husband. Lux Toilet Soap's beauty treatment gives me a lovely complexion—keeps my skin soft... radiantly clear.

To keep your complexion really lovely... attractive, you must guard against Cosmetic Skin—the small blemishes, enlarged pores and dullness that so soon spoil good looks. The regular use of Lux Toilet Soap is the surest defence against this ugly Cosmetic Skin. Always—before you go to bed or put on fresh make-up—use Lux Toilet Soap. Then like the film stars you may use all the cosmetics you wish—yet still keep the complexion that is so fascinating to men!



BINNIE BARNES says:

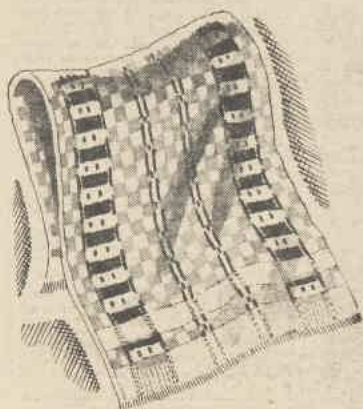
I AVOID COSMETIC SKIN THE EASY SAFE WAY—BY REMOVING EVERY TRACE OF MAKE-UP WITH PURE, MILD LUX TOILET SOAP. THIS CARE KEEPS THE SKIN SMOOTH AND FLAWLESS.



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Half prices galore at Sydney's coolest sale

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Thousands upon thousands of white and coloured towels marked down to amazing low price levels. Lay-by dozens at once for future use!

- ★ Coloured. Size 21x42. Usual 1/6, now 1/-
- ★ Coloured. Size 24x48. Usual 2/11, now 2/-
- ★ Coloured. Size 24x48. Usual 3/-, now 2/6
- ★ White. Size 24x48. Usual 2/11, now 2/6
- ★ Coloured. Size 27x54. Usual 3/11, now 2/11

Towels—First Floor. Lay-by!

CLOTHS OUT!

4/11 Bungalow cloth. Lemon ground with brightly coloured borders. Home mod. Laminated ready for use. Size 47 x 32 inches. Price, each **3/11**

Air-Conditioned Ground Floor



19/- Leather Handbags, 12/6

300 perfect quality handbags sacrificed at a big reduction. Dull calf leather in the Continent's most successful designs. Why not make a Lay-by now? 1/- in 5/- deposit.

Air-conditioned Ground Floor. Lay-by!



Half or almost

Undies clear at never-again prices. Use the lay-by!

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| Us. 10/6. Tyrolean smocks. Figured design; contrasting coloured bands. SW and W. 6/10 | Us. 17/11. Imported silk, hand made, pure silk crepe de chine. In white or pink. 10/10 | Us. 10/11. Peignons. Kabe crepe de chine. Blue, white ground, with pink or blue florals. 11/9 |
|--|---|--|

Undies—Fourth Floor. Make a lay-by!



SALE SURPRISES

Dramatic mark-downs on summer shoe successes.

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| 21/- Monk shoes, in black or brown kid. Seam to seam "side buckle." In halves, 2 to 7. 16/9 | 17/9 Buck courts in shoe white. Blashed overlay tongue. Genuine pumps. Halves, 2 to 7. 13/9 | 21/- Babot Bars, black or brown kid. Pop-foratol. Centriclock buckle. Half sizes, 2 to 7. 16/9 |
|--|--|---|

Shoes—Third Floor. 1/- in 5/- to Lay-by.

SHEETS CLEAR

Super Sheets of the famous "Osmun" brand. Make an easy Farmer's Lay-by now. Only 1/- in every 5/- deposit.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| ★ Size 54 x 90. Usually 11/5. | Price, now only, 8/11 |
| ★ Size 63 x 99. Usually 16/6. | Price, now only, 11/9 |
| ★ Size 70 x 99. Usually 17/6. | Price, now only, 13/11 |
| ★ Size 80 x 99. Usually 18/6. | Price, now only, 15/6 |
| ★ Size 90 x 100. Usually 23/6. | Price, now only, 18/6 |

Sheets—First Floor. A Lay-by!



ELECTRIC mixer clears!

The "Dormeyer"—new food mixer with a strong three-speed motor!

Usual £7/12/6. 100% reliable, 3-speed motor. Large juice extractor bowls. Special, easy-to-clean glass bowls of translucent green. This compact treasure mixes, whips, folds, mashes and extracts fruit juice with a celerity and cleanliness never before equalled by any type electric or otherwise. A limited number to clear at **£5/7/6**

Only 20/- deposit, easy monthly payments. And a twelve months' guarantee on each and every "Dormeyer."

Lower Ground Floor. Country Carriage Extra.

THE ADVANTAGES OF LAY-BY make sale shopping doubly easy at Farmer's. No need to miss a single opportunity, as only 1/- in 5/- deposit keeps the bargain for you. Six months to pay the balance, or three months in the case of fashion merchandise.



Laces go at half price!

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1/-, 1/6 Alencons. Reproductions in oyster, Paris beige, white, 1-4 in. 6 1/2 d. | 5/11 Lace Collaring. Cotton linen, 3 inches. All white in 7 designs. Yard 2/11 |
|---|---|

3/11 Nightdress Tops (unillustrated), Noedlerun lace. In Paris and beige. Many designs to choose from. Now down to half price, **1/11**

On the Air-Conditioned Ground Floor. Lay-by!

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"Nugget" imparts that new shoe shine—end quickly, too. The leather-preserving finish of "Nugget" gives your shoes longer life. Use "Nugget" on your shoes every day. Obtainable in Black, Dark Tan Stain, various shades of Brown, and White.

NUGGET

Shoe Polish

BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES

Lingered Over Lunch And Lost At Moorefield

By BETTY GEE

Where have I been?

Down for the Tasmanian fortnight where winning bets are as rare as the Kohinoor Diamond, and dividends, when a favorite does condescend to win, as cramped as winter rheumatics. They call it the Tasmanian fortnight. It seemed a month that would never end.

AND the precision with which good things rolled home on Sydney courses while I was away made me boil every time I picked up a paper.

Anybody who goes to another country to follow racing is just asking to be treated as a stranger and taken in. I was.

In saying that, I don't include Melbourne for the autumn carnival, beginning Saturday, because I'm going there, and it'll be like a home from home with all our best Sydney racers on the spot.

And do I know some good things? You fall in and follow me.

But, talking confidentially, I hope it'll be better than Moorefield was last Saturday.

I've added another to my racing rules. "Never be late."

Goodness knows, the two o'clock start gave even the message boys a chance to be early. But because it was two Dickie said what about a snack of lunch in town first, and we lingered over the 1840 brandy—and lost.

Yes, when we arrived on the course, there were the Stan Cricks, Mr. and Mrs., all smiles, because their horse, Sir Regent, had won the first, and they had been looking everywhere to find me and tell me. A pony (£25) each way, was the comm. left in town, and started at 8 to 1, mark you.

That should have been the tip not to bet, but I had Tartarus for the first Juvenile, and that cost me £1 when he ran third to Samurail.

Mrs. A. Whitehouse's Phosphonic couldn't lose, was my next. But just to show that it could, Lady Pola cleared right away from it to win by four lengths.

But how difficult it is to change one's system!

Barrier-Shy

THE tale of the next race was almost too dreadful to unfold.

I ran into Mr. P. L. Moore, of Walma Station, Walgett. He owns Goorka, and said his trainer, Ken Stuart, had Delmestor in the next race, a youngster who hadn't raced, but could beat Goorka on the track.

Well, was that good enough for me to hunt round for long odds? Yes, and I invested £2 at 7 to 1.

But Delmestor did just one wrong thing. She threw her head in fright as the barrier ropes whizzed up, and was lost away. She went round the field, led a furlong from home, and then tired back into second place behind Tomorrow.

She'd have won it by ten lengths if she hadn't been so barrier-shy.

So that's another second, and this time I fly to the tote with my £2 when Mr. Moore says, "Never mind; get it back on Goorka."

He leads all the way till the last bit that always counts, and then Tuckiar puts him into second place, the brute. And here's a good "ad" for the tote. I don't think it paid me 10/ profit for my £2, so I was laying 4 to 1 on my choice of getting a place!

I've come to the conclusion that people who bet with the tote must live on suction.

WHEN I go to Melbourne for Caulfield on Saturday I shall leave an odd wager for the Canterbury races at home.

One will be for Mowenza in the Flying. She goes like a girl in a hobble skirt everywhere else, but at Canterbury she gets a free leg, and moves it to dire purpose.

Imbiber is one I'm saving for there, too, because he likes Canterbury, and I'm backing him in the last race.

Punny how horses get to like Canterbury so. I'll tell you how I like it after Saturday. Oh, and by the way, don't forget to follow up Delmestor. She's good.

At Caulfield next Saturday I'm going to plonk on Young Idea for the St. George Stakes, and I ought to get a good price. And another of Jack Holt's likely to go well the same day is Studio in the Oakleigh Plate, because I've had the tip from the butcher's boy, and he ought to know, because he's got a cousin in Melbourne.

But the big plonk Saturday will be for Lynch Law in the Federal Stakes. I hope the Melbourne bookies think they have a local prod to beat this colt of Miss Nancy Lewis's, and bet liberal odds. If they do, I won't need anything further for autumn frocking during my stay.

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What Women Are Doing

Science Mistress

MRS. GARDINER, a graduate of the London University, who arrived in Australia recently, is joining the resident staff at Ruyton College, Melbourne. She will be senior science mistress at the college.

Since her arrival from England Mrs. Gardiner has spent some time teaching at Bendigo.

Supervises Nursery School Training Centre

WELL known in England for her work in the nursery school system is Miss Elizabeth Town, who came out to Sydney some time ago to take up the post of superintendent of the Nursery School Training Centre run by the Sydney Day Nursery Association.

The training centre, which is the only one in New South Wales, is in the same building which houses the Woolloomooloo Day Nursery, and the two are run in close contact, so as to give the nursery school student practical experience in a nursery school.

Miss Town has worked out interesting courses of study for the girl who desires to train either as a nursery nurse or a nursery teacher, the latter being a two-year course while the former takes only one year. As well as having daily practice in the nursery school, the student is taught the theory of the nursery school method, attends lectures on psychology and hygiene, learns nature study, speech training and games, and studies art.

The making of toys and equipment for use in the nursery school is another interesting feature of the course.

Only Woman on Board

TO Miss Kate Ogilvie, B.A., of Sydney, has fallen the honor of being the only woman appointed to the Housing Improvement Board, just instituted by the Government of N.S.W. in connection with its new Housing Improvement Act.

Miss Ogilvie, who has held the post of almoner at the Rachel Forster Hospital, Sydney, for some years, is well qualified to sit on the board, as she has first hand knowledge of the personal elements involved in the problems the board will have to deal with.

All members of the board will act without remuneration.

One of the First Television Artists

MISS PHYLLIS McDONALD, the Australian violinist, now making a broadcasting tour of Australia, has enjoyed eleven years of concert and orchestral experience in the foremost musical circles of London.



Miss McDonald

She first attracted notice in Sydney, and at the age of 15 was awarded a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, London.

Such an impression did she make that her scholarship was extended to seven years, a very rare occurrence.

She became one of the first violinists with Sir Henry Wood's orchestra at Queen's Hall, where she played for five seasons.

Later she played Beethoven's Concerto at the Centenary commemoration of the composer in Queen's Hall.

Broadcasting weekly with the B.B.C. followed, and she has the distinction of being one of the first artists to have been televised in England.

A Pioneer in the Cause of Women Teachers

AS an expression of belief in the principle of equality more than with any real hope of success, Miss M. C. Thomas, who for several years was president of the women's branch of the union, stood for election for the office of president of the Victorian Teachers' Union at the recent annual conference.

Although she was not elected, this was a step forward for women. It was the first time a woman had been nominated for the office.

Miss Thomas has done much work not only for the benefit of women teachers, but for the cause of education generally, and stands high in the esteem of her fellow teachers.

She is headmistress at East Camberwell State School, and recently was re-elected a councillor on the general council of the Victorian Teachers' Union, and a member of the executive.

Hospitals For Infants Appeal to Overseas Visitor

LADY MCGOWAN, the charming Scottish wife of Sir Harry McGowan, chemical industries magnate at present visiting Australia, is the old-fashioned type of social worker. If a charity is worthwhile and needs funds, Lady McGowan works for it, but leaves the running of the organisation to others.

She works for the blind and for hospitals, but keeps her chief enthusiasm for hospitals for babies, and loves best of all the infants' hospital at Westminster.

The main appeal for the Westminster Hospital is the annual ball, which has raised between five and six thousand pounds in previous years, and this year expects to make much more, as it is to be held in the Albert Hall instead of at Covent Garden.

Lady McGowan is vice-president of the ball committee, and one of her secrets of success in ball organisation is to bring fresh blood into the ball committee each year so that more and more people are interested in the work.

Doing Work of National Importance

MISS E. ARCHER, librarian and scientific assistant at the head office of the Industrial Research Council, Melbourne, is a woman with more than a fair share of brains.

She has a wide knowledge of the work of the council, and knows something about the latest developments in all the departments of scientific and industrial research.

She also acts as adviser to all seeking information at the library.

Adelaide Graduate Working in Birmingham

WHEN Miss Dorothy Harris, whose family is well known in Adelaide, went to England after having taken her B.A. degree at the University of Adelaide, she was interested in sketching, but since going abroad she has taken up Art seriously. She took her Diploma of Art at the Birmingham School of Art.

Less than two years ago, Miss Harris married a Mr. Parker, an interior decorator, conducting his own business in Birmingham. The former Adelaide girl became so engrossed in her husband's work that she is now his partner in the firm.

Twenty Years' Work Among the Afflicted

MRS. D. MACLAGAN, who has resigned from the Child Welfare Department inspection staff in Perth, will be much missed. For the past 20 years she has served on the staff, introducing authority and sound common sense to the districts she has penetrated in her tiny car. Mrs. MacLagan has been the friend of the afflicted and adequately tolerant of natural human failing.

Recently Mrs. MacLagan, who comes of early pioneer stock, had an interesting experience. As the senior surviving direct descendant of the first settler on Kangaroo Island, South Australia, she was invited by the Centenary Committee to lay the foundation stone of a Centenary memorial to the pioneers.

In her leisure hours Mrs. MacLagan is a Persian cat fancier and breeder and a keen gardener.

One of Brisbane's Best-known Charity Workers

ONE of Brisbane's best-known charity workers is Mrs. A. Wagner, who has been president

of the Methodist Home Mission Auxiliary for the last nine years, and before holding office was on the committee for thirty years. During the year the mission held a laymen's tea, a n a n a c luncheon, a dinner and a fete.

Mrs. Wagner took an active part in organising all these functions.

As well as the Home Mission, Mrs. Wagner works hard for the Margaret Marr Memorial Home, of which she is president, and one of the original committee members.

Her spare time she devotes to gardening and fancy work, and is enthusiastic about both of these hobbies.

Enjoys Her Job as Deputy Registrar

MRS. N. FLINT, Deputy-Registrar of Births, Marriages and Deaths at Fremantle, has married more than 120 couples in the past two years, and thoroughly enjoys her job. Her documents and ledgers are kept with such exquisitely neat letters and figures that a marriage certificate by Nellie Flint is a joy.

Probably the only woman in Australia entitled to celebrate marriages, Mrs. Flint, who is young, with merry dark eyes and the mother of two schoolgirl daughters, has held the position of deputy-registrar since her husband, who was registrar, died two years ago.

Secretary to Three Lord Mayors

FOR a number of years Miss Grace Marriott has been secretary to the Lord Mayors of Brisbane. In fact she has worked for three—Ald W. A. Jolly, Ald J. W. Greene, and the present one, Alderman A. J. Jones.



Miss Marriott

Of recent years the Lord Mayor has had another secretary as well, and Miss Marriott is thus able to give more time to assisting the Lady Mayoress in her social and charitable work.

She handled the social side of the Mayoral work in connection with the visit of the present King, then Duke of York, to Queensland, and was also in office when the Duke of Gloucester visited Brisbane.

Appointed to Assist in Nutrition Survey

MISS DOROTHY HEDGER, who completed her Bachelor of Arts degree at the Adelaide University last year, has been appointed assistant to Miss Irene Glasson, the supervisor of the Nutrition Survey in South Australia.

Miss Hedger's chief work will be to visit housewives of all classes and find out, by means of detailed monthly reports, the amount and type of food consumed in each home.

Winner of Scholarship Does Research Work Abroad

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At All Chemists.

ACTRESS Grows OLD

Continued from Page 22

"HAVEN'T I told you, this girl interferes with my acting—my acting?"

"I'm sorry," I said weakly. "Sorry! Sorry for what—that girl? Do you know what my acting means to me? Do you know what it's cost me? I'll give you a faint idea. Listen. When I was a child, I didn't play with dolls. I cut out figures, paper figures, and moved them through scenes in a play. When I became a girl, I didn't gush and simper and giggle over boys. I never gave boys a thought. I just dreamed about the theatre. I dressed up in my mother's clothes, or my older sister's, or in costumes that I made myself, and played before the long mirror in my mother's room. They sent me to school and I ran away with ten shillings in my pocket and took a train to Manchester and got a job in a repertory company. My mother and father came after me and took me home. I was sixteen. They watched me after that. I couldn't get away, and a boy came into my life and loved me, and I began to love him. But the longing to act never left me. It got worse. When I couldn't bear it any longer, I ran away again and got another job in repertory, and that time they let me stay.

"The boy came after me and begged me to come home. I said no, so he went back without me. I was happy—I was wildly happy—until I found out what a rotten actress I was. Then I wasn't happy any more. I was in a sort of fever. I stayed in repertory three years. The boy came to wherever I was playing once or twice every year and asked me to give it up and come home with him. I didn't go home with him. I was learning to

act. When I'd learned to act, I came to London."

The torrent of words ceased. Arden stopped pacing the floor. "Why am I telling you all this?" she whispered. "What am I doing? Why am I justifying myself? Why am I saying these things?" She flung herself down on the couch again. "Get me my coat!" I picked up her coat, crossed to the couch and covered her with it. "What was I talking about? Where had I got to?" she wanted to know.

"You were telling me about coming to London."

"Ah, yes, London. I thought my troubles were over. I thought I was on the threshold of heaven. I wasn't. I'd got myself into the most awful hell I'll ever know. Remember, I could act. I knew a lot of tricks. I wasn't tossing my head as that girl does, much, by then. I went to plays and watched other girls act, as long as my money lasted. In the daytime I tried to get a part. Do you know what trying to get a part in London is like? No, you don't. You're sorry for that girl because you're a man and she's young and pretty. I'm sorry for her because she'll have to look for another part."

"I'm sorry for her because it wasn't her fault," I explained. "She's a fine young actress."

"That'll make it worse. When you know you can do it and they won't let you, it tears you to pieces. You sit in an office and wait and wait and wait like a hungry dog, and they give it to someone who can't cross a stage without holding on to the furniture, because she's 'the type,' or has better clothes on. Then you get up and go out and walk to the next place where you've heard they are going to do a play."

"I did that for a year. I walked until the balls of my feet were solid bone. I lived on chocolate and thin soup, mostly. I got walk-ons now and then in rotten shows that were certain to flop."

"I had one friend. A little telephone operator in a working-girls' club where I lived. Her name was Mabel. She thought I was great because I was an actress. She took down my telephone calls so carefully! She was as thrilled when I got a call from an agent or the office of a producer as I was."

"One evening she was all of a twitter when I came in. I had had a call from a really good firm, asking me to be at the office at ten o'clock the next day. Mabel and I were so excited we went on the razzle. We dashed into a teashop and had a couple of malted milks."

"I was at the producing office next day an hour before time. If I ever hold up this company and Rollo and you for two or three hours, you'll know why—it's one of my luxuries. When it happens, or some other outrageous business, just remember that I don't have much fun, even now—will you?"

"I will," I said. I was beginning to like this woman."

"Well, as I said, I got to that office before time. Two hours later I had a nice part in a good play. It had been a bit the season before and they were sending it out on the road with the original London company. The girl friend of a member of the firm wouldn't go on the road. She'd played the part in London. A manager in Manchester, where I'd worked one season, had told someone in the firm that I was a trouper and they let me read the part for the producer and then gave it to me."

"We started rehearsing at the old Montpelier, next day. On Friday morning, the third week of rehearsals, the girl friend of the producer changed her mind about going out with the show, and they threw me out and gave the part to her—she was a rotten actress, by the way."

"The company was taking the train to Glasgow that night. I had packed a bag and left it at Euston. The rest of my things I had left in a trunk in the club. They had given me five pounds in advance to pay my bill at the club, and they let me keep that. You rehearsed for nothing in those days."

Please turn to Page 27

**To ward off
Skin Faults
keep
Under Skin
active**



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Reckitt's BLUE

Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

ACTRESS Grows OLD

Continued from Page 26

"WELL, I left the theatre blind with tears to look for another job. I walked and walked and walked, from one office to another, in a frenzy. It was a windy day in October, with a cold rain. Heavens, how terrible London can be when it's raining and you're out of a job! By two o'clock I was wringing wet and beaten. I got on a bus and went back to the club. My young man was waiting in the lobby for me. Did I tell you he had money? His father owned a washing-machine company—I think it was.

"Well, there he sat when I dragged myself, like a wet cat, into the lobby. He had come to London to pop the annual question. He stood up to meet me, and he looked awfully big and strong and protective, after waiting for me four years, so I just went into his arms and stayed there without a word for a long time. He had a special licence with him. Then I said, 'Will you do something quickly, before I have time to get rested and dry and warm?'

"He said, 'Of course, darling, anything!'

"I said, 'All right. Put me in a taxi and take me down to a registrar and marry me.'

"He said, 'All wet like this?'

"I said, 'You'd better, if you want to make sure of me.' So he did.

"After we were man and wife he drove to a department store and bought me dry things from head to foot. I got into them in a trying-on room and we drove back to the club for my trunk. We drove in a taxi, of course. Taxies seemed wonderful to me then. He told me all about the washing-machine business—if that was it—and about the club in Birmingham, and how I must learn to play golf and bridge, and I said I would. I said I was sure it would all be very nice.

"When we got back to the club, Mabel began bouncing up and

down and signalling to me, as soon as I came in the door. I went to her, and she took off her ear-phones and told me that the office had telephoned ten times in the last two hours and that I must ring up Mr. Grubb at this number. Mr. Grubb was the stage manager.

"I excused myself from Art—that was my husband's name—and rang up the number, and Mr. Grubb told me the girl friend of the producer had changed her mind again and didn't want to leave London and would I do him, personally, a great, great favor, that he'd never, never forget, by being at Euston with the rest of the company at seven-forty-five, to take the train for Glasgow. I said I would, and hung up and stood in the telephone box to gather enough courage to go out and tell Art. I couldn't do it. My knees got weak at the thought. So I went to the writing-room and wrote a line to Mabel. I just said, 'Give the enclosed to the tall boy I came in with.'

"Then I wrote Art a note telling him that I was sorry, but I couldn't give up the stage and I wasn't going to Birmingham and much love and many thanks and good-bye. I called a girl and told her to take the note and message to Mabel. Then I slipped out of the side entrance of the club and took a taxi to Euston. I didn't remember about my bag being in the cloakroom until we were on the train, and the juvenile had to tear back and get it.

"Art had our marriage annulled, naturally. I've never seen him since. He's got a nice family, I understand. I dare say his wife plays golf and bridge both.

"That touring engagement was my first real luck. The same firm gave me a part in London the next season. I've worked and schemed and fought my way up from there. I've toadied and bootlicked and, as you say, I'm a complete flop as a human being. Your little ingenuit got in my way. She interfered with the tricks and you saw what happened to her. Kicking her out disturbed me, for some reason. I can't let such things disturb me."

ROLLO appeared at the turn of the stairs.

"All right, Julia," he said. "The new girl is here. She's a brunette, sort of short and fat."

"Sweet man. So thoughtful of you." Arden rose from the couch and slipped on her coat.

I followed her up the stairs.

As we came into the almost total darkness at the head of the stairs I heard the sound of weeping from somewhere close at hand.

"What's that?" asked the star sharply. "Here, turn that gadget of yours this way!"

The pale light from my flashlight revealed the little ingenue collapsed in hopeless grief on a seat in the last row of the dress circle. She was sobbing quietly—great body-shaking, half-stifled sobs.

"Look here, child," said Arden; "you can't do this round here. When you're dismissed from a cast, you're supposed to leave the theatre. You're annoying me. Go away. Go and look for another job."

"Oh, Aunt Julia," said a broken voice, "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to imitate you. Mother took me to everything you did, after she found out I was like you."

I heard Arden take a breath as though she had been struck by a bullet.

"Who are you?" she asked, in the same voice that had sent fingers along my spine early that morning.

"I'm D-D-Dorothy. I've been playing in repertory. I was dancing before that."

"Ah," said Arden softly, "that accounts for everything." She sank into a seat beside the girl.

"Now, darling," I heard, "we mustn't cry any more. Aunt Julia is going to take care of this baby. Old, nasty, horrid Aunt Julia."

I saw a convulsed, young face bury itself in sables. The deep, carrying stage voice of Julia Arden was lifted to reach Rollo, leaning dejectedly against the railing of the orchestra pit.

"You can let your fat girl go, Rollo," it said. "I'm taking this child home with me. I want to teach her a new method—a different attack."

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"When he mentioned my skin I felt frightened. I rushed into town and went into one of the big shops and asked the girl what was the best cream for my skin. Why, she exclaimed, 'There's only one cream that most everybody buys, and that's Charmosan.'

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Continued from Page 8

"YES, dear," said Miss Thane, with becoming meekness. "I think your masked man was Ludovic's wicked cousin come to murder him with that wicked-looking knife you have in your hand."

"There ain't a doubt of it," growled Nye. "Look what's here, ma'am!" He went down on his knees as he spoke and picked from under the table a scrap of lace, such as might have been ripped from a cravat, and an ornate gold quizzing-glass on a length of torn ribbon. "Have you ever seen that before?"

Sir Hugh took the glass from him and inspected it disparagingly.

"No, I haven't," he said, "and what's more, I don't like it. It's too heavily chased."

Miss Thane nodded. "Of course I've seen it. But I was sure without that evidence. He must be feeling desperate indeed to have taken this risk!"

Miss Thane, taking Eustacie's hand, patted it reassuringly and suggested that they should go back to bed.

As soon as the two women had disappeared round the bend in the staircase, Sir Hugh reached up a long arm and, placing the Beau's quizzing-glass on the mantelpiece above his head, said:

"Well, now that they've gone we can make ourselves comfortable. Go and get the brandy, Nye, and bring a glass for yourself."

There were no more alarms during the rest of the night, but next morning Nye and Miss Thane and Eustacie met in consultation, and agreed that, however distasteful to him it might be, Ludovic must at least during the day be confined to the cellar.

As might have been expected, Ludovic, when this decision was made known to him, objected with the utmost violence to his proposed incarceration.

About eleven o'clock the weather, which had been increment, began to improve, and by midday a slight

hint of sunshine behind the clouds tempted Eustacie to put on her hat and cloak and go with Sir Hugh and his sister upon their usual constitutional.

The sun came through the clouds in earnest shortly after they left the Red Lion, and made walking pleasant. They stepped out briskly, the two ladies discussing the night's adventures, and trying to decide what was best to be done next.

Soon they were compelled to abandon their scheme of meeting Sir Tristram and to turn back to retrace their footsteps, but they had not gone very far when he overtook them, hacking a fine bay hunter, which instantly attracted and held Sir Hugh's attention.

He dismounted as soon as he drew abreast of the walking party and looked pleased at the encounter. Eustacie, barely allowing him to exchange greetings with the Thanes, poured into his ears the full history of the night's adventure.

Upon arrival at the Red Lion, Sir Hugh's first thought was to call to Nye to bring up a bottle of Madeira. Receiving no response he walked into the taproom to look for him.

He went back to the coffee-room, and had just begun to say that Nye seemed to have gone out, when a cry from above made him break off and look inquiringly towards the staircase. Miss Thane, who had gone up to her room, came quickly down, looking perturbed and startled.

"Sir Tristram, something has happened while we have been out! Someone has been here. My room has been ransacked, all our rooms. Where is Nye?"

"That," said Sir Tristram grimly, "is what we shall have to find out. A more pressing question is, where is Ludovic?"

Ludovic was found to be sleeping peacefully in his underground retreat. He had heard nothing, and when he learned that every room in the house had been turned upside down by unknown hands he showed a marked inclination to laugh, and said that he supposed Basil had been searching for him again.

"Well, if he expected to find you among my clothing I can only say that he must have a very indelicate idea of me," said Miss Thane. "Sir Tristram, do you suppose him to have kidnapped Nye and Clem?"

"Hardly," Shield answered, shutting the cellar door upon Ludovic and replacing the chest that stood upon the trap. He walked across the passage to the taproom, noticed that the trap leading down to the main cellar was shut and pulled it up, calling: "Nye! Are you there, man?"

No one answered him. Sir Hugh strolled in to report that he had found no trace of Nye, and observing that Shield had opened the taproom said that the particular Madeira he had in mind was not in that cellar.

Shield had found a taper by this time, and kindled it at the fire.

"What I want to find is Nye, not Madeira!" he said, and went down the stairs into the gloom of the cellar. A moment later his voice sounded, summoning Sir Hugh to his assistance. "Thane! Bring a lamp down here, I've found them!"

Sir Hugh selected a lamp from several standing on a shelf, and lit it in a leisurely fashion. Armed with this he descended into the cellar, where he found Shield calmly waiting for him, with the taper in his hand, and at his feet two neatly trussed, gagged men.

"Well, I'll be dashed!" said Sir Hugh, blinking. "First it's one thing and then it's another! This is the queerest inn I've ever stayed at in my life."

Shield blew out his taper, directed Sir Hugh to put the lamp down, and ungag Clem, and set to work to free the landlord. This was very soon done, and no sooner was Nye able to speak than he said:

"Is Mr. Ludovic safe still?"

"He's safe enough," replied Shield. "What the devil happened? Who set upon you?"

"I never seen them before to my knowledge," Nye said, rubbing his cramped limbs. "Heavens, to think of them taking me unawares! Me!"

Having released the captives Sir Tristram's next concern was to discover what the intruders had done in the inn. This was soon seen. They had visited every bedchamber, wrenched drawers out of the chests and turned their contents on to the floor, ripped the clothes out of the wardrobes, burst open the locks of Sir Hugh's cloakbags and tossed out their contents higgledy-piggledy.

Please turn to Page 44



cocktail
proof
LIPSTICK

Lenthéric gives you perfect shades to suit each type of colouring, a smooth texture which is easy to apply, and an indelibility that's cocktail-proof—even salt water won't affect it! Lenthéric lipsticks are available in containers as illustrated at 3/9, refills 2/6 each. New Streamline container 10/6, refills 6/6 each.

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CORNS



Relief will be yours 3 minutes after you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to aching corns, sore toes, painful callouses or throbbing bunions.
These thin, soothing, healing protective cushioning pads relieve the irritation, heal inflammation and remove the corn.
In each packet are Medicated Disks for removing old, stubborn corns. One or two applications safely loosen the hard, dead skin.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

Dr. Scholl's Walk-strate Heelpads

Prevent shoes running over, preserve their smart shape and correct faulty walking. Save repair bills. All sizes. For men, women and children.

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Gives instant relief and corrects the cause of the bunions; exerts an even, outward pressure, straightening the crooked toe. Soft, sanitary, comfortable, pure, para-gum rubber. Can be worn in ordinary shoes—small, medium, large.

On Sale at Chemists, Chiropodists, Shoe Stores, or any of Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Depots.
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WHEN PAPERHANGING: Try making your paste with starch instead of flour, and the paper will go on more easily and evenly, leaving no unsightly lumps. And if the wallpaper happens to get a splash of paste it will dry off, leaving no mark.

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ARE SIMPLY HORRIFIED



AT DIRTY HANDS AND KNEES



BUT MOTHERS



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THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE NEEDS SOLVOL.

NOTHING LIKE IT FOR WHISKING AWAY EVERY TRACE OF DIRT FROM GRUBBY LITTLE HANDS AND KNEES! EVEN INGRAINED GRIME IS DISSOLVED IN THE RICH, PENETRATING LATHER. THE KIDDIES RUSH FOR SOLVOL BECAUSE IT SAVES SMARTING NAIL-BRUSH SCRUBBING. IT'S AS GENTLE TO SENSITIVE SKIN AS A FINE TOILET SOAP.

23-170-19

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Intimate Jottings

Peggy Geill

Did You Know—

That having left their flat at Point Piper the Frank Evans' have moved into a delightful little house in Etham Avenue, Darling Point? Every mail brings them happy letters from their daughters, Jane and Beatrice, who are making a lengthy stay in France.

Wedding Plans

THE Waddell - Cramer- Roberts wedding is to take place this year, but the date depends rather on the arrangements for the sale of Jack's present property and the purchase of another.

Though Joan's marriage will leave a big gap in the home circle at Birtley Towers, her brother, Graham (better known as Bunty) is leaving the King's School this year, so Dr. George Waddell, Joan's father, will have his companionship as compensation.

Last week Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Turner, of Edgecliff, left for Melbourne to stay with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Lempriere, till they all four sail for Europe by the Oronsay.

The Good Companions

SAD to relate, that little black yawl (which has become part and parcel of the Double Bay seascape this summer) and its popular young American owners, Jerry Murphett and David Kaufman, and the Mexican boy who constitutes the whole crew, is leaving us. These good companions are off to Lord Howe Island in a few days' time.

It took them two years to reach Australia, and it will be another year before they reach home. Think of it, three lonely years of life on the ocean wave without even a wireless to cheer them with the latest song theme, and they actually like it!

Judy Miller, now on the high seas aboard the Mongolia, will stay with Mrs. Frank Otter on her arrival in London.

Equine Favorites

DECADES ago, in the good old days of Bong Bong and Tarranna, Sir Colin Stephen, as an amateur jockey, used to ride a mare which he named after his old home at Bowral, Elvo. Last week two descendants of that old lady won at Randwick. Sir Colin was well enough to watch them win their races.

His daughters, Helen (Mrs. Tom Rutledge) in a blue frock splashed with white daisies, and Phillipa, wearing tawny hues of brown, fawn and orange, also added their plaudits to the cheers that greeted the successes of Caesar and Sal Volatile, while their brother, Alistair, showed a tendency to toss his gay green felt headgear skywards.

Duplicated Charm

THERE is an extraordinarily close resemblance between Mrs. Tom Young and her twin sister, Mrs. Roy Kerr, with whom she is staying at Kent Road, Rose Bay.

Despite her long sojourn in the country, Mrs. Young still keeps "that schoolgirl complexion" for which she and her sister are noted.

Their mother, Lady Wade, has been at Moss Vale for a couple of months, and won't return home till summer ends.

Old Home Rejuvenated

THAT dear old house, Banksia, Double Bay, originally the home of the Gidley Kings and since purchased by Mrs. Charles Young, mother of Melanie Price Jones and Helen Levy, will hardly know itself in its new dress.

At the moment it's in a state of turmoil, but before summer ends both Melanie and Helen will be established there with everything in the way of modern beauty and comfort surrounding them, and paper-hangers and plumbers things of the past.

They leave by the Aorangi on February 18, and intend to spend some weeks in Honolulu before wandering further afield. The rest of their itinerary is on the knees of the gods, and they haven't even decided the date or the route of their homeward journey.

Mrs. Ernest White and her daughter arrived from Hughenden last week and are staying at 52 Macleay St. Ltd.

Upheaval

THIS week the Chinese Consul-General and his American wife move into the house at Point Piper just vacated by the Spanish Consul, Don Pedro de Yqual, and his nephew, Viscount Llantana.

The latter are returning to Spain all booted and spurred, visiting Chile en route, after disposing of many of their household treasures. The T. H. Kellys now possess that superfine panatrophe, lovely old silver has found new owners, and Don Pedro's car now has a new driver. So this is war!

Sayonara

THOUGH the owners of Greenoaks Cottage, Miss Alice Smith and her sister, have just cabled their decision to remain in England till after the Coronation, the present tenants, the Consul-General for America and Mrs. Pierpont Moffat, have decided not to extend their lease but to stick to their original intention of taking the leave that will shortly be due.

Mrs. Moffat is looking forward tremendously to her projected trip to Japan, having so much enjoyed a former visit there in the company of her father.



A Stroke of Luck

DESPITE all the rumors of the impossibility of securing good berths for the trip to England, the A. J. Cobcroft and their daughter, Kathleen, are not going to be disappointed about seeing the Coronation. They have been lucky enough to wangle de-luxe cabins on the Orama to replace their useless bookings on the now not available Mariposa. Fellow-passengers will be Mrs. Smart and Sheila, Mrs. Godfrey and her father, Mr. Comerford.

Ballet Entertained

AT the luncheon at the Industrial Arts Society's rooms last week, in honor of the Monte Carlo ballet, the hostesses had the grand idea of pinning cards with their visitors' names on to their shoulders. They'd have made things easier if they'd used phonetic spelling, as pronunciations were very varied. Most of the fair guests of honor adorned themselves with kaleidoscopic coloring and the tiniest of headgear.

Mrs. Hubert Fairfax brought along the Hon. Anne Vanneck, who was staying with her at Elaine. Joan and Jennifer Maughan had Joan Conroy, of Bathurst, who is a guest at their Woollahra home, with them.

Have You Noticed—

Mr. W. G. Hull's tense expression, registering his determination to master the intricacies of his newly-acquired de luxe car? With big banking interests no longer filling his days, he is learning to drive in intervals snatched from tending his lovely garden at Buena Vista, Mosman.



Hearts will thrill with greater affection if your Valentine is delivered by Uniformed Messenger.

Today there may be less formality than in the years gone by but your greetings to loved ones, speeded by Telegram, will possess greater personal warmth and appeal.



The Social Telegram . . . reflecting the courtesy of a bygone age . . . is tastefully designed in colour. It costs no more—the usual low telegram rates apply.



MARY, ONLY DAUGHTER of Mr. and Mrs. D. Howell Price, of Simla, Cremorne, who recently announced her engagement to Richard Walker Powell, of Walgett.

—Dagyn.

Last Night's Bourn-vita
is helping him now!



**"He's a different man—
now that he sleeps well!"**

Thousands of business men, and women, owe their present fitness to the sound sleep and new energy they enjoy since taking Bourn-vita. Thousands have written expressing their gratitude for the benefit they have derived from Bourn-vita! Here's a typical letter:—

"After a very hard and high-pressure day at the office I always used to feel too unrefreshed to manage to get to sleep peacefully. Some weeks ago, however, I tried Bourn-vita for the first time and now I am pleased to say that I sleep far better than ever I did in my life. I awake in the morning fit and ready for any kind of work. In the evening, too, I am always ready for dances, tennis, etc. . . . I feel so pleased that I have at last found an ideal tonic food-drink."

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To enable you to prove for yourself how good Bourn-vita is, how delicious it tastes, we will send you a generous sample on receipt of name and full address and 3d. in stamps (to cover packing and postage). Mail your request to CABBURY'S, Dept. D, Claremont, Tasmania.

The secret of Bourn-vita's efficacy lies in its healthful ingredients — principally malt, milk, eggs and chocolate—and to its rich content of malt diastase which makes digestion easier and also helps to digest other foods, too; thus you sleep soundly, your mind and body relax properly and you cannot but help awake in the morning re-invigorated. Start taking Bourn-vita to-night at bedtime and notice the improvement to-morrow.

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Once Ashamed of Her Figure

Now Slim, Healthy
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"A year ago," writes a woman, "I was racked with pain from rheumatism and other complaints. I put on so much weight that I was ashamed of my figure. I used to feel so miserable, until I was persuaded by my husband to take Kruschen Salts. After taking Kruschen for a short time the rheumatism grew less painful, my nerves got stronger, and my step lighter. I am not boasting when I say that I feel younger and more active every day, and I have a much better figure and am much healthier than I have been for years."—(Mrs.) J.B.

Kruschen is based on scientific principles—it is an ideal blend of mineral salts found in the apert waters of those European Spas which have been resorted to from time immemorial for the relief of various ailments, including rheumatism and obesity. Kruschen helps glands,

nerves and body organs to function properly, and maintains a splendid degree of robust health and fitness, that is reflected in bright eyes, clear skin, and charming figure.

Here is the recipe that banishes fat: Take half a teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts every morning in a glass of hot water before breakfast. Be sure and do this every morning, for 'It's the daily dose that takes off the fat.'

Kruschen does not aim to reduce by rushing food through the body. Gently, but surely, it rids the system of all fat-forming food refuse, of all harmful acids and poisons that incidentally give rise to rheumatism, digestive disorders, and many other ills.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 2/9 per bottle.

WITHOUT ORDERS

Continued from Page 18

"I UNDERSTAND completely. Wait a minute. I have the survey maps handy. I'll give you the highest elevations on the compass course to my place."

In a minute he spoke again: "Now, listen to these instructions for getting to my field to-night. I'll have burning petrol all over the field when I see him coming, so don't worry about the field not being lighted . . ."

His conversation with Trueman finished, Walter Maddox spread his map out and determined his compass bearing. Almost instantly he had given Evans Kendrick's second pilot his compass course.

"Thanks, Walter. Rather a dirty situation here. Kendrick got the wind up and went to pieces. Gave me the controls."

"I never thought he'd do in a pinch. You've not got the wind up, have you, Evans?"

"Scared stiff, Walter, but I won't lose my head. I have enough petrol for about forty-five minutes. That should get me there."

"How's the hostess?"

"Scared stiff, too, but carrying on. Kendrick took us up to twenty thousand and stayed so long we all but froze to death. Miss Armstrong's been busy handing round blankets and hot coffee. She's been thrown about the plane and is bruised and sore. Here she is now. Just bringing me the last cup of hot coffee she had in stock."

"Say 'Hello' to her for me," said Maddox carelessly. "See you later."

He sat down and stared at the wall clock. In half an hour he could stand the suspense no longer. He wirelessed Evans, and his heart leaped when he received a prompt answer.

He waited five minutes and telephoned Trueman. Trueman, it developed, was out on the field, so his wife answered the telephone.

"Mrs. Trueman," said Walter Maddox, "when our plane lands you're going to have on your hands a woman who will need attention. That's the hostess, Miss Armstrong. I think she's very cold, and she's bruised and hurt, but not thank goodness, hysterical. Please get some hot-water bottles and put them in a bed. Then get her to bed."

"I'll do it. We have a huge fire in our living-room and we're getting out some whisky. I'll have hot drinks ready."

"Good. Any news of our plane?"

"I don't know—oh, here's my husband."

Trueman came on the line. "I was just going to phone you, Maddox," he said. "I can see the navigation lights of your plane a long way off. She's very high and on her course. I can't hear her motors."

"She's been out of petrol for five minutes. He's coasting in."

"Hold the line until I get outside." Five minutes passed. Then: "He's sliding in. Clever pilot. Yes, he's coming in on a dead stick . . . nice work . . . perfect timing . . . he'll make it . . . he's over the fence . . . He has his wheels retracted . . . he'll crack up . . . oh!"

"He has not cracked up," Maddox said firmly.

"You're right. He made a perfect landing, but didn't run more than eighty feet. All right, Maddox. Until your plane takes off again in the morning, your worries belong to me. Good-night."

Walter Maddox hung up the receiver and grinned a tired grin at Bill Calkins.

"Well, Route Five is down for the night and now I'm going to give your job back to you. Suppose you instruct the telephone company to tell their people to close up and go to bed, because the lost plane has been found and landed safely."

"The passage is full of reporters and hysterical friends of passengers due on Route Five. You locked me out and I couldn't tell them anything except that the plane had been delayed by foul weather."

"I'll slip them the tidings of great joy as I shake the dust of this aerodrome from my feet forever, my son. Unfavorable publicity is something Amalgamated Air Lines cannot use without making a wry face. Leave it to old Walter Maddox. The motto of this line is Safety First, Last and

All the Time. We never take risks with human life merely to keep to a time-table."

"Here's another telegram for you Maddox. It came an hour ago, but I thought it best not to disturb you."

Walter opened the envelope and read another message from the president of Amalgamated:

You remind me of the highland laddie who, rather than borrow a boat from a man he hated swam the icy lake stop. Of course I sacked you as a pilot, but I had to do that in order to set you free to accept the position of chief pilot of Amalgamated Air Lines stop. My secretary messed up the message stop. You have needed a rest for years stop. Take three months on full salary and then come back and start stop.

"What a day!" Walter Maddox murmured. "And what a night!"

He was waiting at ten o'clock next morning when Kendrick brought Route Five in. When the passengers alighted, Kendrick followed nonchalantly. Walter Maddox crooked a finger at him and Kendrick strolled over.

"I am the chief pilot now, my son," the older man informed him. "At a time when I had necessity for speech with you last night—at a time when your ship was in deadly danger, you were not on the job. Your second pilot flew the ship and brought her in, on a dead stick, with wheels retracted. No-body gave him orders. So you're sacked. Your cheque for salary to date, plus two weeks' pay in lieu of notice, is in the office."

He walked over to the plane and climbed in. He thrust his head into the cockpit and said:

"Evans, you're a man after my own heart. I'm the chief pilot, and you are no longer a second pilot. This is your plane. New job starts to-day."

He closed the door and went back into the galley. Malsie Armstrong, case in hand, was standing in the galley entrance.

"HELLO, Walter!" she greeted him cheerfully. "I'm down and out, more or less. Mind helping me down?"

"I'm the chief pilot, Malsie," he said sadly, "and a minute ago it became my imperative duty to sack your young man and promote Evans."

"You haven't sacked any friend of mine, Walter. I thought he was just a nice boy until the need for a man arose."

"Glad you take it like that, Malsie."

"Thanks for saving my life, Walter. Evans told me all about it."

"If you and I were only a pair of Chinamen, Malsie," he sighed.

"For heaven's sake, why?"

"It is said that in China, when one Chinaman saves the life of another, the saved life belongs to the saviour."

Malsie smiled and, what with a swollen jaw and bruises on her face, her smile was far from fascinating.

"I had a suspicion, Walter, that the other night when you and Tim Casey were at my flat for dinner, you had something on your mind and yearned to get it off."

"Of course I did. But it seemed to me you didn't want me to."

"You old idiot! I just wanted to see if you'd persist. And to my thorough disgust you didn't."

He pushed her inside the galley as Evans started to taxi the plane over to the hangar. He closed the door.

"I make two thousand a year, Miss Armstrong," he announced. "I have money in the bank. I know of a little house with a garden, only about fifteen minutes from the aerodrome, and it's for sale at a sacrifice. I could be persuaded to buy that house. I have three months' holiday coming to me on full pay and I love you enough to want to marry you and remain married to you until I'm grounded for keeps. Only a very great lover could kiss a face in the condition yours is in, but I'm willing."

"You'll never win a beauty prize, Walter, but thank goodness for your big, square chin—without a cleft in it! And if you hadn't proposed to me to-day—you old idiot! Kiss me!"

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Natural Moisture
to keep hands
young



NEW

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Use Pond's Lotion on all skin surfaces. Cooling and healing after sunburn.

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Lasting Beauty—with
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Silvo is gentle in its action; cleaning, polishing and restoring lustre and beauty. Silvo is quick, kindly and efficient.



Silvo contains no acids and no mercury; neither can it scratch. Silvo safely reveals the true delicate beauty that is Silver's real charm.

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HERITAGE

Continued from Page 16

THE talk was frank almost to the point of rudeness, because two of them had lived very close to one kind of reality and the other two had made their way in another. The Milburn tenants worked and fought and bled with a primitive directness and Robin's mind was a storehouse of incidents concerning them.

Days, in this country, succeeded one another as softly as flakes of snow. For the first time since Lisa had known him, Chris was capable of sustained effort; he worked steadily and even eagerly and at nights they discussed and weighed what he had written.

The play, she thought proudly, might even fulfil her high hopes for Chris; it might silence forever Robin's doubts about his brother's talent. Or was Robin's hostility, she wondered, born of jealousy for the things that Chris had seen and done? She couldn't yet tell.

She spent most of her days with Robin, probing his store of knowledge, making him talk about the farm and the people. He lost gradually the hard, defensive manner of their first meeting, until she knew him for what he was—a strangely gentle man who carried the burdens of his dependents like a benevolent despot.

She went with him to the timber tract that was being cut over, but the thunderous falling of tall pines made her wince.

But it was the animals that delighted her most; the scheme of their existence was so simple and so just. They were born, they did their work and received at

Robin's hand a scrupulous care. She said as much to him, as they sat on a bench against the barn and laughed at the ungainliness of a week-old calf, and he turned and looked curiously at her.

"By all the rules, this sort of thing ought to bore you to death. Why doesn't it?"

She had wondered about that, too, and she gave him the only explanation she had. "It may be because my grandfather was a farmer—in Germany. Only he wasn't a big landowner like you; he was a peasant."

The confession amazed her. She had never told Chris that; she had let him believe in far-flung acres and a manor house.

Robin wasn't surprised or shocked; he merely nodded.

"That explains a lot. It explains, too, why Broadway hasn't gotten you."

"I'm glad you think it hasn't. Sometimes I've been afraid it might."

He kicked at the ground with his boot heel. "Will you go on acting when—you and Chris are married?"

"I don't know. Chris is so ambitious for me; he wants me to keep on."

"Why?" he demanded bluntly. "You're at the top now. What else is there?"

There was, she thought disloyally, Chris' pride in her achievement—or was it his vanity? Did he like saying "My fiancée," or "My wife, Lisa Hoffman"? She didn't know.

She said feebly, "Chris isn't a domestic type. I can't quite see him in a house, with children."

"What about you?"

She smiled faintly. "I don't know. Of course I've played with the idea, but I'd probably be a miserable failure." But she didn't know about that either; her grandmother had had eight children.

Robin's voice was hard. "Well, it's for you to decide—not Chris. After all, he's had his way ever since he was born."

"Well," answered Lisa, "I'll have to decide soon; I'm thirty-three now." And then a hot flush stained her face and she looked squarely at him. "Chris doesn't know that," she confessed. "My press agent says twenty-nine, and I've never corrected it."

IT was stupid to have told that, because Chris was only thirty-two and it might make a difference to him. But having told it, she had to humble herself before Robin because she loved his brother.

His eyes were deeper than ever, and almost angry. "Did you think I'd ever mention your age to anybody? Besides, a woman like you hasn't any age; she's sort of timeless. You'll be magnificent at eighty."

The colonel came through the gate, walking with the limp that was his war heritage, and sunlight shone on his bare white head.

"Chris has been reading a newspaper and found out where one of your plays is at the movie in Whitefield. Said did you want a drive over and see how bad Hollywood had murdered your—vehikkle, I think he called it."

She laughed, because she was so completely at peace here between Robin and the colonel. "I don't care what Hollywood has done to it, but I don't mind going to see."

She had been offered the part and Chris had wanted her to accept it, but her good sense had held her back. Hollywood was a madhouse and she was thirty-three, and doing too well to risk anything.

She said, "What about you two—would you like to go?"

The colonel nodded. "Sure. My night life's been all shot lately. Robin ain't much good after nine o'clock."

Beside her, Robin didn't move. There were a great many things he might have said—bitter, defensive things—but there was no use in them. He drawled:

"Well, if the colonel's going to spoil your tête-à-tête, I might as well go along too."

Please turn to Page 32



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JUNE 26	LORD HOWE	Returning July 5..	From 19/17/-
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AUG. 20	FIJI	Returning Sept. 2..	From 112/13/-
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Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

Sydney Hairdresser Tells How to Make Remedy for Grey Hair

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, a hairdresser for more than twenty years, recently disclosed the following:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair without use of 'crude' dyes and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Oriz Compound, and 54 oz. Olive-oil. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger, and cannot be detected. It does not discolour the scalp; is not sticky or greasy; does not rub off, and cannot affect waving of hair."***

IN *The* AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SPECIAL KNITTING ISSUE

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HERITAGE

Continued from Page 31

SHE had thought she wouldn't care about her play, but she had been wrong. Hollywood had done its worst, and Hollywood's worst was colossal. Subtlety had become obviousness; the ending had been distorted to satisfy the Main Streets of America; the lank, extravagantly gownned leading woman had laid on her emotion with a trowel. Lisa clenched her hands and muttered beneath her breath, and Chris grinned in the darkness.

"You see?" he whispered. "You could have prevented this, my darling."

Robin's shoulder moved against hers. "Don't let him kid you," he said roughly. "They'd have made you do the same thing. You can't buck Hollywood and the whole American hinterland."

She hadn't dreamed that this butchery of her play could matter so much. All her love for the theatre had been dormant for nearly three weeks; now it surged back in an intense, frightening flood. When they were at home again she walked restlessly about the living-room, knowing that the peace of these last days was shattered beyond repair.

Chris sat and grinned impishly at her. "Come here," he ordered, and held out his arms to her. "You remind me of a panther."

But for the first time since she had known him, there was no comfort in the thought of Chris. She shook her head and laughed wryly. "You did that purposely. I don't care for you at the moment."

"Then play something, and let Robin sing for you. Music soothes the savage breast."

She stopped her pacing and stared at Robin. "You never told me you sang," she accused him.

Robin looked uncomfortable. "I don't. Not for fifteen years—since glee-club days."

SHE ignored him and went to the piano. She had played it once or twice for her own amusement, but the instrument needed tuning and she had given it up. It wouldn't mar an accompaniment too greatly though, and she was determined to hear Robin sing.

"Come here," she demanded, "and find something to sing."

He looked stubbornly at her for a moment and then laughed. "There's only one way to convince you." He opened a cabinet and went rapidly through sheets of music. "Here. Just to punish you, I'll sing this." He laid "Du bist wie eine Blume" on the rack. "More than that, I'll sing it in German, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

She realised, playing the opening bars, that her hands were shaking. And then Robin began to sing and she forgot her hands. His voice was a baritone, unwieldy from disuse, insufficiently trained. His German was college German; not good, and not too bad. But she had never heard—anywhere—a finer quality than his; on single notes it filled the room with a quivering, heart-breaking sweetness. She fumbled in her accompaniment and pulled herself together; finished the song and heard the voice die away.

It was Robin who spoke first, and his voice was as harsh as grinding metal. "Now are you satisfied?"

Something in Robin's voice had moved her strangely. She grew misty-eyed with tears.

She sat with her hands in her lap and looked up at him. "You—you utter fool!" she whispered finally, and sobbed.

Chris saved the situation. He came over and took her hands and pulled her to her feet. "I shouldn't have suggested that," he said lightly. "The artistic temperament is something that can't be trifled with. You're going to bed, my sweet."

Outside her door he took her in his arms and she clung to him. "I'm—sorry," she said.

He smoothed her hair. "It was my fault. We'll go back to New York any time you say. I'm getting a little fed up with the simple life myself."

She knew then that he didn't understand, and she was almost glad. She undressed with the memory of Chris' mouth on hers, and the wasted beauty of Robin's voice in her ears.

She woke next morning to sunlight and the sound of Minnie's voice at the door.

"I brung yo' breakfast to yuh," Minnie was saying as she entered. "An' hyah's a letter Mr. Chris say you'd wanta see rat away. Say to let him know when you're up, 'cause he wants to talk to yuh."

The letter was from Sam Roberts, her producer. He had just got hold of a play, he wrote—lyrically, for Sam—her play and nobody else's. When was she coming back? If she intended to stay down there in the sticks much longer he'd send it to her, but in any case they'd have to talk it over right away and decide on rehearsals and any necessary re-writing.

She got up and dressed and slipped quietly out. Chris' room was at the other end of the hall, but she turned away from it and went softly downstairs.

The living-room was empty and she sought Minnie in the kitchen. "Where's Mr. Robin?"

Minnie stopped scouring a saucepan.

"Down in the chicken yard, I think, Miss Lisa—takin' off some baby chicks."

She walked past the question in Minnie's shrewd eyes into the warm, blinding sunlight.

Robin didn't hear her coming; he was too busy transferring chicks from an incubator to a brooder. She said "Good morning," and he spun around and faced her.

Please turn to Page 35



THE INSECT SPRAY THAT KILLS

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sure when it is a question of the children's medicine Mrs. Willis.

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AUSTRALIAN Dancer Back From ABROAD

Interesting Radio Interview With Irene Vera Young

After being honored at the Olympic Games Dance Festival as one of the greatest living exponents of the Central European dance, Irene Vera Young has returned to Sydney.

"It has been a memorable trip," she told Dorothea Vautier, with whom she will broadcast an interview from 2GB on Thursday, February 11, at 11.45 a.m.

"GERMANY is thoroughly dance conscious," says Miss Young. "Every young German enjoys the movement of the dance. It is part of his life."

The Minister for Culture controls the dance festivals that are held from time to time, and during the festival which preceded the Olympic Games, Miss Young and other visiting artists were entertained by Rudolf von Laban and several famous German dancers.

Von Laban, probably the greatest teacher the German dance has ever had, was very impressed with Miss Young's work.

"Laban really understands movement and pattern," Miss Young said. "People come to him in Germany from all over Europe and America."

Anny Fleg, one of the most talented members of his group, was present at the festival with Miss Young, and later they worked together in London.

Mary Wigman, whose name is so closely associated with the German dance, was another dancer who greatly impressed Miss Young.

"She is dynamic—her personality is tremendous," says Miss Young.

That she is not a Jewess, and consequently has never been ostracised from Germany, will come as a surprise to the many people who have heard current rumors to this effect.

Night Life in Germany

"NIGHT life in Berlin is wonderful," said Miss Young—her eyes sparkling at the thought of hours spent in the many beautiful cabarets of this very modern city. "I cannot describe these night-clubs to you," she said, "you must go there. A night at the Femina, one of Germany's smartest clubs, is something you could never forget."

In Australia very few girls would attend a cabaret without a male escort, but in Germany it is considered all right to go alone or with a woman friend.

At one cabaret, Miss Young says, you are ushered to attractive-looking white tables, each table replete with a very smart white telephone.

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier.)

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10.—11.45 a.m.: "London Calling." 3.45 p.m.: "The Fashion Parade."

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11.—11.45 a.m.: Interview with Irene Vera Young. 2.45 p.m.: "Afternoon Tea Selections."

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12.—11.45 a.m.: "So They Say." 2.45 p.m.: "Musical Moods."

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13.—6.15 p.m.: "The Music Box." 9.30 p.m.: Rawices and Landauer at the Piano.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14.—6.10 p.m.: Presenting a "Cavalcade of Variety."

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 15.—11.45 a.m.: "People in the Limelight."

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 16.—11.45 a.m.: "Things that Happen." 3.30 p.m.: "Swing-time."

No sooner are you seated than the telephone rings, and you hear a voice asking you, in German, to dance the next dance. Luckily Miss Young had Anny Fleg to interpret for her.

After the dance you are escorted back to your table again, while your erstwhile partner retires to his table. Again the telephone rings—and so the evening passes.

No girl who is attractive need bury herself at home because no one will take her out to dance. One telephone ring at Miss Young's table informed her that a very handsome young German wished for the next dance. "I am one of Hitler's bodyguard," he said.

"And that is the closest I ever got to Hitler," said Miss Young, laughing. "It is not easy to see him at all—very few visitors meet him."

In London Miss Young met Robert Helpman, the young Australian who is one of the principal ballet dancers at Sadler's Wells. "He is doing splendidly in London," she says.

To the question, "Did you go to the ballet in London?" Miss Young answered "Yes, I am interested in every form of the dance. I would like Australia to realise that there is no longer any argument between ballet and the Central European dance. In Germany Laban teaches both, preserving the tradition of both, for the German dance now has its tradition just as ballet has."

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'Bisurated' Magnesia
For the Stomach

A concentrated preparation, very economical. The package bears the 'Bismac' Trade Mark



HERITAGE

Continued from Page 32

"GOOD morning." His dark skin flushed even darker.

The chicken he held was as soft and white as a powder puff, and she stretched out her hand impulsively. "Oh! Could I—feel it?"

"Of course," He laughed and laid it in her palm.

She had never felt anything so small and soft and vulnerable as this. It peeped twice in terror and then subsided into the comforting animal warmth of her hand.

"Don't stop," she begged him, and sat down on a coop, still holding the chicken in wonder. Robin went on with his job.

"Did you—sleep all right?" he asked awkwardly.

"Yes," She hadn't, but there was no use going into that. And then suddenly the question was out. "Robin, why didn't you do something with your voice?"

He laughed harshly. "What, for instance? Can you see me at a musical tea, kissing women's hands? Or swaggering around in a wig and a pair of blue satin pants?"

She couldn't. The very thought of it was so funny that she laughed aloud, and Robin looked up and laughed with her.

"You see? It's a case of silk purses and sow's ears. At it is!"—he waved a hand at the sunlit quiet about him—"I'm in my element, and satisfied with it."

He was right, of course, and twice blessed because he knew his own luck. She said absently:

"I had a letter from my producer this morning—about a play for autumn."

All at once Robin's back was still. "I suppose that means you're leaving?"

"I'm afraid so. I'd like to stay—

—indefinitely."

He was very busy again. "Well, it's better to go while you still like

it than to stay until you're dead sick of it."

"Maybe. Only—I don't believe I'd ever get sick of it."

"Sure you would." He kept his back to her. "You can't make sow's ears out of silk purses, either."

"Robin!" He turned at the urgency in her voice. "I'll miss this—and you—desperately."

His face was expressionless. "I'll miss you too," he said carefully. "You and Chris will have to come back sometime and—bring the children."

SHE shivered and looked away, fighting back tears. Robin straightened and came to her, and caught her by the shoulders.

"Listen to me, Lisa," he said angrily; "this is your life as well as his. If you want to go on with your work, do it; if you don't, tell him so. You needn't be afraid of Chris; he worships you. I never knew he had it in him to care this much about anybody. I'm—proud of him."

She smiled faintly. "That's comforting, Robin, because I think this may be my last play." She got up and held the chicken out to him—carefully. "I suppose I'd better go and talk to him."

They left the next morning. Chris was as excited and eager as a child, and Lisa caught something of his excitement at the thought of New York and work.

The colonel took her in his arms, and his voice was queerly husky. "Lisa, honey, if I'd had the choosin' of a daughter-in-law myself, I'd've picked you out of the whole world. But for heaven's sake bring Chris back now and then."

She said "Oh, I will!" and held him tight. "And I think I must have chosen Chris because of his father."

Chris said, "Well, I like that!" But his laugh was light and confident.

She turned from the colonel to Robin, and lifted her face.

A muscle in his jaw twitched convulsively, but he bent and brushed her mouth lightly with his. "Good-bye, Lisa. We'll be here when you come back."

She watched them, standing by the gate, until distance and her own tears blotted them out. Chris was suddenly touched and very tender.

"My darling, you'll never know how much I love you for loving them." He put out his arm and drew her to him, and she cried against his sleeve.

IT was better when they were outside the boundaries of the farm. Then she could turn her face toward New York and next autumn.

"I'm not going to promise Sam anything," she said, "until he's seen your play."

He nodded confidently. "Of course." He took it for granted that his work should have first consideration, and she wondered with a tinge of bitterness if he would always take such things for granted. "Just imagine," he was saying softly, "seeing our own sweetheart in your own play!"

Perversely, it was not the wish she would have had him make, but she couldn't tell him so. And so she talked about his play and what it needed, and the amount of work still to be done, and as she talked the car laid miles end to end.

"Do you mind stopping in Raleigh a few minutes?" he asked later. "Hartwell, on the 'Courier', has charge of syndicating my stuff in the State, and I'd like about fifteen minutes with him."

She said "Of course not," and went back to her thoughts. The thoughts had turned without her consent to the farm and the people there. She found herself remembering the colonel's dry humor, and Robin. She asked abruptly: "Chris, why did Robin never do anything with his voice? It could have been magnificent."

Please turn to Page 36



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Kathleen Court

At night, before going to bed, cleanse the skin pores to the depths of all clogging impurities. For this purpose there is nothing to equal "Facial Youth" Cleansing Cream. Then a wash with "Paris" Facial Treatment Soap. Dry and pat in the Kathleen Court Night Cream. Next morning use the Cleansing Cream again, wash, dry, and pat in the Kathleen Court Astringent Skin Tonic. Then apply "Facial Youth" Beauty Cream, followed by "Velvet Skin" or "Facial Youth" Powder, "Rose Petal" or "Seventeen" Rouge, and a touch of one of the Kathleen Court Lipsticks. The night preceding this Treatment may see your Charm masked by dullness and blemishes...



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2GB
The Favourite Station

HERITAGE

Continued from Page 35

THERE was a silence, and she realised that for once in his life Chris was abashed. She waited tensely and finally he spoke.

"I'm responsible for that, I suppose."

"What do you mean?" She was making her voice casual, in order not to frighten him. She felt instinctively that this would be the answer to everything she wanted to know.

"Well, one of us had to carry on for the colonel; he hasn't been fit for years. Robin graduated from college four years before I did, and I think he had some vague idea of studying music later—when I'd come home and take over. But, Lisa, I wasn't cut out for a farmer! I'd have been a miserable failure—run the place into bankruptcy and everything. Robin was made for it, and I knew it even if he didn't."

"So—She was hardly breathing."

"So I said, 'Nothing doing!' That we might as well sell the place anyhow, because farmers never did anything but starve and slave all their lives. And Robin, like a sentimental fool, said he'd be before he sold it; that our family had owned it for seventy years. Noblesse oblige, I guess! Heritage of the landed aristocracy, and all that. Since he felt that way, he was elected."

"I see," she meant, why Robin hates you—and me. Why he said your play had better be good; so that it could atone for what he had offered up. Why he was glad for me to leave—because I was about to guess his secret.

Chris looked anxiously at her. "You don't think I was a selfish fool, do you, angel? If I'd been temperamentally capable of carrying on I'd have done it gladly, but I wasn't. It was better to clear out than to bankrupt us all gradually. As it is, everybody's satisfied."

"Yes," she assured him. "You acted very—sensibly."

THE outskirts of Raleigh. Chris said in a relieved voice, "I'll park in the Sir Walter garage and leave you at the hotel for a few minutes while I see Hartwell. You're sure you'll be all right?"

"Of course." Her voice, so perfectly schooled, was quiet and even.

She saw Chris through the door: easy, handsome, confident. Then she turned and sought the writing-room, where she wrote five brief lines. A bellboy sprang to her summons, followed her to the garage next door.

"Call a taxi," she ordered, "and then take these bags out for me." And to the garage attendant: "Will you give this note to the owner of this car?"

A taxi driver stood at attention. "Take me," she commanded, "to some place that has automobiles for hire."

It was the first time in three weeks that she had been Hoffman, and people moved swiftly at the imperious urgency in her voice.

THE sun was directly overhead when she reached the farm.

Minnie cried, "Land sakes, Miss Lisa, I thought you was a ghos'! Ain't nothin' happened, is they?" And she answered Minnie gently: "No, nothin's happened, I just decided to come back. Where is Mr. Robin?"

Minnie was still shaken and incoherent. "He's went down to where they're cuttin' them trees—in the bottoms. You know?"

"Yes, I know." The road through the woods was only a track, too narrow, in most places, for cars to pass. She saw Robin's roadster coming through the sun-shot darkness, and stopped her own motor and waited beside the car.

Seeing her, Robin whispered "Lisa," and went over the car door without opening it.

"It's all right," she said quickly, reading his fear. "Chris isn't hurt."

"But—where is he? What happened?" He was gripping her hands, his eyes searching her face.

"He's on the way to New York, I hope. I—her magic voice faltered—"I came back."

"Oh!" He tried twice before he could bring out the next word. "Why?"

Robin must never know what had finally driven her back. Robin would have resented and despised martyrdom, especially so rich a martyrdom as his. She could tell him only half the truth.

"I came to ask you if—I might stay. I was trying to ask you yesterday, I think, but you didn't hear me."

His mouth twisted in anguish. "Lisa, you can't! You don't want to, really. You'd get horribly lonely and sick of it."

"Why?" She stood very straight. "My grandfather was a farmer, Robin, and my grandmother had eight children. This is the first time I've ever felt at home—anywhere. Robin, let me stay!"

He gave in, although he couldn't believe it. He groaned, "I can't stand this!" and put his arms around her. With his mouth close to hers he stopped. "Lisa, if you ever want to leave me, promise me now that you'll tell me so. I won't keep you—I swear I won't."

She stiffened angrily. "And I'll despise you if you don't. This is for good and all, do you hear?"

She knew by the look on Robin's face that he believed her. His mouth was grim, but his eyes were full of light.

"I hear," he said. "And I'll keep you."

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how "DAMP-SET"
to
your
wave

by
YVETTE
D'ELMONTE



WHEN I recently discovered "damp-setting"—an amazing way to set any wave in four minutes—the movies brought the secret too good to be true. Now the same stars say it is too good to keep, and "damp-set" waves are seen on every movie lot!

"Damp-setting" saves many shillings, and many hours of time, in beauty parlors. Holds even the lightest finger wave 4 or 5 days! Keeps hair naturally gleaming with all the healthy lustre that follows a fresh shampoo! And it's so easy!

All you need is brush and comb and an ounce of Velmol. (If you have no Velmol at home, any chemist has it for only 2/- a bottle.) Then just brush the Velmol through your hair, and simply press your waves into place.

That's all you do! But do it weekly and "damp-setting" will always keep your waves as deep and firm as the day you stepped out of the hair-

dresser's chair! And never any grease—for delightful, crystal-clear Velmol liquid must not be confused with heavy, messy "brilliantines".

(If you usually set your waves or curls with "bobby" pins or clips overnight—brush Velmol through hair first, and you'll be quite amazed at the results.)

JUST THREE STEPS IN "DAMP-SETTING":—(1) Comb hair with a comb moistened in water until hair is damp (never wet). (2) Press a little Velmol into palm of hand, run hairbrush over liquid until bristles are all evenly covered, and brush it right through hair. (3) Now press the waves in—just where you want them—using fingers and comb. Press backward where the waves go back; forward where they swirl in toward cheeks and forehead. In FOUR minutes your wave is revived—not just your hair has a glorious new sheen, you never believed possible.



CUT OUT THESE DIRECTIONS SO YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

February 13, 1937.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One

FURNISHING for COMFORT

By
Our Home
Decorator

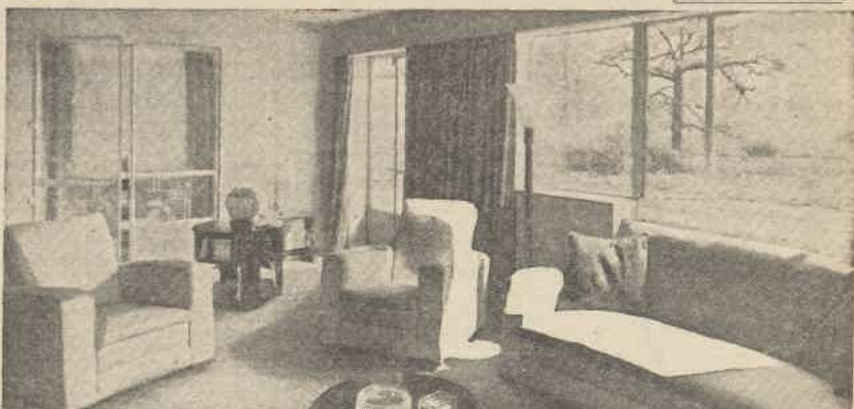
Some new and improved ideas in interior decoration of living-rooms

HERE'S a quiet charm about modern rooms. Their decorations and their furnishings have clean lines, soft colors and reason for existence. All of which add up to the most desirable of qualities in any home—utmost comfort.

EACH year brings fresh advances in home furnishing. Lines and colors become more pleasing to the eye, more pleasant to live with, more extraneous details are eliminated, and less furniture and decorations are allowed to exist unless they serve a good purpose—either to definitely beautify or to be of practical use.

In other words interior decoration has acquired simplicity. But it is a subtle simplicity achieved with the clever use of colors combined with a general clarity of tone and line.

Less patterning, for instance, is used in soft furnishings, and when a design is used it is never of the fussy, involved type, but clear in



MODERN living-room with windows extending the width of the two exterior walls.



ANOTHER VIEW OF living-room. Carpet and upholstery are plain, while curtains are of figured material. The double doors open into the dining-room.

painted a light green, which makes an attractive background for the birch filaments and big, roomy lounge chairs and couch covered in coarse fabric in a beige tone.

The fireplace has a marble surround, while the big, unframed mirror above it reflects the light from the windows.

The all-over flush carpeting is plain, the only patterned effect appearing in the curtains and matching cushions on the couch. The filaments for holding books on either

floor-length curtains in keeping with the curtains at the dividing double doors between the two rooms, and are of the same fabric as that used in the living-room.

The furniture is Australian walnut, and the walls are done in a soft pinky-beige tone. The table is made in two parts, one of which folds up, and will accommodate two to ten people quite comfortably.

The floor of natural polished wood is covered with a large rug showing a central modern motif on plain beige ground.

Notice the shape of the table—one end being made to fit against the wall to save space.

The chairs, upholstered in similar material to that used in the living-room, are unusually attractive in shape, their high curved backs giving additional comfort.—J.K.



THE DINING-ROOM, which is furnished in Australian walnut. The upholstery and curtains match the soft furnishings in the living-room.

Popular Furnishing Queries

WHAT kinds of materials are most serviceable for upholstery?

Tapestry, repp, furnishing brocade, and moquette. For loose covers: Repp, linen, cretonne, and chintz.

Should materials be figured or plain?

They may be figured when the walls, curtains, and carpet are plain. When the walls and carpet are patterned, upholstery should be plain.

side of the fireplace also add greatly to the attractive appearance of the room.

Instead of a central light this room is illuminated with wall brackets on either side of the mantel mirror, table-lamps, and several standards of the indirect lighting type.

The dining-room, which opens off the lounge-room, is also supplied with wide windows to reveal the view and give abundance of light and air. They are draped with

outline, even if the colors are conglomerate.

All these improvements naturally have one aim—greater comfort and charm in living.

A splendid example of the trend in modern home furnishing is shown on this page in the photographs of a home recently furnished.

In this case the living-room and dining-room extend across the front of the house and open into one another by means of double doors finished with panels of etched glass.

A feature of the living-room is the windows, which run the length

of the two exterior walls, ending in french windows at one end which open on to a sun terrace.

The windows are curtained all round with plain full-length drapes in a figured material of modern design. Over the glass doors the drapes are, of course, floor length. There are no valances, and at night the curtains draw across the windows and eliminate the necessity for blinds.

Glass curtains have also been dispensed with so as not to hide the view from the windows in the day-time.

The walls of the living-room are



"HOW DID YOU MAKE YOUR GUEST ROOM SO FRESH AND COLOURFUL?"

"I USED DULUX—IT'S SO DURABLE AND EASY TO APPLY"

Your guest-room can be made the most attractive room in your home—easily—with "DULUX"—the miracle finish... it gives new, lovely colour to shabby furniture—and it lasts for ages! "Dulux" is economical to use because it goes further. "Dulux" is easy to apply, it dries quickly, it won't fade or lose its lovely lustre—and it doesn't need polishing.

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A Product of British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd., makers of "Duco" Lacquers and "B.A.L.M." Paints.

Superior Enamels and Varnishes.

DB 14

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

TUNE IN "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," 2UW, 8 p.m. and, from 2GB at 8.45, "Strange as it Seems."



His lips said "Darling"
but his breath said

"STALE DRINK"

THAT glass of beer has ruined your night. How can you carry on a conversation when you are worrying about your breath? Don't worry, slip a May Breath into your mouth and clear your breath in a minute.

May Breath non-scented tablets are good for you, they're antiseptic. Carry a tin with you always—they take up very little space—and avoid offensive breath.



MAY BREATH

CLEAR YOUR BREATH

1/- a tin at all Chemists

M3738



HOW TO BANISH HEADACHE

"I have yet to meet the man or woman who, at some time or another, does not suffer a severe headache. Yes it is surprising how many of them do not yet know the one sure and certain way of ending headaches without taking harmful sedatives. The one sure, quick and medically approved way of ending headaches (or any other nerve pains) is to take two NYAL ESTERIN tablets with a sip of water.

NYAL ESTERIN contains a newly discovered sedative ingredient known as Esterin compound which acts directly on the nerve centres and thus brings immediate relief from pain. In handy, flat tins of 24 tablets costing only 1/3d., NYAL ESTERIN is sold by all chemists.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

For this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Esterin to the Nyal Company, 433CC, Globe Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

IS Your Recipe HERE?

Prize-winners in Weekly Competition

Perhaps you have an exciting new recipe—so tempting and just a little bit "different," one whose success you have many times proved.

If so, enter it in our "Best Recipe" competition, and it may win for you a cash prize.

A DELICIOUS cake for Valentine's Day wins the first prize this week, and there is also a delicious selection of other new recipes.

Each week cash prizes are awarded for clever dishes, first prize £1, and consolation prizes of 2/6 each for every other recipe published.

VALENTINE CAKE

Seven ounces castor sugar, 1lb. butter, 6oz. flour, 6oz. ground rice, 4 eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, vanilla flavoring, milk, 1lb. crystallised cherries (cut in halves). Cream butter and sugar, then gradually stir in flour, ground rice and baking powder (sifted together). Add well-whisked eggs, a little vanilla and milk as required. Lastly, add halved cherries. Mix lightly and turn mixture into a greased and lined heart-shaped tin and bake in a moderate oven for 1 hour. When cooled, place cake on sieve and leave until quite cold. Ice and decorate.

ICING

One pound castor sugar, 1 gill hot water, 2 egg-whites, vanilla, cochineal, pinch cream of tartar. Put sugar and water in a saucepan, let it dissolve slowly then bring to boil. Add a good pinch cream of tartar and boil without stirring to 240 F. (or until the syrup forms a soft ball when a small quantity of it is dropped into cold water). When ready, pour it gradually on to the lightly-whisked egg-whites, keeping it well stirred. Add a few drops of vanilla and color it to a pale pink shade with cochineal. Stir until it thickens and begins to set, then pour it over the cake and smooth evenly.

ALMOND PASTE

Three ounces icing-sugar, 2 oz. ground almonds, 1 egg-yolk, vanilla, cochineal. Sift icing-sugar and mix it with ground almonds; add a few drops vanilla and mix the icing-sugar and almonds to a stiff paste with a little yolk of egg and water.

Lastly, add sufficient cochineal to make the paste a deep pink shade. Work it into a smooth lump. Then roll out and cut into small hearts with a heart-shaped cutter. Decorate cake with the hearts, forming a horseshoe composed of hearts, and place the bust of a small doll inside horseshoe, in centre of cake. The china doll should have a pink bodice to match the hearts.

First Prize of £1 to Miss L. Connors, Glen Erin, Geomer, Kingaroy Line, Qld.

RICH MANGO WINE

Slice mangos and put with the stones in enamel or earthenware vessel or cask. Cover with water and leave for 3 days. Cut, stir and squeeze three times daily until the flesh leaves the stones, then strain through a clean sugar bag. Do not force; simply drain. To every gallon of juice allow 3lb. sugar. Fill bottles to the neck, do not cork them. Refill the bottles daily as they overflow. When fermentation ceases cork the bottles. Ready in 12 months, by which time the wine should be the color of port.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to D. Richards, Hamson Terrace, Toombul, Brisbane.

DELICIOUS CHUTNEY

This is a delicious home-made chutney to serve with curry or any meat dish.

Two and a half pounds green cooking apples, 1 pint good vinegar, 6oz. brown sugar, 1oz. garlic, 2oz. shredded onion, 1oz. dried chillies, 1lb. whole ginger, 1lb. raisins, 2oz. mustard seed, 1lb. salt.

Peel, core, and cut up the apples, put them in an earthenware jar. Dissolve the sugar in two table-spoons of boiling water and add it to the apples; then pour over the vinegar. Stand the jar in a moderate oven and bake until the apples are soft. Leave until cold. Then mix in the garlic, the finely-shredded onion, the ginger cut up and

pounded finely, the chillies, mustard seed, salt, and raisins (seeded). Mix all together until thoroughly blended. Fill bottles with the mixture, cork them, and seal securely.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. McKay, 334 Nicholson St., Fitzroy, Melbourne.

MUSHROOM SURPRISE

Make some short pastry and line small pastry tins and bake till a golden brown.

Prepare some mushrooms, the larger the better, and place on pastry. Fry an egg for each party required, and place on top of cooked mushroom, and serve very hot. Tinned mushrooms are as good, as fresh cannot always be obtained.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. M. Kregor, Lower Wattle Grove, Huon, Tas.

CURRIED RISSOLES

Half pound any cold minced meat, 1 cup bread (soaked in water then squeezed as dry as possible), 1 chopped onion, 1 teaspoon curry powder, sprinkling of herbs, salt and pepper to taste. Mix all ingredients well together, form into rissoles, roll in flour and fry. When nicely browned put into a saucepan, cover with gravy, and simmer 1 1/2 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Fletcher, 20 Cadden St., Melbourne, N.S.W.

SPINACH SOUFFLE

Wash spinach, cook until quite tender, drain well. Melt 1oz. butter in a pan, add the same of flour, then slowly a quarter



cup of stock and stir till boiling. Put spinach through a sieve and add to thickened stock. Separate whites and yolks of 3 eggs; add yolks to spinach. Beat whites very stiff and fold into spinach with about a gill of milk. Turn into a greased soufflé dish and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Campbell, Hindale, via W. Maitland, N.S.W.

ARYSSINIAN SANDWICH

Three eggs, 1lb. butter, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 cup dark cocoa mixed with 1/2 cup hot water, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1/4 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1/2 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cream butter and sugar, add eggs separately, and beat well in. Add flour, cream of tartar, bicarbonate of soda, salt, and stir in milk and dissolved cocoa last. Bake in three sandwich tins in a hot oven from fifteen to twenty minutes. When cold, fill one layer with raspberry jam and the second with whipped cream. Top with chocolate icing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Roman, 22 Scarborough St., Kogarah, N.S.W.

This Week

FEATHERY SPONGES

You must try these light-as-air sponges, cunningly decorated with delicious new icings and fillings. The recipes have been sent in by our readers.

SPONGES proved a most popular subject and a great many recipes were received, but most of them were duplicates of the others. When the best sponges were selected, therefore, the prize in each case of a duplicated recipe was awarded to the one received first by us.

This section is devoted each week to a special cookery subject.

Subjects to be dealt with in the next few weeks will include recipes for Daisies and Fruit cakes.

Send us your recipes for using these fruits. Remember if your recipe is published you will be awarded a prize of 2/6.

DELICIOUS SPONGE SANDWICH WITH PRUNE FILLING

Three eggs, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 cup plain flour, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1/2 teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon boiling water, pinch of salt. Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiff with the salt, add the yolks, then the sugar, and beat till stiff and frothy, about 15 or 20 minutes. Add sifted flour and baking powder, stir in lightly. Lastly add boiling water and butter mixed together.

Place in two well-greased sandwich tins and cook in a moderate oven about 20 minutes. When cold put together with the following or any desired filling.

PRUNE FILLING
One desiccated gelatine, 2 cups brown sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, egg-white, 1/2 cup chopped prunes cut in small pieces, 1-2 cup chopped walnuts. Dissolve gelatine in 1/2 cup hot water, place sugar, lemon juice, prune juice and egg-white in double boiler. Stir until the sugar is dissolved. Add gelatine. Remove from fire and beat until the mixture is thick and light. Add prunes and chopped walnuts.

2/6 to Mrs. D. Dawson, 9 Winchester St., Mayfield West, Newcastle, N.S.W.

FEATHER SPONGE CAKE

Five ounces loaf sugar, 3 eggs, 1 egg-yolk, 1/2 lb. flour, 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1/2 gill water. Put loaf sugar and water into an enameled saucepan. Bring slowly to boil, gently simmer 2 minutes. Beat eggs and yolk slightly and then slowly beat into eggs the sugar syrup, stirring constantly until all egg is mixed in. Whisk steadily till light and frothy, then add in a cloud with a few grains of salt, and lemon rind. Pour into a greased cake tin. Bake in a steady oven till firm and golden.

2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Scott, 16 Butler Grove, East Cuthbert, N.S.W.

COLD WATER SPONGE

Four eggs, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1/2 cup water, 1 (generous) cup self-raising flour. Beat eggs. Add sugar and beat till thick and lemon-colored. Add vanilla and water. Sift flour. Place in 2 papered sandwich tins (un-greased). Bake for 15 minutes in moderate oven.

Fill and ice with the following: Beat 3 egg-whites stiff, add a pinch of cream of tartar, and 1 cup of sugar. Stir one ounce of powdered gelatine into one cup of boiling water. Allow to cool. When cool pour over the egg-whites and beat till stiff. Halve the mixture and place one lot

on top of one sandwich and sprinkle with browned coconut. Spread the other sandwich with strawberry jam, and remainder of meringue. Place together. Keep in cool place for glistening to set.

2/6 to Mrs. J. Marshall, Moorang, Kolan Rd. South, Bundaberg, Qld.

ARROWROOT SPONGE

Four eggs, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup arrowroot, 2 teaspoons plain flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1/2 teaspoon carbonate of soda. Fillings: Beat together 6oz. sifted icing sugar and 2oz. butter, until the consistency of cream. Add flavoring essence.

2/6 to Mrs. G. S. Gulliver, Glenbank, Laurieton, N.S.W.

GINGER SPONGE SANDWICH

One and a half large cups flour, 1 small cup sugar, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1/2 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 cup golden syrup, 2oz. butter, 1/2 cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, and a pinch of salt. Beat sugar, soda, spice, ginger and salt. Beat eggs, blend syrup and milk, cream butter and sugar, add eggs, then syrup and milk, and lastly the sifted flour. Have ready two greased and floured sandwich tins, pour in mixture and bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Fill with whipped cream and finely-chopped preserved ginger, and ice with coffee icing.

2/6 to Mrs. H. King, 11 Alice St., Flinders Park, S.A.

FAIRY SPONGE

Four eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1/2 teaspoon carbonate soda, 2 tablespoons milk, 3 level tablespoons butter. Sift cream of tartar and soda with flour. Whisk egg-whites till stiff, add yolks, beat 3 minutes, then add sugar. Beat well for 3 minutes, or more. Add flour, then milk and butter (boiled up together). Put equal quantities into two well-greased sandwich tins, and bake in a medium oven 20 minutes.

When cool, fill with whipped cream or the following:
Stock Cream: Bring to boil 1/2 cup milk and pour it over 1 tablespoon cornflour, previously well-mixed with cold milk.

Cream: 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1/2 teaspoon soda. Sift flour and cocoa into basin. Add sugar, butter, eggs, and milk, and beat well for 4 minutes, add rising and beat again for one minute. Put in sandwich tins and bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Put together and ice with a chocolate filling.

2/6 to Mrs. J. Marks, 25 Belmore St., Leichampton, Qld.

FIVE MINUTE CHOCOLATE SPONGE

One cup flour, 1/2 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 3 eggs, 2 desiccated milk, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1/2 teaspoon soda. Sift flour and cocoa into basin. Add sugar, butter, eggs, and milk, and beat well for 4 minutes, add rising and beat again for one minute. Put in sandwich tins and bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Put together and ice with a chocolate filling.

2/6 to Mrs. J. Marks, 25 Belmore St., Leichampton, Qld.



I detest a shiny nose!

..that is why I use
Perfect Face Powder

If you value your personal charm, don't risk having a shiny nose. Avoid this embarrassment with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Face Powder. It has a soft, fine texture that makes it cling for hours, is delicately perfumed and comes in six flattering shades that blend exquisitely with the most exacting complexion. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Face Powder has been highly refined and will not cause clogged or enlarged pores; and its velvety texture gives a smooth satin-like finish to your complexion. To obtain the best results always apply it over a foundation of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream. Your complexion will then flatter you as never before.

Face Powder, 2/6

Vanishing Cream, 2/6



Daggett & Ramsdell

No More Piles

Specialist Discovers Remarkable Treatment that Heals Piles while You Sleep!

If you think that the surgeon's knife is the only method of escape from the misery of piles, it's because you haven't heard of the new internal treatment of Dr. Leonhardt, which is said to begin restoring normal, strong blood circulation in the affected area within 24 hours, and cause broken, bled blood vessels to shrink and heal, often in 4 or 5 days.

By experimenting for years this eminent specialist discovered the exact cause of piles, and then went further and compounded a remedy called Vascoloid that would remove the cause—without the dangerous prolonged use of hard rubber or metal tubes, or "surgery."

Dr. Leonhardt wants every sufferer to benefit by his discovery, and so that there will be no doubting or delay, all chemists are authorized to sell Vascoloid with guarantee that it will bring thoroughly satisfactory results, or money refunded.

On that fair basis every sufferer should get a package of Dr. Leonhardt's Vascoloid tablets to-day.

It's easy

to get every scrap of dirt, grease or burr in substance off aluminium. Use Steele's... polishes also. A packet contains 5 pads and special soap—enough for 5 weeks.

STEELE





New Ways with... BANANAS

Capture their delicious flavor in these nutritious recipes.

Wholesome and appetising... all the family will love Australia's most luscious tropical fruit when served in attractive new guises.

RIPE bananas are an invaluable food for both children and grown-ups. Rich in food values, especially in carbohydrates (or energy sugars), which equal one-fifth of their bulk, they are also easily digested and assimilated.

In addition, ripe bananas contain the three essential vitamins—A, B, and C. Latest investigations reveal that they contain vitamin A in a quantity equal to any vegetable; vitamin B content equivalent to tomato juice, while vitamin C compares favorably with oranges and tomatoes.

Note.—When using bananas, have them firm, but ripe—skins yellow with brown flecks. Do not peel them

until just before using, and when slicing always use a silver knife to prevent discoloration.

FRIED BANANAS

Bananas, egg-glazing, bread-crumbs, frying fat, sugar, slices of lemon.

Peel bananas; if large, cut in halves. Dip in egg-glazing, then cover with the crumbs. Fry in deep fat till a golden brown; drain well on paper. Serve at once on paper doyley with lemon and sugar.

SMOTHERED BANANAS

Quantity of Yorkshire batter, 4 bananas, sugar, lemon juice, butter.

Make batter, allow to stand one hour. Melt butter, pour into fire-proof flat dish. Peel bananas, cut in halves lengthways, roll in sugar, place in dish. Pour over batter. Bake in hot oven 30 to 40 minutes. Cut into squares. Serve at once with sugar and lemon.

BANANA MERINGUE

Four bananas, 1 tablespoon raspberry jam, 1 cup cake crumbs, 1 cup milk, grated rind of 1 lemon, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, 4oz. sugar for meringue.

Mash 3 bananas with the jam very well, and place in a pyrex pie-dish. Boil the milk. Pour on to the crumbs, and add sugar, lemon rind, and yolks. Pour over the bananas and bake in slow oven till set. Whip the whites of eggs, add sugar, and heap roughly over the pudding. Return to oven to brown. Just before serving cut the remaining banana into slices and decorate the pudding round the edge of the dish.

BANANA SCONES

One tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, 2 ripe bananas, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 cup milk. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then mashed bananas.



BANANAS ARE most useful for making attractive cold sweet dishes.

Mix in sifted flour, and add milk last of all. Roll on floured board, cut into rounds, place on greased tin, glaze and bake in hot oven 15 minutes.

BANANA BLANCMANGE

One pint milk, essence vanilla, 3 tablespoons cornflour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 bananas, white of 1 egg.

Blend the cornflour with a little milk, put the remainder of milk on to boil, and when almost boiling pour on to the cornflour. Stir over the fire till it boils and thickens. Add the sugar and boil second time



ger. When slightly cool, add the essence, sliced bananas, and stiffly-beaten white of egg. Pour into wetted mould. Leave till firm. Turn out and serve with stewed fruit or custard.

BANANA PASTIES

Bananas, brown sugar, nutmeg, butter, shortcrust, lemon. Make the shortcrust. Roll out into thin sheet. Cut into oblongs 4 1/2 inches wide by 6 inches long. Lay a peeled banana on each piece of pastry. Cover with 1 teaspoon brown sugar, sprinkle of nutmeg and little butter. Damp edges of pastry, and roll up. Pinch ends together. Glaze with beaten egg. Place on greased tin. Bake in a moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot with sugar and lemon.

BANANA ICE CREAM

Peel and mash six bananas to smooth pulp. Make 1 pint custard, using 4 yolks of eggs, and more sugar than usual. When quite cold, add the banana, and 1 pint whipped cream. Freeze in the usual way.

BAKED BANANAS

Bananas, lemon juice, brown sugar, butter. Peel bananas, slice them lengthwise. Sprinkle with lemon juice. Beat butter and brown sugar to a cream (allow one tablespoon sugar and one teaspoon butter to each banana). Put the bananas into a greased fireproof dish, and spread with butter and sugar. Bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot, with boiled custard.

BANANA SUET ROLL

Two cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup finely-chopped suet, 3 bananas, little milk, salt, lemon juice, sugar.

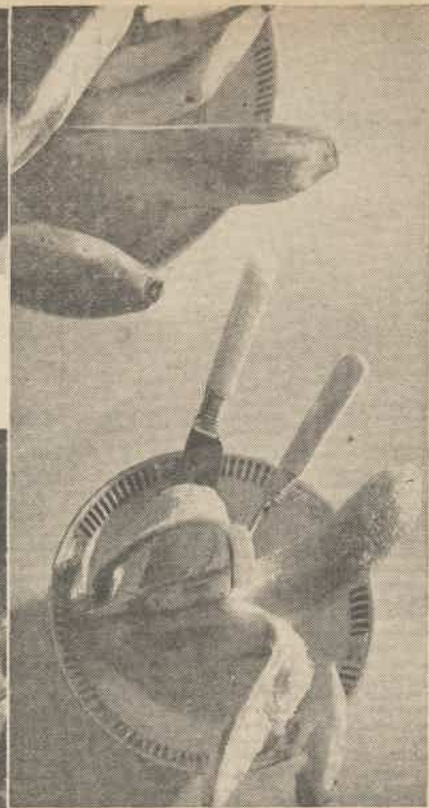
Sift flour, baking powder, and salt; rub in suet; add milk, making into a stiff paste. Roll out to half-inch thickness. Peel bananas and divide into four strips, lay on the paste. Sprinkle with lemon and sugar. Roll out, secure the ends, tie in floured cloth, plunge into boiling water. Boil for two hours. Remove from cloth. Serve on hot dish, with boiled custard.

BANANA SALAD

Six bananas, 3 oranges, sugar to taste, lettuce, dressing, and lemon juice.

Slice bananas and put into a glass dish, then a layer of oranges. Sprinkle with sugar and lemon. Chill.

Serve garnished with lettuce leaves and dressing in a small jug.



BANANAS ARE RICH in food value, and make delicious eating, raw or cooked. They are also excellent for children, being easily digested and assimilated. But remember the rule, "Buy when yellow—eat when flecked."



Who's winning the Tests?

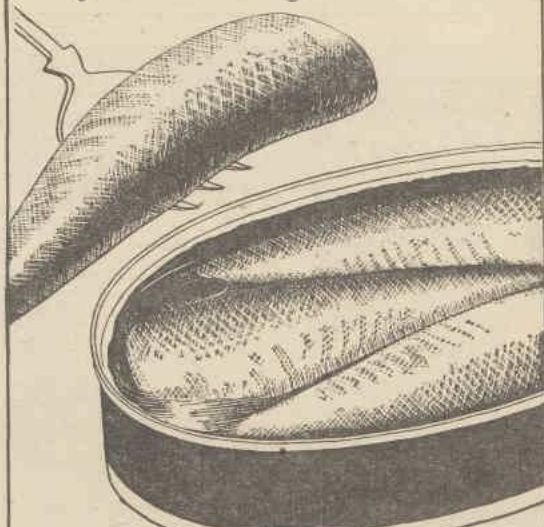
By every test you can apply, Harry Peck wins for popularity. A sandwich or two of Peck's Anchovette makes a delicious snack, light but sustaining, always welcome, made in a minute. And if you like a still more delicate flavour, try Peck's Salmon and Shrimp.

Peck's ANCHOVETTE FISH PASTE

Kill Kidney Trouble Quick

Thousands of sufferers from Kidney trouble and Bladder weakness have stopped Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Distress, Lumbago, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity and Loss of Vigour by a Doctor's new discovery called Cystex (Blaesex). Gently soothes, tones, cleans and builds raw, sore kidneys. In 15 minutes Cystex starts refreshing your blood, brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Guaranteed to end your troubles in 4 days or money back. Get Cystex at all chemists.

The tasty fish for hasty meals



British (North Sea) Herrings are the finest you can buy—delicious savoury fish full of nourishment and goodness. No cooking, no bother with bones, just open a can and you have a tasty meal ready to eat. A meal that will sustain and satisfy, for herrings give you energy for hard work, and nutriment to keep you fit and well. Your grocer sells them. Open a can for dinner to-day.

BRITISH (NORTH SEA) HERRINGS

ADVERTISEMENT ISSUED BY THE BRITISH HERRING INDUSTRY BOARD

A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES



Even Tomorrow may be too late.

JUST before Christmas a young man returned from his honeymoon and was reminded by an A.M.P. representative of his oft-expressed intention to become a member of the A.M.P., and to start building up his assets.

The young man, full of the joy of life, believing himself possessed of the Sun, Moon and Stars, would not listen. "In the New Year," he said. "In the New Year you can come again."

On the first day of the New Year there was a great Cricket Match, and the young man, returning from it, fell from a train and was killed. The reader will guess the ending to the story. The bride—exactly! Not a penny did he leave her! Nothing but bills for furniture and a month's rent!

What a difference if he had hearkened to the A.M.P. man! The bride might have had £2,000 for use while she re-adjusted herself to life.

And you, reader? Have you protected YOUR WIFE against all the risks she runs on your account? Better send for an A.M.P. adviser to-day. The A.M.P. is the largest Mutual Life office in the Empire. An average of one family in two in Australia and New Zealand has its protection. Give yourself and dependents its protection—TO THE LIMIT. Send to-day for an A.M.P. adviser. Do it before the evening closes. Even to-morrow may be too late.

A.M.P. SOCIETY

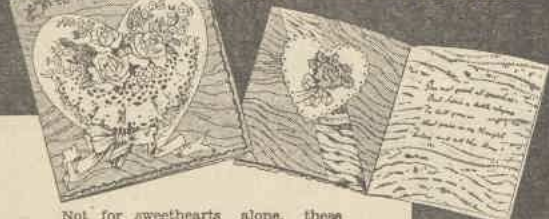
The Largest Mutual Life Office in the Empire.
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VALENTINE
Chocolates

26

An exclusive assortment in a charming Valentine gift box.

WOOLWORTHS

Why not have a...
VEGETABLE GARDEN?

—SAYS THE OLD GARDENER



FRESH, CRISP, AND full of fine flavor—vegetables from the home garden. You, too, can grow vegetables—lettuce, celery, beans, carrots, potatoes, and others—even in a tiny garden, with very little trouble.

Just once watch vegetables forming, ripening, multiplying, and then enjoy the crisp fresh flavor of the home-grown product, and your enthusiasm for a vegetable plot will be boundless.

No home garden can be complete without a vegetable plot tucked away in one corner—and really you've no idea how exciting it is to grow your own vegetables.

THERE'S an additional flavor and crispness in home-grown vegetables, which is irresistible, and you may have them for such a little trouble. So let's to work!

Make your final planting of french beans, and follow them up with a sowing of broad beans. When these broad beans begin to crop try picking them when very young, stripping them, and cooking as you would dwarf or runner beans. They're delicious!

Broad Beans

WHEN the broad beans begin to flower, the tops should be pinched out, for then the beans will set and the plants bear more prolifically.

Carrots, parsnips and turnips sown now will be ideal for vegetable soup and other delicious dishes during the winter months.

A bed of cabbage should thrive now, too—Early Successions for preference, or Drumheads.

Cauliflowers should also be planted, for cabbages and cauliflowers take from four to six months to mature, so by planting them straight away they will be ready for winter, when green vegetables are so scarce.

Sow a packet of silver beet or spinach—these marvellous health-giving vegetables—they mature quickly, and love the cold weather.

Plant a few rows of peas now, and later you can follow them up with a larger crop.

No vegetable garden can be com-

plete without a bed of potatoes—plant them at once, and you will find they need very little attention.

A few rows of onions will be an asset, as onions, particularly early ones, are quite expensive. Leeks are very easy to grow, and will be ready for use with the carrots, parsnips and turnips.

Brussels sprouts are usually considered a luxury, yet they are as easy to raise as cabbages, and the demand for these delicious vegetables always far exceeds the supply.

Try a few rows of beetroot, as sweet young beet is always a firm favorite. Tree onions, too, are ever so handy when making pickles.

A well organised garden should never be without vegetables of some kind or other, so work tirelessly and plan well ahead, and you will be rewarded.

You cannot hope for success if your methods of cultivation are careless.

Deep digging is essential, and the beds should be well built up.

Good drainage is also very necessary, and the soil must be sweet and friable. Plenty of manure, straw, grass clippings, leaves, vegetable tops or kitchen refuse should be thoroughly worked into the soil, for the more humus the garden contains, the greater will be its water-holding capacity.

If the beds are worked deeply, the roots will go further down in search of food and moisture, and the plants will be healthy and strong and more likely to resist insect pests.

For successful vegetable growing, all weeds must be kept in check,

and the soil hilled well up to the plants.

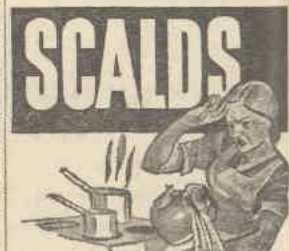
The more rapidly the vegetables grow, the more tender and crisp they will be.

If the soil is sandy use as much cow manure as possible to build it up. Artificial fertilisers can also be used. Equal parts of blood and bone and superphosphate are ideal for vegetable growing.

When lettuce, cabbage, cauliflower, and brussels sprouts are beginning to form the heads, sulphate of ammonia may be used with excellent results. This is a splendid leaf and heart producing fertiliser—use one teaspoon to every gallon of water, and pour around the plants—but on no account allow the liquid to touch the foliage.

FOR PROFIT OR PLEASURE
MONEY
in MUSHROOMS

Send 2d. stamp for informative booklet on mushroom growing. Post 25000, G.P.O. Sydney.



Badly scalded arm!... and the pain is unbearable! Quick! Get the Rexona Ointment—it takes out the stinging heat the instant you apply it, and soothes the raw, tender skin. Rexona's healing properties prevent that painful blistering, too... in a few days, new clean skin grows again.

TREATMENT. Do not wet the burn. Smear Rexona Ointment over the injured part and bandage firmly.

SCALDS COOLED AND HEALED

Mr. W. Rau, Albion Hotel, Geelong, writes:—"I was camping with a pal in the bush and one night he scalded both his legs from the hips to the feet with boiling water. I didn't know what to do, till I thought of my tin of Rexona. I rubbed Rexona Ointment on the scalded parts, and in the morning the pain had completely gone—there were no blisters and all the heat had been drawn out—that proves what a faithful friend Rexona is."

Rexona

The Rapid Healer

SOAP, 9d. per tablet. OINTMENT, 1/6 6s (City and Suburbs.) 9,164,13

CLEVER IDEAS

IRONING HINT: Materials with a sheen, such as satin, should be ironed on the right side. To get a firm texture, iron only one piece at a time, pressing firmly until thoroughly dry. Most people half dry the whole garment with the iron and then go back over their tracks. This will always result in limpness.

BRIGHTER LINO: Next time you wash the linoleum try putting some starch into the washing water. This will give a new lease to the lino, which counteracts that dull look left by the washing.

REMOVING STAINS: Did you know that stains on delicate fabrics such as velvet can be removed with oil of eucalyptus? Rub the oil on the mark with a small piece of clean linen and the stain will soon disappear.

BRIGHT BED TABLE: All you need to make an attractive bed table is an ordinary pastry board and sixteen empty cotton reels. Enamel the board in a cheery color, and glue the reels together in groups of four. Nail each of these groups to the four corners of the board and enamel the "legs" to match the top.

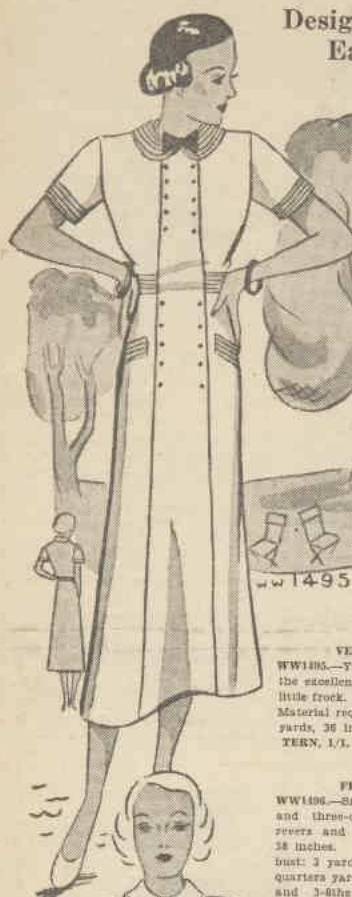
COOKING HINT: If poultry appears to be tough, place some fat bacon inside it, and you will find it vastly improved. Surplus fat from boiled ham will also make it tender, and gives a delicious flavor.

WHEN STORING: Blue paper is far the best in which to store linen or undies. White paper tends to give them a yellowish tinge, especially if they are being stored for any length of time.

Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Designs For
Early Autumn

FOR All These Distinctive
Styles Patterns Are Available



ww1495

VERY USEFUL

WW1495.—You will be delighted with the excellent cut of this smart, simple little frock. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FROCK AND COAT

WW1496.—Smart outfit, comprising frock and three-quarter coat, with contrast revers and buttons. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 yards, 36 inches wide, and three-quarters yard contrast for coat, 3¼ yards, and 3-8ths yard contrast for frock. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

PRACTICAL SMOCK

WW1500.—For slipping on in office or at home. Make it of print. Bust sizes, 32 to 40 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide, and half yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

ww1500



ww1501

ww1502



ww1496

ww1497

FRESH, YOUTHFUL

WW1498.—Sweet little frock for rural, silk or cotton. Sleeves are new. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

CHILD'S PLAYSUIT

WW1501.—You will find this playsuit very practical, workmanlike, and attractive. Cut in sizes 1 to 6 years. Material required: 1¼ to 3 yards, 26 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FOR LITTLE GIRLS

WW1502.—Dainty little style, very easy to make. For floral, dimity and other cotton materials. Sizes, 1 to 6 years. Material required: 1¼ to 1½ yards, 36 inches wide, and half-yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope "Pattern Department," in any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old. Use following Australian Women's Weekly box numbers when sending in for all other patterns:—

ADELAIDE.—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 409F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 491G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 4209EY, G.P.O.
If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, TASMANIA.—Write to Melbourne office, address above.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name

Address

State

Size

Pattern Coupon, 12/2/37

AFTERNOON MODE

WW1499.—Note the very smart, new bow effect on this frock. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide, and 6-8ths yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

ww1498

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

THIS week's three-in-one pattern provides for three charming suits as illustrated, and costs 3d. for each one size.

It is cut in three sizes—32, 34, 36-inch bust. To obtain fill in coupon below left, enclose 3d. stamp and send in our office. Be careful to state which size you want.



Material required for each of three suits, provided for in concession pattern.

For No. 1: 4 yards, 36 inches wide.

For No. 2: 4 yards.

For No. 3: 4½ yards.

See above for further details.



CHARMING LINGERIE SET, consisting of three pieces—nightgown, slip, and scanties. Paper patterns for making, together with transfer of the exotic orchid design, can be obtained from our Needlework Department.

Designed for the EASTER BRIDE

An Exquisite Lingerie Set
Adorned with Exotic
Orchids.

DESIGNED for the Easter bride's glory box, this charming set of lingerie, including three pieces, nightgown, slip, and scanties, is ever so easy to make in ivory or pastel-toned silks or cottons.

THE exotic orchid design for the embroidery is an exclusive one and looks simply delightful when worked. It is not at all difficult to do, yet it adds that touch of luxury that is so attractive for trousseau lingerie.

The paper patterns for making the three-piece set, together with the transfer of the orchid design, are obtainable from our Needlework Department. (Postal address will be found on our pattern page).

The prices and sizes of the patterns are as follows: Sizes 32 to 38 inches, 2/6 the set or each garment separately 1/1 each. Complete instructions for cutting and making the garments are enclosed with each pattern.

The transfer of the orchid design is 1/-.

Finishing Edges: If lace is used, sew all round edges and whip neatly at the back. If a plain edge is required, either face or bind the edges with a crossway strip of material.

Mauve, Purple, and Gold: Delicate mauve has so long been associated with these plants that it is sometimes itself called "orchid." It is highly suitable for working the flowers, with a deeper shade right down to purple on the bell-shaped part of the bloom, the same deep tone being used also on the tiny spots on the other petals. Gold can be used for the centre shadings.

Other orchid colors are pinks and rose shades, pale greens and gold, soft purple-brown and gold, cream and yellow; while, of course, all cream or white is always good taste in embroidery.

Simple Stitchery: The open part of the bell petal may be worked in buttonholing, with satin-stitching and light outlining in other parts of the flowers. The work should be delicate in those parts which are lightly drawn, and heavier where the lines are blacker.

Satin-stitch the leaves with a very little padding underneath, and if the satin is slightly sloped it will look better than straight across.

Colored Guest Towels

THESE guest towels are not only useful but decidedly attractive. They are all ready traced for working with effective designs and come packed in a cellophane bag in sets of two.

The colors are green and yellow,



SET OF two colored guest towels.

or blue and pink. The price from our Needlework Department is 2/3 for a packet of two towels, plus 2d. postage.

Needlework & Notions



PORTION of the transfer of the lovely orchid design for adorning lingerie. The transfer costs 1/- from our Needlework Department.

She Wears Such Lovely Clothes

You'd never guess she dyed them herself... with Fairy Dyes, of course. They're an easy to use, and give new life and freshness to clothes and household furnishings.

Fairy Dyes
IN CHEMISTS AND STORES

LOSES HUSBAND WHEN FAIR BLOND HAIR TURNS BROWN

Near Tragedy—Ends Happily

THE following letter was recently received by the manufacturers of Sta-Blond Shampoo—
"Dear Sir, I am writing to tell you how much happiness I have obtained through your Sta-Blond Shampoo. Six months ago my husband and I parted and he was seen about with a beautiful blonde. After seeing your advertisement I decided to try Sta-Blond. After using it twice I saw my husband and he took me to a theatre. A month later, after using it twice more, I saw him again and I am very happy to say that we made it up. All the thanks are due to Sta-Blond, the best shampoo in the world.
I remain,
Yours truly, 'B'."

This woman knew why her husband left her, but how few women know that when their sweethearts or husbands tire of them it is because, in his eyes, they are losing their looks. When a man marries a blonde, it is because he likes blond types, but when her hair turns brown or grey he loses the love that blond glamour and seems to be lost type. However, he will be attracted by another blonde. If you are a natural fair blonde you can always stay blond—staying—if you use the STA-BLOND, that wonderful shampoo-rinse combination. It has the same lightening effect as the sun but without streaking.

If you have already turned into a brown or grey blonde you can get back the beautiful golden tresses of your childhood by using this wonderful shampoo. The blond's new shampoo makes your hair find shades lighter without bleaching. It makes "grey" and brown hair turn a golden beauty that no other shampoo can possibly give. Not a trace of harm, waste, or irritation in its use. Try it today. Known in America as BLEND-O-RINSE. See advertisement in "The Australian Women's Weekly".
L.H. 2/2, Box 3021, N.S. Sydney.

Wash Natural Blond Hair
2-4 SHADES LIGHTER with
STA-BLOND "LIGHTING
OIL" THE SUN

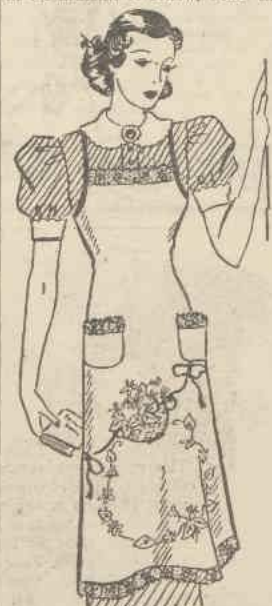
Dainty Lace- Edged Apron

Ready Traced with attractive
design for working.

HOW neat and dainty you will look in this pretty apron. It is just the thing to protect your frock when making the afternoon tea.

It is made of British bleached calico which will launder perfectly.

The design for embroidery is an unusually attractive one and is not at all difficult to follow, while the



dainty lace edge on the hem, top, and on the pockets adds an extra touch of feminine daintiness.

The price of the apron, ready traced for embroidery is 2/3, plus 3d postage, from Needlework Department, The Australian Women's Weekly. (Postal addresses will be found on pattern page).

A PERMANENT PRESCRIPTION MAKES PERMANENT CURE!



Modern housewives who use PERSIL can look at the biggest wash without a frown. When PERSIL is dissolved in the water millions of oxygen bubbles are released to force the rich suds through the fabric. Dirt is carried away and without any rubbing or scrubbing. That is why a PERSIL wash is such an easy wash. Use PERSIL alone. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.



USE PERSIL FOR ALL YOUR WASH

3 Brunettes—



WHICH SHOULD USE



A BLONDE POWDER ?



Over 200 girls' skins colour-analysed

All brunettes—yet no two have skins alike? They should never use the same shade of powder!

Dark-haired Helen Kirk-Jones, in centre, has a white skin that brunettes powder ruins. A blonde's shade—Pond's Rose Cream—gives it radiance!

Mary Blagden, at top, finds her type of creamy skin sparkles with Pond's Brunette. Sally Hanford has a dark skin which lights up with Pond's Rose Brunette.

Which are you like? Don't use a "dark" powder because you have dark hair! Let your skin decide!

TO FIND OUT what makes certain skins luminous—others dull—Pond's analysed over 200 girls' skins. They discovered that creamy skin owed its glow to a hint of green. Fair skins had blue to

thank! They blended these colours in new shades. That's how Pond's supplies the skin beauty you lack! One tint warms pallor—another turns sallow skins rosy. Florid complexions tone down—muddy skins clear.

Exquisite Clinging Texture.

Besides giving a youthful vibrancy to all skins Pond's Powder clings with a fresh, clear look for hours. No shiny surfaces—no "caking." Pond's is not airy-light, nor yet too heavy—it is the weight which adapts to all types of skin. Its delightful perfume is the favourite of famous beauties. Pond's Powder comes in two sizes—1/6 and 3/6 per box. Send in the coupon and see how the right shade brings you new loveliness! You will be amazed how clear your skin will look!

Trial Offer. Mail coupon with two 1d. stamps to cover postage, package, etc., for free sample of Pond's exquisite new Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) ☐ Light Cream ☐ Rose Cream (Natural) ☐ Naturelle (Light Natural) ☐ Rose Brunette ☐ Dark Brunette (Santan) ☐ POND'S, Dept. W32, Box 11211, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name _____
Address _____

Safeguard Yourself with Odorono

A daily bath or the quick use of a preparation that merely neutralises perspiration odour will not keep you fresh all day long... But you can be sure you are free from the threat of perspiration odour for several days by using Odorono. It safely checks underarm perspiration and affords you comfort and security.



Millions of fastidious women all over the world, use Odorono the year round to keep the underarms dry, and to protect their clothes from perspiration damage.

ODO-RONO

Prices 1/-, 2/- and 3/6

TALISMAN Ring

Continued from Page 23

"SIR HUGH, when he beheld the havoc among his possessions, was rendered quite speechless. His sister, staring about her said: 'But it is mad! This can have been no search for Ludovic. Have you lost anything, Hugh? I think I have not.'"

"Have I—?" Sir Hugh choked. "How the devil can I know whether I've lost anything in this confusion?"

Shield was looking frowningly round the disordered room. "No, they were not searching for Ludovic," he said. "But what were they searching for? What can you have that the Beau wants so desperately?"

Sir Hugh caught the name and said:

"Do you mean to tell me that this outrage was committed by that cousin of Lavenham's who broke in last night?"

"I am afraid so," replied Shield. "Then understand this, Sully!" said Sir Hugh. "Not a yard from this place do I stir until I have that fellow laid by the heels. It's bad enough when he comes creeping into the house to try to stick a knife into young Lavenham, but when he has the infernal impudence to turn my room into a pigsty, then I say he's gone a step too far!"

"The knife!" exclaimed Eustace. "He came for the knife, of course! Sir Hugh seized it last night, Tristram!"

"Where was it put?" asked Shield. "Has it been taken?"

Nye said: "We'll soon see that, sir. Sir Hugh left it on the coffee-room table, and thinking we might need to produce it as evidence, I put it away this morning in my china cupboard."

"Go and see if it's there," commanded Sir Tristram. "It may have been that—I suppose it must have been that, yet somehow—" He broke off, obviously puzzled.

Nye came back into the room. "Well, they didn't think to look in the back premises, your honor, that's certain. Here's the dagger."

Sir Tristram took it in his hand and looked at it, more puzzled than ever.

"I daresay it is his," he said, "but I for one could not swear to it. It is in no way remarkable."

Miss Thane said suddenly: "Oh, how stupid of us! Of course he did not come to look for that! He came for his quizzing-glass. There could be no mistaking that! It is quite an unusual one: I knew it immediately for his, and so did Nye. Now what became of it? Hugh, you had it. Where did you put it?"

"I don't know where I put it," said Sir Hugh, stooping to pick up a crumpled cravat. "I laid it down somewhere. I've something more important to think about than a quizzing-glass that don't belong to me, and which I don't like. Ugly, cumbersome thing it was. I daresay I left it on the table in the coffee-room."

Nye shook his head. "It wasn't there this morning, sir." "Well, I may have brought it upstairs. I tell you I don't know, and I don't care."

"Do you think that Basil will again try to come to kill Ludovic?" asked Eustace.

"I should think it unlikely," answered Shield, "but I am going to ride back to the Court for my night gear and spend the night in Ludovic's room."

Sir Tristram came back shortly after six o'clock and Nye, bolting the door into the coffee-room, released Ludovic, who had reached the point of announcing with considerable acrimony that if coming into possession of his inheritance entailed many more days spent underground he would prefer to return to his free-trading.

After dinner Miss Thane had the tact to suggest that they should sit down to a game of loo, and in this way the evening passed swiftly. Ludovic's problem being for the time forgotten, and the game proving so engrossing that it was not until after eleven o'clock that Miss Thane thought to look at the time-piece on the mantelshelf. The party then broke up, and the ladies had just picked up their candles, when Nye's voice was suddenly heard somewhere above stairs, raised in ferocious surprise.

Sir Tristram, signing to the others to remain where they were, went quickly out into the coffee-room, just as Nye came down the stairs dragging by the collar a scared-looking stable boy. When he saw Shield he said:

"I've just found this young var-

mint in Sir Hugh's bedchamber, your honor. Down you come, you! Now, then, what were you doing up there?"

The stable boy whimpered that he meant no harm, and tried to squirm out of the landlord's hold. Nye shook him, almost lifting him from the ground, and Sir Tristram said:

"Is he one of your lads, Nye?"

"Ay, sir, he's one of my lads right enough, but he'll belong to the parish constable in the morning," said Nye with awful meaning. "A thief, that's what he is, and will likely be transported. That or hanged."

The boy made a futile attempt to break away, but Nye seized his right arm and gave it a twist that made him cry out and relinquish the ob-

ject he had been trying to conceal. It was a quizzing-glass belonging to Sir Hugh Thane.

Nye stared at it for a moment, his countenance slowly reddening with wrath. His grip tightened on the stable boy's collar.

"So that's it, is it?" he said. "You'll be sorry for this, Sam Barker!"

Sir Tristram, taking the glass from him, interposed in his quiet way:

"Let him go, Nye. Now, my lad, if you speak the truth, no harm shall come to you. Who told you to steal this?"

The boy cowered as far from Nye as he was able, and said:

Please turn to Page 46

OF COURSE I'M GOING BACK IN.....

I'm not tired



And no wonder. She's a Milk drinker... and Milk is the greatest of stamina-building foods. Milk supplies energy and sustenance.



Professor Stolz, Head of the Department of Dairy Technology, University of Ohio, U.S.A., said recently in Sydney: "Milk is not fattening. Carbo-hydrates make you fat, and you get them in bread, potatoes and sugar. Milk has few carbo-hydrates, but it is rich in proteins and minerals, which will put flesh—lean flesh and muscle, on people who are thin."

Drink More MILK this Summer



FAILING SIGHT

The majority of people over forty find their distance sight still good, but when reading the print blurs, it is difficult to thread a needle, in fact all near work is laborious. They feel the need of a stronger light and have a tendency to hold objects further from their eyes than formerly. Such conditions suggest that your eyes need assistance.

GIBB & BEEMAN Ltd.

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J. W. Beaman, A. S. Skellern, Optometrists

SOLDIERS CHEERED *by the* QUEEN

Brightened Sad Days For Empire's War Heroes

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly—No. 6 of a Series.

The Queen's childhood was a tranquil one, spent in the haven of home, serenely building the boat in which some day to embark on the open sea. For the first thirteen years it was undisturbed by Fate.

FEW families can have enjoyed securer, pleasanter harborage than hers until history reasserted itself, the violent kind of history, which no doubt the Queen then thought safely confined to history books.

The world storm swept away the breakwaters of privilege, and the private barques, floating on untroubled home waters, were torn from their moorings and whirled into the surrounding seas.

On the evening of her fourteenth birthday, the Queen went to one of the largest theatres in London. This birthday treat was one which she will never forget, for it was August 4, 1914, and from the theatre box she watched, with her mother and her brothers, a crowd gone mad with excitement at the Declaration of War.

Then followed those first days of bewildering strangeness and wild enthusiasm. For everyone there was an end to normal life, but some were so circumstanced that for a time they remained mere spectators. To them, the war, however thrilling, seemed a fantastic cataclysm in which they were not actually involved. History had not yet invaded their private life—and the illusion of personal immunity dies hard.

To the Lyon family, from the outset, the war came as a convincing reality. There were four brothers of an age at which there could be no hesitation, and within the first few days those four brothers, Patrick, John, Fergus and Michael, had all joined the Army.

Making Comforts

THE Queen tells me how vividly she remembers the thrill of those first days of upheaval, the complete collapse of schoolroom routine and "the bustle of hurried visits to chemists for outfits of every sort of medicine; to gunsmiths and to other shops to buy all the things that people thought they wanted for a war and then found they didn't."

A week later she went up to Glamis, which was already being converted into a hospital. Strangely silent the castle seemed compared to cricketing Augusts. Four absent brothers leave a great emptiness, and for the first time there was no elder sister, for Lady Rose was training in a London hospital.

From this first War Christmas until 1919, the trim white beds arranged in ordered rows along the panelled walls of the huge dining-room were never unoccupied.

It was not long before all four elder brothers were "somewhere in France." A heavy weight of dread lay on the Strathmores, and they were not spared the realisation of their fears.

In September, 1915, Fergus was killed at Loos. Early in 1917 his younger brother, Michael, was taken prisoner and reported killed. For a long time he was too ill to communicate with his family and they believed him dead. The camp in which he was imprisoned was one of the worst, and his sufferings were great.

No Red Tape

WHEN he returned at the end of the war he did not tell his family that he had given up his turn to go to Holland in favor of a badly wounded brother officer, thus indefinitely prolonging his own ordeal. This fact Lord Strathmore learnt long afterwards from another prisoner.

Soldiers going into action would have done wisely to label themselves "To Glamis Castle." Among all the big country houses converted into hospitals, none can

How a little lady helped to cheer up the Old Contemptibles when they were sent up wounded from the battlefields of Flanders.

Run with the minimum of red tape, it was the only hospital in which there were no regulations as to "bounds" and hours. The patients were treated neither as children nor as prisoners, but as privileged guests, and the confidence placed in them was always justified. In

this hospital there was never any "trouble."

Lady Rose, who, after her training in the London Hospital took complete charge, was a gentle and efficient sister, and every member of her family contended with one another in efforts to make the men feel at home.

Wrapped in blankets, their kit gone, their uniforms ragged, torn away and cut from their wounds by the doctors, the first party of men came in the winter time.

Scarcely caring where they were going, they arrived dazed and exhausted by their long journey, each bringing his own account of the particular corner of Hell in which he had suffered.

Please turn to Page 47

FOOT TROUBLES

Have you tired, swollen, aching feet? The results of **FALLEN ARCHES**. Do as Doctors advise, wear only **ARCH SUPPORTS** made from your own Plaster Casts. Do not be misled by purchasing ready-made ones, have the job done properly, the cost is "No More." BUT the results 100% more satisfactory.



CHIROPODY

By Qualified Chiropodists.

Corns, Callouses, Ingrowing Nails, etc., painlessly eliminated for only

2/- 1 Foot, or 3/6 Both Feet.

Free Advice on all Foot Troubles.

STREAT & CO., Foot Specialists.

175 FIFT ST., SYDNEY.

(3 doors from Princes).

[ADVERTISEMENT]

As One Woman to Another...

I shall vote "YES" to both questions at the Referendum on March 6 because—

I have the best butter and dried fruits in the world, at the most reasonable and regular price, and I don't want the supply of them to be interrupted.

I believe the people who make them, and who compete with cheap-labor countries overseas, are entitled to the Australian standard of living.

I have a sisterly feeling for the wives and mothers who keep house in the districts where our food is produced, and believe they are entitled to the same security as myself.

I hate the profiteer who traffics in the people's foodstuffs, and who will be free to operate again if the Referendum fails.

My husband tells me that the carrying of the Referendum will merely leave our marketing systems where they have



been for years, and will not introduce one single new thing. Its defeat, however, will destroy the whole marketing organisation, make food dearer, add to unemployment and the drift of workless country people to the cities, and put thousands of men and women in the producing centres (including many returned soldiers) on a standard of living which no Australian should be asked to accept.

In the interests of Australian industry, and in loyalty to my sisters in the country, I urge you to

Vote "YES" to Both Questions

(VOTING IS COMPULSORY)

Authorised by N.S.W. Referendum Campaign Committee, Geo. Twissell, G. A. Try, joint secretaries, 66 King Street, Sydney.

Tried Everything to REDUCE! Success at last

with
**THALCO
THERMAL
SALTS**

FIVE jars of Thalco Thermal Salts have done what FORTY bottles of other salts failed to do. Read this grateful letter.

"I have suffered from Rheumatism for over 15 years. After my first attack my weight went from 8 stone 9 lbs. to 12 stone 5 lbs. I have had various treatments and have been under Sydney specialists and had months in local and city hospitals. I have taken all kinds of remedies including 10 bottles of Salts. I have tried all kinds of things to reduce my weight but nothing has given me permanent relief. I am now using my fifth jar of Thalco Thermal Salts which seem to have done me more good than anything I have yet tried. When I started my weight was 11 stone 11 lbs. and it is now 10 stone 9 lbs."

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Mrs. S. A. M.

* The writer mentions a well-known health salts.

NO DANGEROUS REDUCING PROPERTIES Thalco Thermal Salts are a combination of salts similar to the principal salts found in many of the Thermal Springs of Europe and other parts of the world. They make it possible



PRICE 1/6 & 2/9. ALL CHEMISTS & STORES 25/16

for stout people to reduce, not because of any dangerous or other reducing properties in the Salts themselves, but by aiding the eliminating organs daily to clear away waste products out of the system before they have time to form into unhealthy fat tissue. The gentle, soothing solution of Thalco Thermal Salts completely cleanses the system of those wastes and impurities which are likely to cause Fatness, Bad Complexion, Headaches, Rheumatism, Backache, etc.

MICHEL LASTS

In Fair Weather
or Foul
.. From Morning
to Night



You don't know how truly permanent lipstick can be until you try MICHEL. It clings lovingly to your lips . . . stays with you through dining, dancing and sports . . . comes through rain and drizzle fresh and appealing. Michel keeps lips soft and young. Its perfume is delicate and subtle. Its creamy base prevents dryness and chapping . . . helps to make mouths lovely. Avoid imitations.

5 APPEALING SHADES

Blonde Scarlet Vivid
Raspberry Cherry
SIZES:—Large — Popular

For an entrancing complexion, use Michel adherent compact rouge, for eye beauty, use non-irritating water-proof Michel cosmetic.

Michel
LIPSTICK



TALISMAN Ring

Continued from Page 44

"I was Mr. Lavenham's gentleman, your honor, and deed I didn't know there was any harm. He come asking me if I'd like to earn twenty guineas for myself, all for finding an eyeglass Mr. Lavenham mislaid here. It was the big gentleman as had got it, he said, and if I found it, and no one the wiser, there'd be twenty golden guineas for me. It weren't like stealing, sir! I ain't a thief!"

There will be a great deal of trouble for you at least if you do not do precisely what I tell you now," said Sir Tristram sternly. "If you had your devoirs you would be handed over to the constable. But if you keep your mouth shut I will engage for it that Nye will overlook this fault. Understand me I want no word of what has occurred to-night to come to Gregg's ears or to Mr. Lavenham's. If you are questioned you will tell them that you have had no opportunity to search Sir Hugh's room. Is that clear?"

The stable boy, thankful to have escaped the retribution he had thought inevitable, assured him that it was quite clear. He stammered out his gratitude, promised eternal good behavior, and fled.

Sir Tristram was looking at the quizzing-glass in his hand. He said slowly: "So they didn't find it! I wonder—" He broke off and strode suddenly towards the parlor. He was met by demands to know what had happened, and replied briefly: "One of Nye's stable-boys had been bribed to find the Beau's quizzing-glass. He found this instead."

"But that's mine!" said Sir Hugh, regarding it fixedly.

"I know it."

"Do you mean to tell me I've had my room ransacked again?" demanded Sir Hugh.

"You haven't been robbed," said Sir Tristram. "Why, I want to discover, is it so vital to Basil to regain possession of that glass, Thane, where did you put it? For heaven's sake try to remember. I suspect it may be of the utmost importance!"

"It is still in the inn then," Miss Thane said. "Hugh, think, I implore you!"

"Are you talking about the quizzing-glass you all said was Basil's?" inquired Ludovic.

Shield turned.

"What do you mean, Ludovic? Did you not recognise it?"

"No, I can't say that I did," answered Ludovic. "Not that I'm disputing that it's his, mind you. I date say he bought it since my time."

"That," said Sir Tristram, "is precisely what I think he did do. It must be found, if we have to turn this whole place upside down to do it!"

"You needn't do that," said Ludovic calmly. "Thane put it on the mantelpiece in the coffee-room. I saw him do it."

Sir Tristram wheeled about and went quickly back to the coffee-room, and, stretching up his arm, ran his hand along the high mantelpiece. The quizzing-glass was just where Sir Hugh had left it. Shield held it in his hand, looking at it so oddly that Nye, who was standing beside him, ventured to ask if anything were amiss.

Sir Tristram shook his head, and carried the prize back into the parlor.

"You have found it!" exclaimed Eustace. "But why is it important?"

He put her aside and, sitting down at the table, subjected the quizzing-glass to a minute inspection. The others gathered round him, even Sir Hugh betraying a mild interest.

"Myself, I like 'em made thinner," remarked Ludovic. "The shaft's too thick. Clumsy."

Sir Tristram said dryly, "I think there is a reason." He had picked up Sir Hugh's eyeglasses, and through its magnifying lens was looking at the heavily encrusted circle at the end of the shaft, through which a ribbon was meant to pass. He put Sir Hugh's glass down and inserted his thumb-nail into a groove on the circle.

There was a tiny click; the circle parted, and something fell out of it on to the table, rolled a little away, and lay still.

"The talisman ring!" said Sir Tristram.

A sound almost like a sob broke from Ludovic. His hand shot out across the table and snatched up the ring.

"My ring!" he whispered. "My ring!"

"Well, upon my soul that's a

devilish cunning device," said Sir Hugh, taking the quizzing-glass out of Shield's hand. "You see, Sally? The ring fitted into the circle at the end of the shaft."

"Yes, dear," said Miss Thane. "I see it did. When I think how it has been lying where anyone might have found it I feel quite faint with horror."

Ludovic said, handing the ring across the table to his cousin:

"For goodness sake, be careful with it, won't you, Tristram? What do you mean to do?"

Sir Tristram fitted the ring back into its hiding-place, and closed the circle with a snap.

"For the present I'll keep this. I think our best course—" He stopped, frowning.

They waited in anxious silence for him to continue, but before he spoke again Nye caught the sound of a coach pulling up in the yard, and said apologetically:

"Beg pardon, sir, but I'll have to go. That'll be the night-mail."

Sir Tristram's voice arrested him as he reached the door.

"Do you mean it's the London mail, Joe?"

"Ay, that's the one, sir. I want a word with the guard, if you'll excuse me."

Sir Tristram's chair rasped on the oaken floor as he sprang up.

"Then that's my best course!" he said. "I'll be back!"

He was across the coffee-room, and out of the door almost before they could fetch their breath.

LUDOVIC descended into the cellar at an early hour on the following morning, and the rest of the party, with the exception of Sir Hugh, who was only interested in his breakfast, prepared themselves to meet whatever peril should lie in store for them.

In the afternoon Sir Hugh, following his usual custom, went upstairs to enjoy a peaceful sleep. Miss Thane and Eustace watched the Brighton Mail arrive, but since it did not set Sir Tristram down at the Red Lion their interest in it swiftly waned. They had begun to question whether they were to experience any adventures whatsoever when to their amazement Beau Lavenham's chaise passed the parlor window, drew up outside the coffee-room, and set down the Beau himself.

He alighted unhurriedly, took care to remove a speck of dust from his sleeve, and in the calmest way imaginable walked into the inn.

"Well," said Miss Thane, "I think this passes the bounds of reasonable effrontery! Do you suppose that he has come to pay us a ceremonial visit?"

Apparently this was his purpose, for in a few minutes Nye ushered him into the parlor. He came in with his usual smile and bowed with all his usual flourish.

"Such a happiness to find you still here!" he said. "Your very obedient servant, ma'am!"

"If you should be needing aught, ma'am, you have only to call," said Nye, with slow deliberation.

"Oh, yes, indeed! Pray, do not wait," said Miss Thane, slipping into her role of empty-headed femininity. "I will certainly call you if I need anything. How delightful it is to see you, Mr. Lavenham! So very obliging you were in permitting me to visit your beautiful house! I am for ever talking of it!"

"My house was honored, ma'am. Do I understand that your brother has at last recovered from his indisposition? It must have been an unconscionably bad cold to have kept him in this dull inn for so many days."

"Yes, indeed, quite the worst he has ever had," agreed Miss Thane. "But he has not found it dull, I assure you."

"No?" said the Beau gently.

He turned towards his cousin.

"My dear Eustace, I wonder if I may crave the indulgence of a few moments' private speech with you? Miss Thane will readily understand that between cousins—"

Miss Thane interrupted him at this point with an affected little cry.

"Oh, Mr. Lavenham, no, indeed! It is not to be thought of! You must know that I am the least chattering chaperon—is it not ridiculous?—and such a thing would not do at all!"

He raised his brows in polite scepticism. Eustace said:

"Please turn to Page 48

These 80-year-old fingers . . .



Age doesn't necessarily mean ill-health, failing eye-sight, trembling hands. Age can be healthy, vigorous, clear-eyed, alert.

The infirmities of age are so very often merely the result of uneliminated waste matter pouring from disordered kidneys and liver—clogging and poisoning the system.

For sixty years, three generations, old folk and young have found Warner's Safe Cure the surest guardian of kidney and liver health.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

Original Form 3/- Concentrated 2/9

To ensure free movement of the bowels daily, take Warner's Safe Pills, 1/- per trial.

WHY I USE NEW VEET



- 1 'New Veet' ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.
- 2 'New Veet' leaves the skin soft, smooth and white without trace of ugly stubble.
- 3 'New Veet' is just like a toilet cream—sweetly scented and pleasant to use.
- 4 'New Veet' avoids coarse regrowth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. 2/6 and 4/- (double size).

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements become difficult and constipated and your food decays unhealthily in your 35 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/6, household size 2/6. Resist a substitute.

SOLDIERS CHEERED by the QUEEN

Continued from Page 45

THOSE who were not bedridden ate their meals in the great stone crypt, and some were at first a little awed by those ghostly soldiers of other days—the men in armor, burnished sentinels standing at perpetual attention against the grim bareness of the walls.

It was at this time that Lady Elizabeth used to come down to play with the soldiers, and the nurses tell me how each of them hoped she would sit at his table and share in his game, and that occasionally there were words because some aspirants thought others unfairly pushing; and often in the touchingly fresh voice of her fourteen years she would sing "Strawberry Fair," "I Have a Song to Sing O!" and other old-fashioned melodies.

She was, of course, far too young to be officially enrolled a member of the hospital staff, but, besides entertaining the soldiers, she was allowed to undertake all sorts of odd duties in the pantry and ward.

Her unremitting ambition was to put the soldiers at their ease, to dispense the inevitable preliminary shyness.

One day she dressed her brother David—then aged twelve—as a lady in cloak, skirt, veil, tins and a becoming hat, and took him all round the ward, introducing him as her cousin. David asked the men all those questions that bright ladies used to ask wounded soldiers, and they thought him a very charming lady and were not unduly surprised until he told them the following day.

During the Christmas holidays the hospital was especially gay. There were formal whist-drives with much preparation beforehand, prizes set out for the winners, a bunch of flowers on each little table; the nurses superlatively starched, and the men aggressively clean with boots like looking-glasses.

Village Dances

WHEN the prizes had been presented, the competitors would dance or blacken their faces, dress up in borrowed garments—skirts and feathers—and to the music of numerous mouth-organs march to the village, singing through the keen, windy darkness of the avenue.

Once, to the great interest of the British Army, a party of New Zealand and Maori soldiers arrived to be shown over the castle by Lady Elizabeth, who answered all their questions and nearly drowned them in tea. Periodically came the terribly painful breaks, when convalescence was declared over, and the soldiers had to leave to make way for a new party of wounded.

Then there would be a farewell supper, with speeches and flashlight photographs, crackers, caps, mottoes, mouth organs and a separate present for each man—perhaps a fountain pen or a writing-case—some small tangible reminder of the haven he was leaving. On these tense evenings there was always a ceaseless barrage of jokes, but lumps in the throat grew painful.

With agonised blots, the outgoing soldiers wrote their names in the big leather-bound visitors' book, and, as they said "good-bye," most of the men gave to the Duchess their special "souvenirs"—bullets, shell-cases or little pieces of shrapnel, and to each the expression in her eyes said, "Soldier, I wish you well."

And so they went back to become as mere drops in one wave of the sea, and some of them never wrote, and some wrote often, and some still write to-day. And the motors that carried them back to Enderby brought others to fill their places, strangers to be made friends with, men and boys, English, Scotch, and Irish, some gassed, some convalescent, but all with the strange initiated look of men who had been in action.

(To Be Continued)

"SURE TO GET IT AT —" GRACE BROS SUMMER SALE A Revelation in REAL Bargaining



21/-
11/-



MCS. SMART BLOUSE in good quality SPIN RAYON, neatly trimmed with pin tucks. Shades: White, Pink, Sky Blue. Sizes: S.W., W. and O.B. Usual Price, 5/11. SALE SPECIAL 3/11

5/-
3/11



Size 24 in.
4/6

EXTRA SPECIAL

1. SENSATIONAL VALUE IN GIRLS' ALL WOOL TWEED COATS of heavy quality. Nice wide revers; finished with patch pockets and belt. Sizes: 24, 27, 30 in. Usual Price, 21/-.

11/-

MES. ACHIEVEMENT IN WOOLLEN SUITS! Unheard of value in Grey Worsted Suits. Perfectly tailored to fit the figure! Full bodied wide revers, jagged notched lapels, shaped pockets. Skirts have knife pleats back and front. Sizes: S.W. to W. Usual Value, 35/-.

25/-



35/-

25/-



19/-

9/11

MQ4. LADIES' MODERN CLOTH TUNIC COATS, with full shoulder sleeves. Smart designs and colorings. Suitable for wearing with either Black or Navy Frocks. Sizes: S.W., W. and O.B. Usual Price 12/11. SALE SPECIAL 9/11

3. GIRLS' PLAY SUITS IN BRITISH HAIRCORD in Spot design and check design. Colours: Red, Sage, Green, and Brown.

Sizes: 24 in., 26 in., 28 in., 30 in., 32 in.

Sale Prices: 4/6 4/9 4/11 5/3 5/9



29/-

21/-

ME6. BEACH GOWNS IN GOOD QUALITY KENNEL TOWELLING, smart Multicolour stripes, revers of plain shades, finished with Girdle to knee. Shades: Red, Blue, and Green. Sizes: S.W., W. and O.B. Usual Price, 25/11. SALE SPECIAL 21/-

GRACE BROS. LTD. BROADWAY SYDNEY Phone M6506

TALISMAN Ring

Continued from Page 46

"I DO not have secrets from mademoiselle. Why do you wish to see me alone?"

"Well," said the Beau, "if I may speak without reserve, my dear cousin, I desired to drop a word of warning in your ear."

She looked him over dispassionately.

"Yes? I do not know why I must be warned, but if you wish to warn me I am perfectly agreeable."

"Let us say," amended the Beau, "that I desire you to convey a warning to the person most nearly concerned. You must know that I am aware—have been aware from the outset—that you are concealing a certain person in this house. I do not need to mention names. I am sure."

He put the tips of his fingers together, and over them surveyed Eustace.

"It is very disagreeable to be a hunted man, you know. It would be much better to have it given out that one had died—abroad. I am anxious to be of what assistance I can. If I had proof that my cousin, Ludovic, was no more I would gladly engage to provide—well, let us say a man who looked like my cousin Ludovic, but bore another name—to provide this man, then, with an allowance I believe he would not consider ungenerous." He stopped and took a pinch of snuff.

"I ask myself," said Eustace meditatively, "why you should wish to overwhelm Ludovic with your generosity. It is to me not at all easy to understand."

"Ah, that is not clever of you.

dear cousin," he replied. "Surely you must perceive the disadvantages of my situation? I should be a very odd sort of a creature if I did not look forward with misgiving to an indefinite number of years spent in waiting beside a vacant throne."

"A vacant throne?" suddenly said Miss Thane, raising her head from the book she had taken up. "Oh, are you speaking of the murder of the French King? I was never more shocked in my life than when I heard the news of it!"

The Beau paid no heed to her. His eyes still rested on Eustace; he said pensively:

"One may live very comfortably on the Continent, I believe. You, for instance, would like it excessively, I dare say."

"I? But we do not speak of me!"

"Do we not? Well, I shall not pretend that I am not glad to hear you say so," he answered. He got up from his chair. "No doubt, you will discuss the matter with Ludovic, and inform me later of your decision. I will take my leave of you now." He turned, and bowed to Miss Thane. "Your servant, ma'am. Do not trouble to accompany me to the door, my dear cousin; I know my way. I have been here before, you know." He broke off, and said: "Ah, that reminds me! I believe that upon the occasion of my last

visit I lost my quizzing-glass here. I wonder if it has been found?"

"Your quizzing-glass?" repeated Eustace. "How came you to lose that, pray?"

"The ribbon was a trifle worn," he explained. "The glass is of sentimental value to me."

Miss Thane, quite unable to resist the temptation of taking part in this scene, said:

"A quizzing-glass? Oh, yes, I know!"

"Indeed, ma'am? The Beau turned rather quickly. "Enlighten me, I beg of you!"

Miss Thane nodded at Eustace. "Do you not remember, my love, how Nye found one half-hidden beneath a chair only yesterday? Oh no, I believe you were not by at the time! He laid it on the mantelshelf in the coffee-room. I will fetch it for you directly."

"DO not put yourself to the trouble, ma'am," said the Beau, breathing a little faster. "I am quite in your debt, and will recover the glass upon my way out."

She checked for an instant on the threshold of the coffee-room, for the room was not, as she had expected to find it, empty. A powerful-looking man in a blue coat and buckskins was seated on the settle beside the fire, warming his feet, and refreaching himself from a mug of ale. He turned his head as Miss Thane came in, and although he did not look at her for more than a couple of seconds she had an uncomfortable feeling that the look was not quite as casual as it seemed to be. She caught Eustace's eye, and found it brimful of warning. Comforting herself with the reflection that even if the stranger were in Beau Lavenham's pay there was no fear of either of them finding the quizzing-glass, she tripped forward to the fireplace.

"I know just where he put it," she informed the Beau over her shoulder. "This end it was—no! Well, that is the oddest thing! I could have sworn—! Do reach up your arm, Mr. Lavenham; you are taller than I am."

The Beau, who did not need this encouragement, ran his hand the length of the mantelpiece.

"You are mistaken, ma'am," he said, his voice suddenly harsh. "It is not here!"

"But it must be!" she said. "I am positive it was put there. Someone must have moved it!" An idea seemed to strike her. She said: "I wonder did your valet take it? He was here this morning, you know, and stayed for some time."

The Beau had turned pale, and said with his eyes fixed on her face: "My valet? You say my valet was in this room to-day?"

"Yes, indeed he was," averred Miss Thane unblushingly. "Of course, I never dreamed the glass was what he was looking for, or I would have shown him at once where it was. All's well that ends well, however! You may be sure he has it safe."

Eustace, lost in admiration of Miss Thane's tactics, watched the smile vanish completely from the Beau's face.

She saw his hand open and close and his lips straighten to a thin, ugly line, and was observing these signs of mental perturbation with critical interest when she became aware of being addressed by the stranger on the settle.

"Very cold day, ma'am," he remarked, with the unmistakable air of one whose habit it was to enter into chat with anybody who crossed his path.

Eustace glanced at him with a certain amount of misgiving. However, she replied civilly: "Yes, very cold."

"Bitter wind blowing outside," pursued the stranger. "Ah, well, it's seasonable, ain't it, ma'am? We hadn't ought to complain. Begging your pardon, sir, if I might put another log of wood on the fire. Thank you, sir!"

The Beau, who was standing by the basket containing wood, moved to allow the stranger to approach it.

"That's the worst of a wood-fire," said the stranger, selecting a suitable log. "They fall away so nothing in less than no time, don't they, sir? But we'll have a nice blaze in a minute, you'll see." He bent to pick up another log, and said in a surprised tone: "Well, and what might this be, all amongst the wood?" He straightened himself as he spoke, and Miss Thane

saw that he was holding the Beau's quizzing-glass in his hand.

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"Yes, indeed he was," averred Miss Thane unblushingly. "Of course, I never dreamed the glass was what he was looking for, or I would have shown him at once where it was. All's well that ends well, however! You may be sure he has it safe."

Eustace, lost in admiration of Miss Thane's tactics, watched the smile vanish completely from the Beau's face.

She saw his hand open and close and his lips straighten to a thin, ugly line, and was observing these signs of mental perturbation with critical interest when she became aware of being addressed by the stranger on the settle.

"Very cold day, ma'am," he remarked, with the unmistakable air of one whose habit it was to enter into chat with anybody who crossed his path.

Eustace glanced at him with a certain amount of misgiving. However, she replied civilly: "Yes, very cold."

some stroke of good fortune the Beau was actually in the house. I had been wondering how we were to prevail upon him to own the quizzing-glass, and the difficulties of luring him to this place without letting him get wind of a trap seemed to be quite considerable. When we heard that he was already here it was easy to set our trap. The only thing I feared was that one or other of you might put him on his guard by showing surprise at seeing the quizzing-glass. You are to be congratulated on concealing your emotions so well."

"Bring me the hartsorn!" begged Miss Thane in falling accents, and once more closing her eyes.

"Certainly," said Sir Tristram. "Eustace, fetch the hartsorn."

"She does not really want it, you know," explained Eustace. "She is jerting."

"Nevertheless, fetch it," said Sir Tristram.

Eustace shrugged, and went away to look for it.

Miss Thane opened her eyes again, and looked at Sir Tristram with even more misgiving than before.

"Sarah," said Sir Tristram, "I have a very important question to put to you."

Miss Thane gazed at him with an expression of outrage in her face, and said:

"Tristram, are you daring—actually daring—to choose this out of all other moments to make me an offer?"

"Yes," replied Sir Tristram, "I am. Why not?"

Miss Thane sat up.

"Have you no sense of romance?" she demanded. "I won't—no, I won't be proposed to with my hair falling down my back, a handkerchief round my head, and very likely a black eye as well! It is quite monstrous of you!"

He smiled.

"Indeed you will. You look delightful. Will you marry me?"

"I have wronged you," said Miss Thane, much moved. "If you think I look delightful at this moment, you must be a great deal more romantic than I had supposed."

"It is a long time now since I have been able to look at you without thinking how very beautiful you are," said Sir Tristram simply.

"Oh!" said Miss Thane, blushing. "You forget yourself! Do, pray, recollect that you do not look for romance in marriage. Remember your previous disillusionment! This will never do!"

"I see that I shall not easily be allowed to forget that nonsense," said Sir Tristram, taking her in his arms. "Now be serious for one moment. Sarah! Will you marry me?"

"To be honest with you," said Miss Thane with the utmost gravity, "I have been meaning to marry you these ten days and more!"

A moment later Eustace came into the room with Sir Hugh at her heels. She checked on the threshold in round-eyed amazement, but Sir Hugh merely said:

"Oh, you're back, are you?"

"Yes," said Sir Hugh, releasing Miss Thane. "Have I your permission to pay my addresses to your sister?"

"Oh, certainly, my dear fellow, by all means! Not that it's anything to do with me, you know. She's her own mistress now. What have you done to your head, Sally?"

"Ludovic's wicked cousin knocked me down," explained Miss Thane, "I have had a very exciting afternoon, throwing myself into the breach, and being stunned, and then having an offer of marriage made to me."

"I thought there was a devilish amount of noise going on downstairs," remarked Sir Hugh.

He left the room as he spoke. Eustace, finding her tongue, blurted out:

"But, Sarah, do you want to marry Tristram?"

Miss Thane's eyes twinkled.

"My love, when a female reaches my advanced years she cannot be picking and choosing, you know. She must be content with the first respectable offer she receives."

"But, Sarah, consider! You are romantic, and he is not romantic at all!"

"I know," replied Miss Thane, "but I assure you I mean to come to an understanding with him before the knot is tied. Either I have his solemn promise to ride ventre a terre to any death-bed or there will be no marriage!"

"It shall be included in the marriage vows," said Sir Tristram.

Eustace, looking from one to the other, made a discovery.

"Mon Dieu, it is not a marriage de convenance at all! You are in love, enfin!" she exclaimed.

THE END.

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How a NEW sink became an OLD sink before its time !



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When the sink is new, harsh scourers seem easy to use, because the rough friction scratches the dirt off.



TILL THEY SPOIL THE SURFACE

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REMOVES THE DIRT...BUT SAVES THE SURFACE

THE MOVIE WORLD

February 13, 1937.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

CALLING

Australia!

Here's Hot News From All the Studios

From Our Special Representatives: JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; JUDY BAILEY, London.

Hoodoo Picture

THE Last of Mrs. Cheyney" is getting the reputation of being a "hoodoo" picture; there have been, to date, three interruptions through sickness, and one death.

Richard Boleslavski, who was directing, recently died. Joan Crawford and William Powell both went down to severe attacks of influenza, which necessitated another stoppage of work.

And now Frank Morgan is out. Following on a collapse on the set, he lies seriously ill. Acute indigestion is the cause of his trouble.

Will there be a next? And who will it be?

More Teaming

AND now that studios are teaming up ex-husbands and ex-wives, as in the case of Margaret Sullivan and Henry Fonda, and Carole Lombard and William Powell, R.K.O. figures that since Ginger Rogers and James Stewart are keeping pretty steady company it would be a nice idea to team two hand-holders.

Since Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor broke box office records with "His Brother's Wife," perhaps the studio bosses aren't far wrong. The name of the Rogers-Stewart opus is "Vivacious Lady," a yarn by I. A. R. Wylie.

Barrymores Part

AFTER 57 days of married life, John and Elaine Barrymore decided to go their separate ways. The dispute began when John became quarrelsome at a New Year's Eve party.

"He roused me up a bit," said Elaine. One version of the story is that Elaine tapped John on the head with a toy drum, which started an argument that ended with the famous actor striding from the scene of revelry. People present said that Barrymore pushed Elaine away angrily.

The next move, says Elaine, must come from her husband.

Meanwhile, Barrymore's "move" was to revoke his wife's power of attorney.

According to close friends of the youthful Elaine, the real trouble back of the parting is jealousy. Everything was going well, they said, until Elaine mentioned that she had signed a stage contract to open in San Francisco. John objected to her appearing in any production without him. He refused to come home, and Elaine refused to yield. She thinks she has a right to combine her duties as a wife with those of an actress.

Buster Keaton Wins

BUSTER KEATON has triumphed in court over his former wife, Natalie Talmadge Keaton. He need pay her only 10 per cent. of his salary from Educational Film Corporation.

"I am being persecuted by a wife who is attempting to make it appear that I have failed to support her and her two sons," said the solemn-faced comedian. "Nothing could be further from the truth."

Keaton is making a come-back to the screen following his marital troubles, bankruptcy and a nervous breakdown. He claimed that Norma Talmadge influenced her sister Natalie against him.

Loyal Lombard

AN interesting story lies behind the fact that when Carole Lombard signed her new contract with Paramount there was a clause in it providing that Pat Drew, an electrician, be assigned to all her pictures. It seems that before Miss Lombard became quite the first lady of cinema land that she is now, Pat was very helpful in his suggestions to her about lighting, etc.

Unfortunately, he was in that dreadful aeroplane crash two years ago in which several people were killed, and Richard Wallace, the director, and Capt. Paul Wing were badly hurt. Pat came out of it minus one leg.

Right now it looks as though Carole, if the deal can be arranged, will go into "Idiot's Delight" at M.-G.-M. with her favorite boyfriend, Clark Gable, in the lead. That would be a hundred per cent. box office deal.

That French Temperament

SIMONE SIMON is reported to be causing so much trouble on the "Seventh Heaven" set at 20th Century-Fox that they are seriously considering sending her home and substituting Janet Gaynor, of the original silent production.

The only time Simone calms down is when a cameraman asks her to pose for a picture with her leading man, James Stewart. Then she smiles sweetly, as she does whenever he's within reach. So far, however, Jimmie hasn't fallen for her. He seems more interested in Virginia Bruce.

Gracie Fields Coming

GRACIE FIELDS—"Our Gracie" to English folk—will be in Australia this time next year... according to present arrangements. "I've always wanted to go to Australia," she told me as she stood watching the carpenters making alterations on a "Savoy Hotel" set at Ealing.

"But until I took the plunge and went to South Africa I fancied that the rest of the world was so terribly far away... impossible to get at, in fact."

"I don't feel that way now, and, anyway, travelling is so comfortable these days."

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



WHILE EDDIE QUILLAN WAS PLAYING THE PART OF A DETECTIVE ON THE CHINESE ORANGE MYSTERY SET, SOME ONE ENTERED HIS DRESSING ROOM AND STOLE HIS CLOTHES!

Bud Thompson

GARY COOPER

IS AN EXPERT AT INDIAN BEADED WORK. HE LEARNED THE ART WHEN HE RODE THE RANGE ON HIS FATHER'S MONTANA RANCH.

MARGUERITE CHURCHILL
HAD NEVER FIRED A RIFLE BEFORE SHE MARRIED GEORGE O'BRIEN... NOW SHE BEATS HIM AT TARGET PRACTISE!

Count the Cost

JULIUS HAGEN, English producer, has "gone bust." Just how he achieved it is shown in these balance-sheet figures released to the English Press. The films mentioned were made by Hagen in the hope of capturing the American market.

Cost Ret./rnd.

A Fire Has Been Arranged	\$29,000	\$18,000
Scrooge	24,000	33,000
The Private Secretary (starring specially imported Edward Everett Horton)	30,000	25,000
The Last Journey She Shall Have Music (starring Jack Hylton and his Band)	48,000	60,000
In the Soup (starring Ralph Lynn)	32,000	20,000
	\$166,000	\$152,000

Six assessedly first-class productions, dead loss \$14,000.

Wisecrack

THE independent picture companies are noted for being able to turn out pictures in practically no time at all, that being the reason they are called "quickies."

Therefore Jack Benny's crack at a recent benefit affair brought down the house when he said, "To-morrow being a holiday, Republic will make but one picture."

Some Speed

ELEANOR POWELL can tap dance faster than the world's champion typist can make single key strokes. Eleanor maintained a speed of 894 contacts per minute, and says she could have kept it up for two minutes more, but would have been exhausted for the day.

Oculists say that the eye registers 522 pictures per minute, so Eleanor moves faster than you can see.

Special Service

TALK about service de luxe. Both Joan Bondell and Dick Powell are working in pictures, so one of the big Los Angeles department stores opened up specially for them on Sunday so they could do their shopping. A floor-walker and a clerk were stationed on every floor, and Dick and Joan went from one department to another picking what they wanted.

Gable Gets a Scare

CLARK GABLE nearly had heart failure at M.-G.-M. the other day when a race-horse he was admiring nimbly ran backward, then came up and shook hands with him, and then quietly sat down to rest and meditate. It was a trick horse they are using for the forthcoming Marx Brothers farce, "A Day at the Races."

Kidnap Threat

THE kidnap terror has reached out to radiant little Jane Withers, the darling "bad girl" of the screen. She has been threatened with kidnapping and death if her parents fail to pay \$16,000 ransom.

Jane is now on a cross-country "personal appearance" tour, and thinks the whole affair a great lark. She has been fingerprinted at the Federal Bureau, and every precaution has been taken in case of kidnapping. A body-guard is in constant attendance, and Jane has become strongly attached to her big protector.



Women who are martyrs to PAIN

If you are subject to attacks of prostrating pain you ought never to be without 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powders. At the first sign take a powder and the pain will pass off. Repeat when necessary and you will escape the attack you dread so much. The exceptional purity of the 'Bayer' ingredients accounts for the wonderful curative efficacy of 'BAYER' A.P.C. Powders, so be sure to get 'Bayer' and avoid disappointment.

Box of 12 powders, 1/6.
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QUICK-SURE-SAFE

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A NIGHTINGALE PRODUCT

PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★ PENNIES FROM HEAVEN

Bing Crosby, Madge Evans.

MY constant readers (all four or five of 'em) will recollect that I have never been able to wax enthusiastic over the silver-voiced Mr. Crosby. Consequently, when I release the fact that, in this opus, he does a very fair job of work, the praise is so much the more potent.

This is not a pretentious picture. The central figure is singing Bing, cast as 'The Last of the Troubadours', a character who wanders hither and yon, living on his voice and a 13th century lute. This rolling stone finds himself caught by a family composed of an irresponsible old man and his granddaughter, and with this anchor to hold him he settles down to the business of looking after these two and scrambling his way through a particularly stormy love affair.

Donald Meek and Edith Fellowes give first-class performances as the grandfather and child. The story, while slight, is entertaining and amusing. As for Mr. Crosby, he is definitely an improved man; not nearly so sugar and watery. His numbers are good, too. Most irritating is his crooner's habit of pronouncing you as yew.—Plaza; showing.

★ THE GARDEN OF ALLAH

Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer.

AS a succession of pretty, colored scenes, this picture would win three stars without trouble; as entertainment, however, and that is what any picture is, primarily, it's definitely one star. A dull, dragged-out opening sets the tempo for the whole film, and by the time it has crawled its weary length over three-quarters of the distance to be covered the onlooker is either dozing or wriggling impatiently in his or her seat.

The story is so thin you could shoot peas through it. A Trappist monk forgets himself and deserts the monastery. His objective: Love. Meantime, a lady who has just lost her father goes to the desert "to find herself." Recrudescent monk and lost lady meet, fall in love, marry, and

are happy despite the fact that Boris, the husband, obviously has a heavy weight on his soul. His secret is betrayed, at long last, by a French officer. The married lovers have come to the parting of the ways. He returns to his monastery, and she drives off, sobbing bitterly, while celestial male voices intone in the background.

All this seems to take an interminable time to tell, chiefly because the action is slowed up to allow of good color shots being introduced. These, in themselves, are sometimes superb, but Seiznick, who made the picture, has yet to learn that lovely color does not alone make good entertainment.

Indeed, as one American critic pointed out, Hollywood will not make a success of color pictures until color is accepted as easily and naturally as good lighting, good

Week's Best Release

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN.
Columbia Feature. Best against weak competition.

costuming, and all other accessories to a good film. Now that its novelty has worn off, color, as color, means nothing.

As regards the acting, it is not of high standard. Dietrich displays no signs at all of emotional depth; Boyer is much better than she. The story gives neither much chance.

If this offering makes box-office history, I'll swim to Hollywood to apologise to the producer.—Regent; showing.

★ HEARTS IN REUNION

Jean Hersholt, Dionne Quins.

HERE we have a passably entertaining little story into which the Dionne Quintuplets are the stars.

Jean Hersholt, as is to be expected, does a good job. He figures as the doctor who, having brought his three thousandth baby into the world, is a good enough excuse for the Moosetown Chamber of Commerce to stage a party. To it are invited the 3000 individuals who

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—

excellent.

★★ Two stars—

good films.

★ One star—

average films.

No stars . . . no good.

owe to him their safe delivery into this vale of tears.

Well, once this mixed gathering assembles all sorts of problems break out like rashes in hot weather. Good Doctor Luke handles them all in a thoroughly satisfactory manner, probably inspired by the "Quins," who do their stuff very ably to the tune of "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." Comedy is furnished by Slim Summerville; a dash of irony by John Qualen.

Fair entertainment.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ SMARTEST GIRL IN TOWN

Gene Raymond, Ann Sothorn.

A VERY bright little picture that needed only a little more finish to put it into the two-star class. The theme is an old one: poor girl determined to marry a rich husband, and falling for an attractive young millionaire who wins her love disguised as a near-pauper.

What drags the offering out of the ruck is the fact that wise-cracks are good and plentiful, and



Bing Crosby, hero of "Pennies From Heaven."

that the cast has been enriched by the presence of Eric Blore and Helen Broderick, whose vein of humor helps a lot.

The picture ends with a climax that is as mad as it is improbable. But since it's funny, who cares?—Regent; showing.

★ THE PLOT THICKENS

James Gleason, Zasu Pitts.

ANOTHER Inspector Piper-Hildegarde Withers mystery, containing two murders, a museum robbery and the inevitable hard-baked comedy between Piper and Hildegarde.

Gleason is again cast as Inspector Piper, but this time Zasu Pitts takes the role of school-teaching Miss Withers. She is not a patch on either Edna May Oliver or Helen Broderick in the same part.

Still, the picture remains very fair entertainment. It has no straight-out boring moments, and the laughs are fairly frequent.—Plaza; showing.

★ WANTED: JANE TURNER

Lee Tracy, Gloria Stuart.

A bright little offering in which Lee Tracy and Gloria Stuart appear as postal department investigators engaged in tracking down the perpetrator of a murder and mail robbery.

As a composite of thrills, humor, and hard-bitten romance it makes average grade with ease. Lee Tracy, far from good-looking, is a likeable personality; Miss Stuart, lovely as always, and a competent actress. O.K. as a support to any feature. Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

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HOLLYWOOD, SEARCHING FOR NEW STARS, FINDS TYRONE POWER.

HOW many popular male stars are there in Hollywood at present? Few indeed when you come to count them up. That is why motion picture producers are combing the world for new and talented young men in the hope of finding amongst them the important stars of the future.

Tyrone Power first came to Hollywood about four years ago, and after many weary weeks of making the daily rounds from one casting office to the other and receiving everywhere the same answer, he decided like a true fighter to try a different form of attack, namely, via the stage.



Three years work in the theatre brought him to the leading role in a Broadway show and it was there that Hollywood talent scouts "discovered" him. A test was made by 20th Century-Fox and screened by Darryl F. Zanuck in Hollywood. With a keen and canny sense of seeing beyond what the screen unfolds, and with the ability to visualise players in parts he has in mind for the future, this great producer signed Tyrone Power to a seven year contract under the 20th Century-Fox banner.

Power has now been in Hollywood about twelve months and has already established himself as a star of more than ordinary ability. As Clark Gable was yesterday and Robert Taylor is today so will Tyrone Power be to-morrow. Power's first screen appearance was in "Girls Dormitory." Then to a larger part in "Ladies in Love." And now he will shortly be seen in the leading male role in "Lloyds of London," acclaimed by critics as one of Hollywood's really great "finds."

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WIFE Says 'No'

Refuses To See Husband Act

By JEAN SPALDING

HOLLYWOOD stood figuratively aghast a short time ago when Mrs. Joseph Schildkraut dropped a resounding bombshell into the centre of the cinema town that rocked its very foundations.

With only one word—some say it was a word seldom used around the film lots, anyhow—the former English society beauty, Marie McKay, now the wife of the famous actor, astounded the entire populace, from Frankie, the corner newsboy, to the mighty film barons behind their glass-topped desks.

THE word was—NO! In capital letters, too. And it punctuated her refusal of an invitation to visit "The Garden of Allah" set, on which her husband was working with Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer. Mrs. Schildkraut thus revealed herself as a one-woman "anti-actors' league," at the same time disclosing a little-known secret of the film colony.

When the smoke had cleared away and Hollywood was breathing normally again, I interviewed this amazing lady at her Beverly Hills home. She gladly explained her reasons.

Actors "Fakey"

"ACTORS," she said, "are usually fakey, phoney, untrue to life. Once I vowed I would never marry an actor. My ancestors in England were all doctors, barristers, or clergymen, not exhibitionists of any kind.

"I married a man, not a genius-stricken puppet of the theatre. I will not permit the fantasies of an unreal world to separate our interests and home life. Joseph and I do not discuss his work. There is no clashing of temperament, nothing that makes for unreasoning jealousy. Our romance rests securely on the mutual understanding that motion pictures are not a topic for home discussion, and the result is that our lives are normal and sane, like those of the butcher, baker, and banker."

Well, that was certainly a new angle on Hollywood romance and worthy of further consideration. Contrary to accepted belief, the film colony is filled with happily-married couples, but knowledge of this fact is continually being obscured by the publicity given to the bickering, estrangements, and divorces of the minority.

Happy Marriages

A HASTY survey of those members of the acting fraternity whom I knew to be happy in wedlock revealed that: (1) in almost every case the "other half" is a non-professional; (2) the screen work of the actor or actress is seldom, if ever, discussed in the home; (3) such couples are rarely seen in the numerous "bright" places frequented by certain of the stars; (4) such players have never been involved in a Hollywood scandal.

Take the case of Fredric March, who has been a stage and screen star since 1922, and happily married for more than ten years. His wife, the former Florence Eldridge, was a professional at the time of their marriage, but quickly realised the folly of having two ambitious Thespians in the one family, and has since devoted her time to being a competent wife and home-maker.

Coincidentally, Fredric's latest picture, entitled "A Star is Born," is a poignant story

dealing with the professional and domestic tribulations of two married Hollywood stars—one who has passed the zenith of popularity, and the other who is rising to greater fame. It will be interesting to see in this picture, which will be released soon, how a happily-married star portrays one who is the husband of a young film player whose career threatens to eclipse the fame of his own. It is a real screen problem.

Madeline Carroll, Robert Montgomery, Gary Cooper, Dolores Del Rio, Cedric Hardwicke, Leslie Howard, Randolph Scott and Robert Donat are just a few of those I could name who are the contented husbands or wives of non-professionals, but you don't hear much about their married bliss. The air is, too, filled with the repercussions of battle among those few who have unsuccessfully attempted to ride dual in both professional and domestic careers—William Powell and Carole Lombard, John Barrymore and Dolores Costello, Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill, Herbert Marshall and Edna Best, and Henry Fonda and Margaret Sulliva-

van. Incidentally, Henry Fonda is having another try at matrimony, but this time with a prominent society woman who has no aspirations for a film career.

There are exceptions, of course, to every rule—otherwise what would be the good of a rule? Charles Laughton, for example, has been married for a number of years to Elsa Lanchester, an actress of considerable standing in both stage and screen work. Yet such, apparently, is their mutual understanding that she is able to appear with the star in his latest screen triumph, "Rembrandt," without the sign of a rift in their domestic relations.

Ronald Colman is an exception of a dif-

ferent nature. His romance with a non-professional wife proved such a bitter experience that he has never taken the step again. In fact, he has ever been the despair of feminine Hollywood, from match-making mothers to designing sirens, and his native caution has not permitted one single breath of scandal to mar his name.

And scandal is the film colony's supreme stock in trade—the factor which endeavors (and often succeeds) to make and break romances among its own.

In a city of Yes-men (and women), Mrs. Schildkraut's emphatic "No" will probably go down in the annals of history. But it has brought to light the formula for married bliss in this mad town.

Mrs. Schildkraut is now spending most of her time sewing for a blessed event which is due in the near future. That's more important than watching her husband act, says she. And so say all the rest of the non-professional wives and husbands of glamorous movie stars.



GALLERY OF STARS

Joel McCrea

Featured in "Come and Get It."

THE GAY SEA-DOGS OF HOLLY



Film Stars Who See the Sea

HERE aren't many places that a movie star can go these days without being mobbed and nearly torn to pieces by a frenzied crowd of autograph hunters or crazy fans who would see whether their idol's teeth are as white as they appear to be on the silver screen. And for that reason your Mr. and Mrs. Luminary have to think up some pretty cute notions to satisfy their desire to "be alone."

So-o-o-o! The glamorous stars have a new racket, upon which many of them have already spent quite sizable proportions of money, and the dividends they get from their investments are suntan, health . . . and complete freedom and privacy.

BECAUSE the stars and their wives—or vice versa—have taken to boating! Movie stars at sea! Yachts, cruisers, launches, sloops, boats. In Hollywood it's the current rage to be a nautical nomad. You buy your own ship, or become good pals with somebody who already has one, and off you go, blithely getting away from it all.

And when they put to sea for the health-giving ozone of the briny they combine it with sipping cocktails on the after-deck while the captain and a hefty crew do all the work.

Happily, though, such ostentation is rare. On the whole, Hollywood's stellar salts pitch in and become regular "hands" at handling the good old tiller. They have enough of sophistication and dress-

ing-up in their everyday careers, and it's a lot of fun and novelty to heave the anchor, pull on the sheets, hoist the sails, and talk the eccentricities of tacking and gybing, or whatever you call it.

Male stars revel in fooling around with high-powered motors, and the glamorous ladies think it's cute to change into comfortable slacks and sit athwart the gunwale.

That is, many of the ladies do. But there's a danger, as it seems to me, of golf-widows being joined by yacht-widows, because not every picture hero's wife likes to bob her head whenever the boom swings over.

And with the possible exception of a few fly-by-nights, these yachting excursions are anything but wild parties. It's the usual thing to sail over to Catalina, which is about twenty miles away. There, relaxation in the sun, invigorating swim-



ming, a spot of fishing, visits with friends also idling in the harbor, form the simple pleasures which they allow themselves. It's grand.

It only takes about three-quarters of an hour to get from Hollywood to the artificial harbor of Los Angeles, and that's where most of the stars park their boats. So let's take a snoop and see what we can see . . .

My! My! There's a couple of swell-looking liners over there! Yes, m'dear, they belong to people you know so well. That one on the left is captained by Lewis Stone. The one on the right answers to the whistle of Cecil B. De Mille, and the centre one has a crew that is proud of the old profile—and new wife—of John Barrymore.

Lew Stone's boat is called the *Serena*, and is two years old, and measures exactly 105 feet long. He keeps a captain and a crew of seven, and he still has in his possession last year's most coveted Californian yachting cup. He has been crazy about sailing ever since he could talk, and this is the sixth—and best—boat that he's owned. It was built according to his own specifications, and is a craft which could quite easily take even the worst sailor around the world.

Fortunately for comely Katharine De Mille, her dad, Cecil, is an ardent yachtsman. His boat, the *Seaward*,

is just a foot longer than Lew Stone's, and is elegantly equipped with captain and crew. On special week-ends, she assembles a band of select souls, and off they go to Avalon, for plenty high jinks. To give you some idea of the seaworthiness of the De Mille craft, it may be of interest to observe that it once transported copra in the South Seas.

Richard Arlen bought a boat in partnership with Walter Huston, but subsequently bought out Wally's share. He then named the craft *Jobyna R.*, after his wife, and since has acquired the tang of the salt to such an extent that he's an ardent yachtsman. He polishes the deck by fits and starts, according to the extent of his vitality at that par-

work himself. And when any particular job is to be done, Mrs. Buck lends a helping hand. But . . .

Quite definitely the same cannot be said about Mrs. Warren William, Hubby, one of the bright stars of the Warner lot, can be called Hollywood's most enthusiastic boating-man without very much fear of contradiction. Yet Helen, his wife, cringes at the sight of a seagull. Needless to say, she's become reconciled to Warren's passion for the sea, but she's no hypocrite, and she's frankly not given to this particular pastime, even if it is Hollywood's current rage. No Hollywoodite takes his yachting more zestfully than Mr. William. He'll sit around on the docks, talking with the veteran tars, and absorbing all the information about the vagaries of the winds that he possibly can from those who apparently know more about it than he does himself.

He's even introduced a tarry whiff into his own home, by the installation of a giant mast inside a chart-room which he's constructed next to his bedroom. The windows are porthole shaped, with marine vistas painted on the glass. A rare collection of antique shiplets vies for space with authentic books on navigation.

Virginia Valli is almost as apathetic towards boating as Helen

By . . .
Jeannette MacMahon

ticular time, but for the most part he employs a permanent help, so that he can enjoy the thing without an excess of worry and hard work.

He's a convivial host, and has never once been sailing by himself. His boat can sleep eight, so that you can see it's no cockle-shell.

Buck Jones is crazy on his little boat, upon which he does all the

work himself. And when any particular job is to be done, Mrs. Buck lends a helping hand. But . . .

WOOD



They've All Tasted Salt

● **KATHARINE DE MILLE** extreme left, adores the sea. Father Cecil's lovely Seaward allows her to gratify her taste.

● **SINGER ALLEN JONES** is another sea-dog. You see him, left centre, at the wheel of his craft, pipe in mouth.

● **CHARLES FARRELL**, above, has been a keen yachtsman for years, but

● **POOR BOB MONTGOMERY**, right, after getting all enthused and buying a boat, found that the ocean wave did not suit his disposition.



● JUST ONE of the crew. A typical member of any Hollywood yachting party

William. But hubby Charlie Farrell is a true enthusiast, and his Flying Cloud is a single-master which can sail at an almost incredible speed with grace and safety.

And yet, paradoxically, Ann Dvorak is okay on Leslie Fenton's love of the sea. Some time back, the couple acquired the Nymph, a yawl which they sail themselves. They seek absolute privacy aboard, never entertaining and declining to be photographed.

Husband and Wife

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN (Mrs. Johnny Farrow, to you) had her notions turned to boating just as soon as she fell in love with the man who subsequently became her husband. John Farrow has quite a nice yacht, and Maureen has had one built, only in miniature. It measures about 12 feet in length, and is towed behind the boat of her lord and master until such time as she feels she'd like to sail it herself. It's a duplication of the bigger boat in every respect, and she invited a little tot to officiate at the christening, which was done in the traditional manner with half a bottle of champagne.

Leo Carrillo, well known to Australians, owns Thetis... and though he likes boating Leo gets a greater kick from preparing complicated dishes in the boat's galley for his constant stream of visitors rather than braving whatever perils there are in the deep. So if you want to please our Mr. Carrillo, enthuse over his culinary artistry rather than over the sleek lines and powerful engine of his sizable craft.

Bob Montgomery got all enthused about boating, and bought himself a swell craft. Then he discovered that whenever the boat rolled he has a nasty feeling in the pit of the tummy—and now he hasn't got a yacht, and is a few hundred dollars the poorer, to boot. Imagine virile Bob suffering from such a plebeian complaint as sea-sickness.

Allan Jenkins quit gardening in his Brentwood estate to build a yacht on his property... and he made a good job of it, too. But that's the way it gets them. Dat debil sea lures many of the movie maids and men. And if I'm going to keep up with giving you the low-down on your favorites, I've got to rustle up an invitation to some star's yachting party this week-end. See you later!

WHEN ALL the STARS GET TOGETHER



PARAMOUNT have gathered a veritable group of stars for their "Big Broadcast of 1937." Chief among them are Jack Benny and Gracie Allen, top left; the young singer, Shirley Ross, at the phone; Ray Milland, with Shirley Ross, centre; and Eleanor Whitney, bottom left.

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President, Astrological Research Society

Variety of Vocations for Aquarians

Astrologically speaking, Aquarians (people born between January 20 and February 19) have a most amazing assortment of bouquets and bricks presented to them during the course of a character analysis.

PERHAPS the most surprising bouquet of all (or is it a brick?) is the statement that they hold the highest possible honors when it comes to attending to, and understanding, the insane.

When the time comes to decide upon a vocation, therefore, it seems that the Aquarian could do worse than train as a doctor, nurse, or general assistant in lunacy hospitals.

There are many additional spheres of activity, however, in which Aquarians can excel.

Chief among these is radio—in its many and varied branches.

There is no end to the list of careers which can be carved out in this new sphere.

Aquarians also excel in the spheres of modern transportation, especially in flying, fast communication services, or electric tram, train or trolley-bus services.

Many psychologists, astrologers, evangelists, workers in humane institutions and in the cause of human betterment, astronomers, inventors and scientists of all kinds were born with Aquarius or Uranus strongly placed in their star-maps.

Wide Sphere

AND as if this were not enough, many of the world's most brilliant writers, musicians, artists, actors, designers, architects, and originators of new methods, new systems, or new medical treatments, belong to this clever, original, progressive and unusual sign of the zodiac.

Truth to tell, if they are allowed freedom of thought and action, there are but few vocations in which Aquarians cannot make a name for themselves; unless it be those which are so stabilised, so old-fashioned and so unexciting, that the Aquarian spirit just wilts under the blows of such a fate and seems unable to bring even a small element of success into his efforts.

Give an Aquarian a chance to think up new ideas and to put his originality and inspirations into working order, and you'll find yourself living a life of surprises, changes and interest.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilize this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES PEOPLE (those born Mar. 21 to April 21): Quite fair for you on Feb. 14, 15, and very early 16.

TAURUS PEOPLE (April 21 to May 22): Continue to live quietly. Things will seem troublesome this week, especially on Feb. 10 and 11. Take no risks then. Make no changes.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Plan wisely, work diligently, be confident and enthusiastic. Go after the things you want. Feb. 10 very good; 11 excellent. Start new enterprises then.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): No opportunities for you yet, but make plans for the near future. Meanwhile Feb. 12 and 13 just fair.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 31): Be particularly careful in all that you do on Feb. 10 and 11. Guard your possessions against loss. Try to avoid disruption, arguments, estrangements and opposition. Live quietly.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Just fair on Feb. 9 and 16.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): If opportunities do not come your way work hard to make some. Be of good heart and good cheer. Begin

The "Hall of Fame"

AMONG the famous people born under the sign Aquarius are Sir Henry Irving, Robert Burns, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas A. Edison, John D. Rockefeller, Jun., Fritz Kreisler, Sinclair Lewis, John Barrymore, Charles Darwin, Francis Bacon, Charles Dickens, President Roosevelt and Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh... all of whom are more than ordinarily famous as pioneers.

new enterprises, ask favors, seek advancement. The stars favor you very much on Feb. 11, and nearly as much on the 10th.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Try to dodge the upsets, worries, delays and annoyances which may beset you this week. Especially on Feb. 10 and 11.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Quite fair on Feb. 14 and 15.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Feb. 9 and 16 favor you slightly.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Pounce on your opportunities. Try to begin new ventures, make changes, sign important papers, ask favors. Feb. 10 good; 11 even better.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to Mar. 21): Slightly friendly on Feb. 12 and 13. Let important matters wait for a week or so.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor A.W.W.]



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THE ELECTRIC TORCH

By ETHEL M. DELL



PETERS the batman was whistling between his teeth as he laid out his master's mess-kit. Peters always whistled, whatever his frame of mind. It helped him to keep his end up in a country that was rather apt to get one down and out. Besides, he had a reputation for being a cheery little blighter that must be maintained at all costs. But his whistle was never aggressive in the captain's bungalow; he was always careful to keep it under restraint when fulfilling his duties there, for though he was privileged to serve the man whom he considered the finest officer in the mess, there were others who frequented it who might be less tolerant of his attempts to introduce light relief and who even openly averred their preference for native servants.

Major Chisledon was not a tactful man; in fact, he made a point of being exactly the reverse. Overbearing and loud of speech, he made himself felt and respected in a fashion which could never achieve popularity. His men detested him, but they were bound to accord him the grim homage which sheer force of personality can command. They even admired him in a grudging sort of way. There was a bull-strength about him that inspired the most unruly with a sense of awe.

He often came to Captain Packersley's bungalow for the simple reason that when leaving the Club he had to pass it on his way to his own, which was at no great distance. He had no special liking for Captain Packersley, and he openly disliked young Chris Markham, the senior subaltern, who shared the abode with him, but that made no difference to the frequency of his visits. He dropped in whenever it suited him to do so, and the occupants of the bungalow had to make the best of it.

There was nobody at home at the present moment, but Peters had a strong suspicion that the major would be making his appearance ere long, and he modified his whistling accordingly. He had no ambition to give the major any cause to get his knife into him.

It was a sultry evening, for it was nearing the middle of April, and Bhanapore, though not strictly a Plains station, could not claim to be a really cool spot at that time of the year. It was regarded as not impossible for white women to face the Indian summer there, but very few did so. And Peters didn't blame them neither!

To-day there had been a gymkhana down on the racecourse, and Captain Packersley—Pax, as everyone familiarly termed him—had entered for several events. He was the type who always entered and very often won in the quiet unobtrusive fashion which had helped to earn for him his soubriquet. Most people

admired Pax for his sporting spirit but Peters went further—Peters adored him.

Peters had wheedled himself into his service three years before in England, with the winning grace known only to the Cockney, and no unpleasant aspersions on the part of the major were likely to dislodge him. He came of a breed that knew how to hang on, and having marked down Captain Pax as a desirable patron, he had annexed him as his own. Out in India his position had become an unofficial one, but he still clung to it in the teeth of Packersley's bearer whenever circumstances permitted. How could one of them niggers be expected to know how the captain liked his ties and his socks arranged? And the major could say what he liked. It was no bally business of his, anyhow.

The sound of his voice approaching sent a nasty gleam into Peters' grey-green eyes, and he paused for a moment in his task, clothes-brush in air. Only the one voice was audible, but there were obviously two pairs of feet, so it was equally obvious that the captain was with him. As they reached the verandah steps Peters heard him speak.

"No, I don't know where Chris is. He shot off some time ago. Gone to the swimming bath probably."

"Swimming bath, he hanged!" returned his companion with some acerbity. "I know him better than that."

"Do you? Well, sit down and have a drink," said Pax equably. "Hi, Khit-mutar!" He walked along the verandah and glanced into the bedroom. "Oh, Peters! You there!"

Peters beamed all over his thin face. "Had a few minutes to spare, sir, so just looked in. Can't trust that nigger to see to things for long. Found a big 'ole in one of your socks, sir—downright disgraceful. And this 'er jacket—well, it ain't 'ad a proper brush since—"

"Since you did it the day before yesterday. I know," said Pax. "Well, never mind now! You tell Akbar to get my bath, and then you'd better cut off."

"Shan't I stay and give you a hand, sir?" suggested Peters jealously.

But Pax refused the offer. The feud between Peters and the native servant was apt at times to be somewhat embarrassing. "No, thanks. I shan't want any help. Good night, Peters."

"Good night, sir," said Peters, a little crestfallen, setting the clothes-brush in its appointed corner with smart precision.

Pax returned to his guest and the drinks which the khitmutgar had brought out in response to his call.

Chisledon had flung himself into a long chair and looked up at him with a gloomy eye. "That old batman of yours still hanging round? Why don't you give him the boot?"

"Because I chance to find him useful," said Pax. "He's the best fellow with shooting things I've ever come across. Help yourself, won't you?"

Chisledon helped himself with a liberal

hand. He was always inclined to be surly at this hour of the day. "Suits his purpose all right, no doubt. Cadgers, all the lot of 'em! He'd soon clear out if you didn't make it worth his while."

Pax said nothing. It was not his way to argue over any matter when his mind was made up. He poured out a drink and sat down. Thin, athletic, trained to the last muscular ounce, he made an almost cruel contrast to the man who sprawled opposite to him. There were potentialities in Pax, combined with a keenness which promised to carry him far.

Perhaps Guy Chisledon sensed some hidden strength in him, for he never carried his bullying tactics very far with Pax.

Pax sat with his drink before him and his hand on the head of Elfrida, Chris Markham's bull-terrier, whose chin rested on the arm of his chair and whose eyes, pink-rimmed and earnest, gazed up at him in rapt devotion. By all the laws of the dog creation she ought to have loved her master best, but she didn't, and she made no secret of the fact. To Chris she was always sloppily affectionate, but to Pax she was the dumb worshipper before the shrine. Perhaps she also felt the nameless something which was latent in this man.

CHISLEDON finished his drink and slapped down his glass on the tray. "What on earth is that young jackanapes up to?" he said.

Pax barely glanced up. "Who? Peters?"

"No, Markham," Chisledon almost bawled the name. "I'm fed up to the neck with that boy, and I'll tell you why if you want to know."

"I shouldn't," said Pax. "Have another 'peg!'"

"Why shouldn't I?" Chisledon glared at him. "It's pretty obvious, isn't it?"

Pax's eyes, brown, rather remote, remained fixed straight in front of him. "It's not always the obvious that counts, major," he said, speaking deliberately.

Chisledon uttered a growling sound. "Isn't it? Well, I'm fed up, anyway. I'm sick of all this trifling and philandering. Women are all the same. They'll throw the handkerchief at any young calf who dances attendance on 'em."

"I shouldn't have said women were all the same," observed Pax in his quiet, rather wary tone.

Chisledon paused with the whisky bottle in his hand. "That's because you don't know anything about 'em," he said. "No matter. You'll learn."

There was a hint of insolence in his speech, but Pax was looking into his tumbler and his tanned countenance remained quite unchanged.

Chisledon stirred uneasily in his chair and poured out another drink with an impatient hand. There was a smouldering anger in his eyes.

"Well, it comes to this," he said with sudden emphasis. "The natter's getting beyond a joke. You'd better give young

Markham a hint, or there'll be a row, and a big one!"

Pax raised his brows, and then a moment later his eyes. "I always think a row is a mistake," he said after a very definite pause. "The boy's a gentleman. There's no harm in him."

"He's too flirtatious for my taste," exploded the major. "Too much of the matinee idol by a long way. Well, it's up to you, Pax. Either warn him, or he'll find himself in a warm place before he's much older. I won't stand for much more nonsense. I married my wife for my own pleasure and not for anyone else's."

Pax's eyes surveyed him steadily. "Your wife, major!" he said. "Are you sure you're on the right tack?"

Chisledon stared at him. "Oh, don't be a fool!" he ejaculated, and then abruptly, "You are a fool, I suppose? Or is it camouflage?"

Pax smiled—a faint, rather wooden smile. "Neither, I imagine. Have a cigarette!" He pushed a box across. "You certainly ought to know how the land lies if anyone does. I was just wondering, that's all."

"**W**ONDERING what?" demanded Chisledon, tapping the end of his cigarette on the table with resentful energy.

Pax raised his shoulders slightly. "Well, your wife is not the only charming lady in your bungalow."

"Good heavens, man!" Chisledon broke into a laugh that sounded more like the bellow of an angry animal. "Are you suggesting that any man—even a fool subaltern—would look at that young sister of mine—little Paleface, as I call her—with Yvonne anywhere near? Besides, it's all too blatant and public. They're all after her, but young Markham outstrips the rest for sheer push and impertinence. And I'll not have it, I tell you. It's got to stop."

"There's only about a fortnight left," remarked Pax as he paused.

"A fortnight!" Chisledon brought one foot to the ground with a clatter. "And you think nothing's going to come of all this in a fortnight. Man, you're barmy! It's an obsession with them both for all the world to see. I've warned Yvonne, but I can't assert myself properly with Claire there."

Pax stiffened a little as he sat. He was smoking steadily and evenly, his whole attitude in vivid contrast to the violence of the other's mood. He spoke with decision the moment Chisledon stopped, but his words had no haste and his face remained wholly emotionless.

"I can't help thinking you're exaggerating the business without knowing it, but I'm not in a position to judge. If in your opinion a fortnight is going to make any difference, why don't you curtail it—send your wife and sister to Kapoo at once? Miss Chisledon, at any rate, looks as if the change would do her good."

"That's the worst part of it," flung back Chisledon. "I'd sooner have Claire here than Yvonne as things are. Besides, she's fond of me. But the Bentridges have arranged to take her next week, and Yvonne won't stir till after the Polo Ball."

He spoke with a species of infuriated pride; the second drink had taken the raw edge off his vindictiveness. Perhaps also the fact that Pax had been induced to regard the matter seriously had checked the headlong rush of his in-

dignation. He had some faith in Pax's influence.

Yet Pax had said very little, and as he sat gravely contemplative in his chair there was no sign of actual sympathy in his attitude.

"If you really want me to warn off young Markham, I will, though I often think that taking too much notice of some things only serves to magnify them. Still," again faintly he smiled, "we can't have a scandal in the regiment, so I'll do my best with a light touch."

"And you can tell him from me that if that's not enough he'll get something a bit heavier and less to his liking," said Chisledon, rising. "They're riding together somewhere at this very moment."

"They'll be back directly," said Pax. "Markham has got to dress."

Chisledon uttered a grim laugh. "So's my wife; at least she calls it dressing—I don't."

Pax stood up. "It seems an unnecessary convention this weather," he remarked, "but I must go and do it myself. Are you going down to the Club dance to-night, major?"

"No, not I. I'm playing chess with Greaves at the Mess—better worth doing," asserted Chisledon, preparing to depart.

"And you?"

"Oh, I shall probably go down to the Club," said Pax. "I'm not very great at dancing, but I may find somebody to be kind to me."

Chisledon swung round on his heel. "You'd better sit out with Claire," he said. "She'll give you a quiet time, anyway—and she may be kind as well."

"She is always that," said Pax, bending to fondle Elfrida's smooth head as his visitor strode away.

Chisledon's departing footsteps had scarcely died away when there came the sounds of others at the further end of the verandah accompanied by a cheery whistle which caused Elfrida to turn her head sharply and, a moment later, wreathed in smiles, to amble in the direction of the newcomer.

The latter—a tall youth rather like a bronze Hercules—stooped to greet her with a hearty smack on her flank. "Hullo, Elf! What are you grinning at? Tell us the joke if it's worth it!"

Elfrida responded by leaping up to land a far-flung kiss on her master's chin. He was the main joke of her existence—more of a playfellow than an idol.

Chris Markham laughed and came on. "Hullo, Pax! Got some drinks going? I'm as dry as a smoked herring."

"Here you are!" said Pax, pushing forward a glass.

Chris looked at the tray. "Someone been here? Not the major?"

"The same," said Pax.

"Curse the man!" said Chris.

"Shut up!" said Pax.

Chris gave him a glance out of blue eyes that had a fiery gleam. "Well, he really is a plague. We're never free from him."

"He's gone now, anyway," said Pax.

Chris refreshed himself with deep gulps and set down his glass. "That's something to be thankful for. By Jove, it's getting late—or am I fast?"

"There's not much time, certainly," said Pax. "Are you going down to the Club after Mess?"

"Rather!" Chris paused an instant before turning inwards. "Are you?"

"I am," said Pax. "Walk down with me, will you? I want a quiet word with you."

Chris flashed him a smile of quite dazzling insincerity. "Charmed, I'm sure—so long as you don't make me late for the first dance. Hi, Hakim! Where are you? I want my bath."

He burst into a flood of very bad Hindustani and strode away to his room, accompanied dutifully by Elfrida after an adoring backward glance at the man who was not her master.

Pax paused to extinguish his cigarette in an ash-tray before he, too, went to dress. His face was grave rather than stern, but his lips were firmly compressed.

There was scant opportunity for conversation before they presented themselves at the Mess, for Chris was so nearly late that Pax would not wait for him. He walked alone down the baked road that led thither and was overtaken only at the last moment by a very heated and by no means placid subaltern who rallied him somewhat enviously on his appearance.

It was a hot evening and conversation was spasmodic. Most of the officers present were going down to dance at the Club afterwards and no one showed any desire to linger. Only the mess president—a bald-headed captain of the name of Greaves—had anything of interest to talk about. He had been to tea at the Commissioner's bungalow and was full of speculation concerning a mad Pathan who was said to be running amok in the district.

"These fellows take a lot of rounding up," was his verdict, "and they usually manage to do a bit of damage first. Their own people always shelter them when there are police about. As I told Crofton, they ought to be shot at sight. He was inclined to agree, but of course Mrs. Crofton pretended to think otherwise."

"But they're all like that," put in Perry, the latest joined. "Most women would prefer a tiger in the compound to a bat in her bedroom."

The night was dark and heavy with a heat that seemed to surge upwards in billows from the scorched earth. From far away there came the dull mutter of thunder rolling among the hills.

Pax and Chris walked along the dusty path by the light of an electric torch that Pax carried. Several other officers were also walking down to the Club, and one or two cars passed hooting down the road.

CHRIS suddenly quickened his pace. "There go the Chisledons!" he said.

Pax spoke quietly, not particularly forcefully, but as one who expected to be heard. "There's plenty of time," he said. "And look here, Chris, you're making yourself conspicuous—and not yourself only. It's got to stop."

Chris seemed to stumble against something and said, "Curse!" very emphatically under his breath. Then, recovering himself, he turned his face full upon Pax and demanded, "Who says so?"

"I do—for one," said Pax.

"Oh, do you?" said Chris. His voice was low, but it had an explosive note.

"Anyone else?"

"Yes." Very calmly Pax made answer. "There is someone else. But that's not the point at the moment. The point is that we're not going to have a lot of silly gossip going round. I know as well as you do that there's nothing in it, but you've got to pull up, all the same."

"And how do you know that?" said

Chris, still in that savage undertone. "Has anyone told you so?"

He made as if he would pause, but Pax walked steadily on. "I don't need to be told that," he said. "I know you, and that's enough."

"Or think you do," said Chris.

Pax accepted the amendment. "Yes, I think I do. Anyhow, scandals of that sort are not very desirable from anybody's point of view. They only lead to trouble on all sides."

"Who's been talking scandal?" said Chris.

"I should imagine the whole station is beginning to," said Pax. "It's up to you to put a stop to it, anyway."

"Is it?" said Chris. "Have you ever tried it yourself?"

"I don't know that I've ever been the cause of it," said Pax.

Chris laughed rather harshly. "No, you wouldn't. I don't suppose you've ever run off the rails in your life—or ever will."

"I'm not accusing you of running off the rails," said Pax. "All I do say is that you've been going a bit too fast, and have got to pull up."

Chris made a goaded movement of the shoulder. "Yes, you've said it three times, and you've also told me that I'm expected to stop the mouths of the slanderers, whoever they are. Well—suppose I can't!"

"Can't do which?" said Pax.

"Can't do either!" Chris laughed again, but it was not a pleasant sound.

Then Pax spoke, and in his tone, perfectly reasonable as it was, there was something that could not be gainsaid.

"In that case, my boy, you'd better go and hunt tigers—and the sooner the better."

A GOOD many people were assembled in the dance-room of the Club that night. The fact that the season was drawing to a close inspired a keenness which otherwise might not have existed. The general atmosphere of gaiety had something of a fevered touch.

Pax paused at the door to look round before entering, and was aware of the artificiality like a web waiting to encircle him. Then Chris, coming in behind him, pressed him forward and his hesitation was over.

He found himself close to a laughing group of which a dark-haired, very brilliant-looking girl was the centre. Chris pushed straight through it and joined her, but Pax remained on the outskirts. Yvonne Chisledon was amazingly attractive. She held herself like a young queen, and her sparkle and spontaneity gave her an allure which none could deny. Her vitality seemed to reach out to all with whom she came into contact. She seemed to glow with electricity.

It was three years since she had married Guy Chisledon just two months before the battalion had been due to sail for India, but this was her first season in the East. An accident had prevented her accompanying her husband in the first place, and after her recovery there had been various postponements regarding the reasons for which no one, possibly not even Chisledon himself, was very clear. But time had drifted, and she had not made her appearance until Chisledon, losing patience, had at last given her the choice between travelling out to him with his sister, or being fetched by himself. Airily she had chosen the former, and the two had arrived at about Christmas time the previous cold weather.

She and Claire Chisledon had been schoolfellows—there were barely two years between them—and they had remained friends after the schooldays were over, a fact which caused considerable surprise to most people. For a greater contrast than that which existed between the two girls could scarcely be imagined.

Claire was the younger—a girl of twenty-six, slight, pale, almost insignificant in the opinion of the majority. And yet it was Claire who took the lead, and Claire upon whom the elder girl leaned with a curious dependence.

Claire was a person of strange ideals. Though intensely reticent by nature, she made no secret of her devotion to her sister-in-law. It was obvious for all to see. Practically all the other women in the station disapproved of Yvonne, but Claire remained her staunch supporter.

She occupied an inner place in the circle which Yvonne dominated, but more as a member of Yvonne's entourage than in any other capacity. Wherever they went together she was usually completely overshadowed by Yvonne's brilliant personality, and she seemed quite content that it should be so. Very few men asked her for a dance before Yvonne's card was full, and of those there was one only who made a practice of doing so. That one was John Packersley, and he waited for his opportunity now with a patience that obviously meant to attain its end.

She was very soon aware of him waiting there. He had done it before, to her considerable surprise. But he did not attempt to approach her until Chris had claimed Yvonne for the first dance; then as couples began to take the floor, quite suddenly, but without apparent haste, he was by her side.

"This is my dance, I think," he said in a tone that scarcely asked for confirmation.

She looked at him with a question in her gray eyes. "Did we fix it up?" she said.

He smiled. "Not a dance—no. Come and sit out!"

She smiled very faintly in reply. "Oh, do you feel like that, too?"

"I always feel like that, too," said Pax promptly. "Let's get out on to the verandah!"

She went with him submissively, her slim white figure rather drooping, her pale face thoughtful. Yvonne had told her that she ought not to wear white; she was too colorless for it. Yvonne herself was dressed in maize, and looking vividly beautiful in it.

There were chairs on the verandah which ran the whole length of the dance-room. The light fell in bars along it through the wide-set windows. The hubbub of music and dancing feet was accompanied to all that passed out there in the semi-darkness.

Pax stood for a moment looking down at her ere he took the chair beside her. "I believe you're hating India," he said. She made a slight gesture of weariness. "Don't you?"

"No." He gave his answer with quiet consideration. "I don't hate it—at present. I think, under certain circumstances, I might."

"I suppose one might feel like that about almost anywhere," she said.

"No," said Pax. "There are some comfortable places even in India. I believe you'll like Kapoo."

"I shall hate it," said Claire with more energy than she had seemed capable of a moment before.

Pax was silent for a few moments, as

though giving that also his calm consideration. Then: "I don't suppose there's much good in my asking why," he said.

She shook her head. "There's certainly no harm, and no doubt it sounds very unreasonable to say that of a place one has never seen. But to my mind there is something rather wicked about the whole atmosphere. Nothing can alter that. It's a country where bad things happen."

"I know what you mean," Pax said.

She made a restless movement. "It's tactful of you not to point out that bad things happen everywhere. They do, I know. But somehow they are more easily remedied in some places—or else they don't seem quite so glaring."

"Don't get homesick!" he said.

SHE uttered a faint laugh. "I have no home left to be sick about. Yvonne and I gave up our little house of dreams when we came out here. I couldn't afford it alone."

"You were living together?" said Pax.

She turned her head slightly towards him. She had talked with him often before, but never of her own intimate affairs. "We were living together when she and Guy first met," she said. "After they married I was going to look for a job, but Yvonne had a car accident and wanted me again, so we kept on the little house for as long as she needed it. It was really more hers than mine, but when she was well she was often away, and it was I who kept it going."

"You've been jolly decent to her," said Pax.

"Oh, no, I haven't. I pleased myself." Rather sadly she made reply. "Quite possibly it would have been better for her—and Guy too—if I hadn't been there."

He did not ask her meaning; perhaps he realised that he was not meant to ask. "I should think she was very lucky to have you," he said. "And what became of the little house?"

"It still belongs to Yvonne. She lets it furnished. It's near the Dorset coast—a place called Wychmere, about a mile from the sea."

"You mean to go back?" he said.

"Yes, I mean to go back." Her answer had a touch of finality. "But not quite yet. I won't shirk just because it's hot."

"That isn't your reason," Pax said. He took out his cigarette-case and offered it to her.

"No, thanks. But I hope you will if you feel like it. No"—she spoke with a hint of caution—"that is not my reason—as Guy and Yvonne have been to me—it doesn't seem fair not to try and make as decent a return as possible."

"I understand," said Pax. "Then you'll probably stay till the end of the hot weather."

"I don't know in the least how long I shall stay," she answered. "It depends upon circumstances."

"Yes?" said Pax.

She turned her face more fully towards him. "You know I am going to Kapoo with the Bentridges next week?"

"Your brother told me," said Pax.

"I wanted to stay a little longer," Claire's voice had a wistful sound. "But I was upset by the heat and the doctor insisted I would rather have waited till after the Polo Ball."

"Yes?" Pax said again.

She leaned slightly towards him. "Captain Packersley, do you know why?"

"I think I do," he said.

She was silent for a moment or two.

and the gay music filled in the pause with a jangling boisterousness that seemed strangely out of place. Then she spoke almost in an undertone, so that he had to bend his head to catch the words. "Can you do anything to help?"

Again there was a pause, and it seemed at first as if the murmured appeal had gone unheeded into space. But Pax had caught it, and as she slowly leaned back again in her chair he made quiet reply.

"Yes, I think I can," said Pax. Claire sat very still, her hands clasped together in her lap. "It seems disloyal," she said with something in her voice that protested against the words, "almost like a betrayal. But—what can I do?"

"It's not disloyal," said Pax with decision. "You can put that straight out of your head. And I'll do my best to help. You can trust me, can't you?"

She looked at him through the dimness. "I—have trusted you," she said.

"Well, don't regret it!" said Pax. "I shan't let you down."

"You wouldn't let anyone down," said Claire with conviction. "I know that. Only—it isn't easy always to know how best to deal with a situation. In some cases meddling only does harm."

"In others," said Pax, "it's the only thing to do. You can leave with a quiet mind. I've got this matter in hand already."

"You have?" she spoke with quick surprise.

"Yes," a faint note of humor sounded in his voice. "Someone is going to apply to-morrow for leave to go after tiger over in the Sharajee direction."

"Oh!" Relief succeeded her surprise. "Is that already settled?"

"It will be settled some time to-morrow," said Pax.

She put out a hand as if involuntarily and laid it on his knee. "I don't know how to thank you," she said in tones that trembled slightly. "I have been very troubled over this."

"You needn't be any more," said Pax, and his hand covered hers with a consoling touch. "Now I'm going to ask you something—if I may."

Her hand slipped softly away. "I hope it isn't very difficult," she said.

"It depends how you look at it," said Pax, puffing meditatively at his cigarette. "Traps you'd rather I proved myself first."

"I don't think that matters," said Claire gravely. "I believe you will do whatever you undertake to do."

"Thank you," said Pax, the whimsical note again in his voice. "Well, you can count on it in this case. And so now it's my turn, is it?"

The music suddenly ceased behind them and there came a vigorous clapping of hands.

Claire rose rather abruptly and stood listening. "Shall we go in?" she said.

The music went on again, and Pax, also on his feet, paused directly facing her. "It's an encore. We needn't go yet—unless you wish."

Her slight figure seemed to stiffen. "I think it's almost hotter here than inside," she said.

"It will be better at Kapoo," said Pax.

"Will it? Yes, I suppose so." She made as if to pass him, but just for a second he stood in the way.

"May I come and see you there?" he said.

His voice was perfectly steady, it even had a casual sound; and he stepped aside as he spoke. But Claire did not immediately avail herself of the opportunity to

go inside. Her first impulse seemed to have passed.

She answered him in a tone that matched his own for calmness. "I think it would be rather a waste of time if you did."

"From whose point of view?" said Pax.

She turned her face aside. "I don't see much use in answering a question of that sort," she said slowly.

He dropped his cigarette and trod on it. "Meaning that I do it at my own risk?" he suggested.

She bent her head. "It would certainly be that."

He made her a slight bow. "I rather enjoy taking risks," he said.

She uttered a faint laugh that had a somewhat sad ring. "Well, I have warned you, haven't I?"

"Thank you," said Pax again. "You have done—precisely what I wanted you to do."

"What is that?" said Claire.

But Pax did not answer. He merely with a courteous gesture invited her to pass in and allow him to follow her.

THE Club dance was like many others, amusing to the few, a fevered pastime to the many; variety without sequence, as Pax had once been heard to express it. Yvonne had never been more warmly lovely than on that evening. Her dark beauty had almost an Eastern touch, as though she had absorbed something of the Indian sun into her blood. To her the gathering heat was by no means overwhelming. It seemed only to awake her to a fuller vitality. And Chris Markham, who might have grumbled with anyone else, had caught the reflection of her fire and was kindled to a brilliancy which was not normally his. Possibly also the talk with Pax had driven him into a contrary mood, and he was recklessly determined to drink his fill before the forbidden cup should be dashed from his lips. Or he may have felt that since circumstances were about to check the pace, there was no immediate need to apply the curb.

Whatever the forces that impelled him, he was in his most irresponsible mood that night, and he and Yvonne laughed together in the face of the whole world. Mrs. Risborough, the colonel's wife, who was present, gave no outward expression to her feelings, but she looked at the young couple as though she regarded their partnership as rather a pity, and she was exceptionally kind to Claire, whose extreme pallor made it evident that the heat was trying her very severely.

Claire did not dance at all. She sat in a quiet corner looking on with an inscrutable expression in her shadowy grey eyes. Most people passed her by without seeing her, so still and unobtrusive was her presence.

Chris noticed her about half-way through the evening and made a laughing comment. "How your sister-in-law hates me, to be sure! I can feel an icy draught every time I go near her."

"You ought to enjoy that," retorted Yvonne. "I only wish I could."

He swung her towards a doorway. "Oh, come on outside and I'll get you a drink! It's hard to believe you're hot when you never show it."

"I never show anything," smiled Yvonne, dark eyes and red lips lightly mocking him. "I don't believe in it."

He drew her out into the darkness. "That's just the best of you," he de-

clared. "You'd fiddle if Rome were burning."

"Even with Captain Pax waiting to feed me to the flames," laughed Yvonne—"or the lions! Can't you see him—the Roman lictor—waiting by the arena to jab you in the ribs with a spear if you showed the smallest tendency to go the other way?"

"Oh, confound Pax!" said Chris with a sudden frown.

"That's what I say," agreed Yvonne, smothering a yawn. "but it doesn't seem to take effect. Never mind!"

"He's a good chap," said Chris with abrupt compunction. "Why drag him in?"

"My dear," said Yvonne, "I shouldn't dream of dragging him anywhere, or my revered husband, either. They are both of them much too liable to occur in the wrong places without any permission of that sort. Haven't you noticed it? To-night, for instance!" She subsided into a low chair with a chuckle. "Do give me a cigarette, like a dear boy!"

"What's he done to-night?" asked Chris, proceeding to carry out instructions.

Yvonne waited till he transferred the lighted cigarette from his lips to hers, then she lightly patted his cheek and drew in a deep breath of smoke. "That's lovely, dear—like incense." She exhaled it with the words straight into his face as he bent over her. "He hasn't done anything yet—my Roman lictor; but I have a notion that he would if he could. They're in league, you know."

"Who are in league?" demanded Chris. She laughed upwards. "Don't be so stern! It doesn't really matter. They can't frustrate the inevitable, either of them. It only amuses me to see them try."

He bent lower over her, waving away the smoke. "Yvonne, what are you talking about?"

Her soft laugh rippled on. "I'm seeing the funny side of things, that's all. They're rather like very serious-minded children trying to catch the moles in the sunshine. We're the moles, of course. I hope you appreciate my poetic simile."

"I feel a bit more important than that," said Chris.

She took another long draw at her cigarette. "Naturally. I daresay the moles do, too. But, important or otherwise you're only a speck after all in the general scheme of things. So what's the use of taking yourself too seriously?"

"Are you never serious?" said Chris. She shook her head. "Never. It's the greatest mistake in the world. What's the good of being serious? You can't enjoy anything."

Chris laughed. "How horribly true! And the world is so full of serious people."

"Who do their best to ruin it for everybody else," said Yvonne. "I simply won't be bothered with them myself. What about that drink you promised me?"

"I'll go and get it," said Chris. "Only you're so lovely I don't know how to leave you."

"Don't be so obvious!" said Yvonne. "You can't even see me."

His arm slipped round her. He was on his knees beside her. "Yvonne!" he pleaded huskily. "Don't play with me! I'm in earnest."

"Go away!" said Yvonne. "I've just told you—I detest earnest people."

"Do you detest me?" he said.

"Don't ask silly questions!" said Yvonne. "You'll want to know if I love you next."

"Would you tell me if you did?" he asked.

"I don't believe in love," said Yvonne.

"Don't tease me!" said Chris.

She laughed. "Poor darling! What a shame!"

She was still laughing as he left her. Sheer gaiety was her motto, and so far it had carried her triumphant through most difficulties.

She was used to adulation and envy. All her life it had been the same. Even in her schooldays it had been so. Girls had jostled and almost fought one another for her friendship while she had been uniformly gay and kindly to all, bestowing her intimacy upon one only, and that one the silent, undemonstrative Claire, who responded with a depth of devotion which at times had caused surprise even to Claire herself.

Left an orphan of independent though not particularly ample means, she had continued to pursue her serene way after securing Claire Chisledon for her companion and mainstay. That she was destined to marry early both had realised, and the arrangement had always been regarded by Yvonne at least as a purely temporary one. With all her loveliness there was in her a vein of self-assurance which perhaps was inevitable. The only wonder was that with her practically universal popularity she was so little spoilt.

But her marriage had changed her. Very sadly Claire had come to realise the fact.

Her careless, open-hearted girlhood had vanished, as it were, in a night, and in its place a shadowy indefinable womanhood, peered at Claire with eyes that sometimes held a strange revolt.

No confidence passed between them. Yvonne had never been of an introspective nature, meeting life as it met her with frank enjoyment. But that phase was over, and now she hid herself in a guise of candor which once had been her genuine garb.

When Chris returned to her, stepping warily with a full glass in his hand, and she had risen and was leaning against one of the verandah supports, her white arm stretched above her head, her figure dimly gold in the semi-light that drifted from the open windows. A huge dark moth was flitting blindly about her as if attracted by some brilliance. She waved it away from her as he approached.

"Sorry I've been so long," said Chris.

"There was such a scrum. I had to wait."

"Why be sorry?" she said airily. "I've enjoyed it."

"Enjoyed what?" he demanded.

She uttered her baffling laugh. "I've been watching the doctor trying unobtrusively to watch me. He amuses me—very much."

"Oh, come away from the window!" said Chris, his arm thrust impetuously round her. "Let's go round the corner, where it's really dark!"

"What! Can't you bear the sight of me?" smiled Yvonne.

But she went with him without hesitation.

"Here's the drink!" said Chris, pausing at length in almost total darkness.

She drank, standing within the circle of his arm, slowly at first, then more deeply, finally lifting her face with a little shiver. "That was delicious, and I was so thirsty. Now let's go back and dance!"

He took the glass with a sudden, fierce movement, and tossed it far out into the

night, where it crashed with a tinkle of shattering fragments.

Yvonne uttered a faint exclamation. She had no time for more, for almost in the same moment he had caught her close, and as half-involuntarily she bent herself back from his hold, he followed, gripping her faster, until her panting lips were caught beneath his own in a long, long kiss that there was no evading.

Perhaps no one—save Claire—would have believed that that was the first kiss that had passed between them.

HALF an hour later there fell a light touch on Claire's shoulder, and Yvonne's voice murmured behind her, "I'm ready to go home if you are."

Claire had been lying back in a low chair wearily watching the dancers. Pax had been standing near her, but they had spoken very little. He had recently brought her refreshment, and had just left her again.

She looked up quickly to meet her sister-in-law's eyes. Yvonne smiled down at her. There was a lovely flush on her face.

"Poor dear!" she said. "I believe you've been asleep. Well, shall we go?"

Claire got up. What had happened to Yvonne? She had somehow a mysterious look, as though she had gazed upon something she did not fully understand.

"Are you still dreaming?" said Yvonne. "You shouldn't have waited all this time. You must have been terribly bored."

"I'm quite ready to go back," Claire admitted.

"Come along, then!" said Yvonne. "You look as if you ought to be in bed. Don't bother about good-byes! We shall all meet again to-morrow—or is it to-day?"

They went out to the car and found Pax waiting to say good night. Claire felt impelled to shake hands with him. He had been very kind to her that evening in his unobtrusive fashion, and she was grateful.

Yvonne merely smiled at him and beyond him as if he were a part of the general surroundings, and she continued to smile after the car had started and he was left behind.

She chatted on with careless inconsequence until they reached their destination. She gave Claire the impression that she had enjoyed the evening, but yet behind her gay talk there seemed to lurk some hidden thing—a secret and elusive shadow that came and went.

"I think we were very virtuous to come away so early," she remarked as they entered the bungalow. "Wonder if Guy is back yet."

She stopped in the drawing-room to pour out some limejuice and soda, and standing there in the lighted room after the heavy darkness outside, her brilliance was almost startling.

Claire took some soda. "Why did you leave early?" she said.

Yvonne yawned. "Virtue, my dear, sheer virtue! You looked such a tired little ghost for one thing. And I had arranged to ride early for another. It's a good thing you're off on Monday, even though Mother Bentridge is rather an old hen."

"I wish you were coming, too," said Claire.

Yvonne shook her head, laughing. "Don't be silly! All right for you because you want a rest, but not for me while there is any fun to be had here."

Claire did not press the point. She had known that Yvonne would not listen. Besides, there was Guy. Quite possibly he might prefer to keep his wife with him for those ten days longer—though she had strong doubts on this point. There had not been a very peaceful atmosphere of late.

She, too, wondered if Guy had returned, and then, just as they were on the point of parting for the night, they heard his tread on the verandah.

He entered abruptly with a certain aggressiveness and stood staring at them. In his mess-kit he looked handsome in a heavy, rather coarse style. There was nothing fine about him. He was nearing middle-age, and he showed it.

The two girls looked at him with widely differing expressions—Yvonne with a kind of smiling wonder, Claire with a weary questioning that was not unmixed with apprehension.

The man spoke first. "Well? So you're back before me for a change! I congratulate you."

Yvonne, with her glass in her hand, made a light gesture of salutation. "How charming of you! But we are none of us on the very early side. Have you had a good time?"

"A good time!" said Chisledon contemptuously. "Have you?"

"Perfect!" declared Yvonne, lifting the tumbler to her red lips. "You really ought to have been there. There was no crowd at all."

She drank with a voluptuous sort of satisfaction while her husband still stood watching her as if under some species of spell which he resented but could not shake off.

"That was good!" she said as she set down the glass. "I was going to drink in my room, but now I must do without. Good-night, everybody! Don't sit up and talk scandal! Beauty sleep will do you much more good."

She waved an airy hand and turned to the door. The brother and sister saw her go; she had vanished before even Claire could make response.

Chisledon strode forward and helped himself to a drink. "Well?" he said again.

Claire, standing by the table, moved to one side. She tried not to notice the strength of the dose he had poured out. She supposed men needed it in India. Anyway, Guy always seemed to do so.

He turned round to her after a deep draught. "I suppose she's been carrying on as usual?" he said. "Dancing the whole night with that young hound Markham?"

Claire made a gesture of utter weariness. "You ought to have gone," she said.

He uttered a rough laugh. "To see them dance, eh? Not I!"

"No. To dance with her yourself." Claire's voice had almost a note of despair.

Chisledon gave her a hard look. "You've not had much fun, that's evident. Who were there?"

She gave a faint sigh. "Oh, various people—Mrs. Risborough, the Bentridges, Captain Crofton, Mr. Perry, and a good many others."

"Markham?" he questioned.

"Oh, yes, of course, Chris Markham, and Captain Packardley, too. I thought you knew they were there." Claire passed her hand across her brow as if the effort of concentration were too much for her.

But her brother did not notice. "Ah!

Pax was there, was he? He said he'd go. Did you sit out with him?"

"I" said Claire. "Yes, one dance. Why?"

Chisledon grinned. "Only one? That was mean. He was counting on you."

"Why should he count on me?" said Claire, a sudden flush rising in her white face.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Don't ask me! I've got enough to do with my own affairs. Tell me one thing! Did Yvonne dance with anyone else besides young Markham? The truth, now!"

"Why shouldn't I tell you the truth?" said Claire. "But why ask me? Yvonne will tell you herself."

"Why ask you?" He echoed the question with a turbulent laugh. "Because you're on my side, if you want to know."

HIS voice had a snarling sound. He looked at her with bloodshot eyes that had a threatening glint.

But Claire met them without flinching. She recognised that he was in no very reasonable frame of mind. "Oh, don't magnify things, Guy!" she said. "Now I'm going to bed. Good-night!"

She also turned to the door, but he threw out an unexpected hand and caught her by the arm.

"You trying to blind me?" he demanded.

She faced him with a stiffening of resistance. "Don't be so absurd! You can see as well as I can. Only don't try to see what isn't there—for your own sake! Let me go, Guy! I'm tired."

He stood staring at her for a second or two longer, as if daring her to defy him, then abruptly flung away from her steady gaze and returned to the table. "You're all in league," he said in a growling undertone. "And I'm getting tired too."

As it were in spite of herself, she lingered, until unexpectedly he wheeled round upon her.

"What are you waiting for? I thought you wanted to go to bed," he said.

His voice was thick, his eyes had a glassy demoniacal stare. And she suddenly realised that he resented her presence because there yet remained a considerable quantity of whisky in the decanter.

She collected her wits with a swift effort. Something must be done to stop it. She could not leave him to carry out his obvious intention. She came between him and the table.

"You open the door while I put out the lamp!" she said.

He snarled at her again, but this time the sound was inarticulate. There was something horribly inhuman in his look.

She bent steadily to extinguish the lamp. "Go on, Guy! I'm coming."

He muttered something unintelligible and spun slowly round. It was evident that for the moment she had gained the ascendancy. He did not mean to debase himself before her. He opened the door, and, quick as lightning, she blew out the lamp and caught up the decanter. She had a light wrap on her arm, and she concealed it in the folds as she moved out of the darkness.

Claire slept but fitfully that night, starting up repeatedly from troubled dreams with a wildly palpitating heart to lie and survey the situation with an ever-growing uneasiness.

She tried to banish the memory of that

look in Yvonne's eyes which had disquieted her, and though she only partially succeeded, her tired brain found rest at last and she fell into a deep sleep from which she did not awake until the sun was high and the bearer entering her room with chata haari.

Rousing herself, she saw Yvonne in the doorway—Yvonne in brown linen riding kit, with flushed cheeks and laughing eyes, swinging her topee in her hand.

"You—laxybones!" was her greeting. "I've just got back from the most heavenly ride. Have you had a good night?"

Claire, lying lazily on her pillows and feeling rather dazed replied in the affirmative because it was less trouble.

Yvonne came lightly into the room and dismissed the native servant with a flick of the fingers.

"I told him to bring in another cup, so that we could have it together before I get my bath. My dear, you do look fagged. Hadn't you better lie still for a bit?"

She looked at Claire with kindly eyes and, bending, kissed her cheek.

"I'll pour you out a cup of tea, shall I? That'll help you to wake up. It really was divine this morning. We went out along the old temple road, and stopped by the ruins to see the sun come leaping up. There wasn't a soul about—except that coming back we had a little bit of an adventure. Someone fired a revolver from behind the mud wall near the reservoir, and I'm nearly sure it was that mad wallah potting at us. Chris thought so, too; but it startled the horses, and we didn't wait for any more. Here you are, dear! This'll buck you up."

She handed a cup of tea to Claire, all her gay vitality in her smile. But Claire's face failed to reflect it.

"Oh, darling, why do you ride along that horrible road to nowhere?" she said. "It's just the sort of place such people would choose to lurk in." Chris Markham must have been mad himself to take you there."

"He is, dear—quite mad," Yvonne sipped her tea with laughing lips. "I believe everybody is in one way or another—out here. But his is quite a pleasant form of madness—absurd boy! By the way, he's going after tiger by way of consoling himself when I leave."

Claire glanced up from her own cup. The words "Not till then?" were on her lips, but she repressed them and said nothing, conscious again of that sense of disloyalty which had troubled her the night before.

Yvonne was speaking again, half to herself, a ripple of merriment in her voice. "So we have got to make the very most of the next few days. I've told him he simply must not miss the Polo Dance. That would be really too sad, wouldn't it?"

"Would you mind very much?" asked Claire, feeling gauche and uncomfortable and wondering if Yvonne would notice.

She evidently did not, for there was no sign of embarrassment in her reply. "I should be desolated, of course. There's no one in the station who can dance like Chris"—she broke into her gay laugh—"or sit out like him either. If it weren't for you I believe I should refuse to go to Kapoo at all."

"You're not in earnest," said Claire.

Yvonne drank her tea with her delicate chin in air; then pausing with her cup still raised, she looked at Claire across it. And in her dancing eyes was some remin-

iscent of the mystery that had shone in them the previous night.

"That's what you all say," she said. "What does one do when one is in earnest I wonder? Tramp round and tread on everybody who gets in the way—like Guy? Or just remain very quiet and soulful—like you?"

Claire shook her head; but there was a hint of relief in her voice as she said, "I don't believe you are ever in earnest over anything."

"What a discovery!" laughed Yvonne. "I expect I haven't the brains to be, so never mind! You and poor old Guy make up for it. He really is terribly serious, isn't he? I'm beginning to be not quite sure whether he likes being married to me or not. He has a way of looking at one which makes one wonder."

She often made airy comments upon her husband's behavior, but it was the first time that she had spoken of his dissatisfaction with herself. Any but Claire might have seized the opportunity thus provided to dispense sound advice; but still Claire hesitated, for Yvonne's very frivolity seemed her safeguard.

She spoke at length with slight hesitation. "I think he loves you enough to be desperately jealous of other men—Chris in particular."

Yvonne's laugh closed the sentence. "I know. He would like to murder poor Chris. But jealousy isn't love, my dear. Even I know that. It's a very, very poor imitation." She got up with the words and pulled off her coat to stretch her bare white arms above her head. "Heaven deliver me from jealousy!" she said. "It's rank poison—nothing else."

But even as she said the words the smile was still on her lips, and to Claire her beauty was so much the beauty of a perfect flower that knows no evil that she could not bring herself to drive the warning home.

IN the evening, when Yvonne had departed to the Club to play tennis, she remained busy in her own room with the door thrown wide open to the verandah, trying to believe that some coolness was succeeding the airless heat of the day. She was to start in the early morning with the Bentridgea, and she wanted to leave as little as possible to the last moment. She had dismissed the bearer and was sitting down for a breathing-space before making her final arrangements, when she heard the tread of a man's feet ascending the steps of the verandah.

They were close to her room, and she raised herself and craned her neck to get a glimpse of the visitor. The next moment she was up and hastily reviewing her appearance in her mirror, deciding swiftly that though jaded it was not untidy.

Then she stepped forth quite calmly to greet Pax at the head of the steps.

He met her with a quiet and rather formal smile. "I hoped I might find you," he said. "Good evening!"

She gave him her hand. "I am quite alone," she said. "What is it?"

He looked straight at her, keeping her hand for a moment in his. "I thought you would be glad to know that the matter we were talking about last night has been fixed," he said. "You can leave with an easy mind."

"Chris Markham is going?" she asked quickly.

He nodded. "To-morrow morning. It's just come through. He didn't expect it

to be such quick work, and he's pretty busy getting ready."

Claire glanced round. There were chairs on the verandah. "Sit down!" she said. "You'll have something, won't you?"

"I should like something very much," said Pax, half quizzically. "But not in the drink line, thanks all the same. Can I really sit down? Or are you wishing me at the other end of the earth?"

"I'm not so ungrateful as that," said Claire.

She sat down herself, and he followed her example, but not with the air of a man who had come to stay.

She leaned back in her chair, gazing past him into the straggling bushes of the compound. "What's that moving down there?" she said.

"Elfrida probably. I told her not to come, but I saw she meant to." Pax spoke with the utmost patience, as if he had expected some sort of interruption and were fully prepared for it.

CLAIRE frowned a little. "Elfrida? Is that the bull-terrier who lives with you?"

"Yes, she owns us," said Pax. "As a matter of fact, I don't think she can have followed me, as Peters was there, and he is more of a disciplinarian than I am." He paused. "Are you sure you saw something moving?"

"No, not sure," admitted Claire. She ceased to peer into the compound and remembered her position as hostess. "Do have a cigarette! There are some in that box."

"Not now, thanks," said Pax. "As I was saying—" He paused again, for Claire had stooped forward abruptly to slay a scurrying ant on the matting at her feet. "Is it dead?" he asked.

She looked up and their eyes met. Hers had an expression half apologetic and half stubborn. "I hope so. I hate crawling things, don't you?"

"I haven't time to hate anything just now," he said. "I'm holding on to every minute with both hands."

"Oh, don't!" said Claire in a voice of almost comic despair. "It's such a mistake."

He leaned forward. There was still a slightly quizzical air about him, but his eyes held determination. "I haven't done it yet," he said. "You can say that when I do. But—you're not going to let anyone else cut me out before I've had my chance, are you?"

She met his look with resolution, though her eyelids flickered a little. "I suppose you think I came out to India to get married," she said. "You're quite mistaken. I'm not the marrying kind."

"That makes it all the better for me," said Pax.

She laughed rather weakly. "You can think so if it pleases you, but it won't make an atom of difference. Do please understand that!"

Pax's eyes smiled at her. He was not in the least disconcerted, as he ought to have been. "Sometimes a fire can be kindled," he said, "out of a very little."

"But not out of nothing," said Claire swiftly.

He stopped to consider that, as she had known he would. "No," he conceded finally, "not out of nothing, certainly. But—if I were cast up on a desert island—with you—it wouldn't be very long before I managed to strike a

spark out of something to get a fire going for you."

"I am sure you would be most efficient," she said, "at whatever you turned your hand to."

"Don't you admire efficiency?" said Pax.

She did not look at him. Somehow he gave her the feeling of being hemmed in, and yet it seemed to be only a game.

"Yes, I like efficiency," she admitted, "up to a point. Of course, I don't admire people who never make mistakes."

"Are there any?" said Pax.

She did not answer him. Perhaps silence was the safest course.

But he would not suffer her to take refuge so easily. He had another end in view. "You're not one of them, are you?" he asked.

She shook her head in emphatic denial. "Oh, rather not! I make—masses—of them. I don't profess to be in the slightest degree efficient."

"No. You never make any professions of any sort," he said. "I think you are the most unassuming person I have ever met."

"Thank you," said Claire.

"That's not a compliment," he assured her. "It's a plain expression of opinion. I think you deserve to be credited with much more than you ever lay claim to."

She shook her head, and her eyes went back to the dusty shrubs in the compound. "I don't know why we are talking like this. It's really rather a waste of time. Surely you have something better to do?"

"Strange to say, I haven't," said Pax. She pursued her point with a hint of stubbornness. "I am certain you must have. You have the reputation for being tremendously keen on your job."

"My job!" said Pax. "Oh, soldiering, you mean. Yes, I am quite keen on that. It's worth it, don't you think?"

"I'm sure it is," she said with abrupt enthusiasm. "It's the one profession above all others that I should choose if I were a man."

"I'm glad you feel like that," said Pax. "I thought you might."

"Mainly because it's a man's job," she explained, relaxing again, "though perhaps it's rather old-fashioned of me to feel like that."

"Oh, don't apologise for being old-fashioned!" said Pax with sudden warmth. "It's the most precious part of you. You're utterly different from all the rest. You're human and sincere. You'd help and not hinder. That's why—"

He stopped himself sharply, for Claire was looking at him with a faint glint of humor in her eyes, and to Pax humor at that moment was as a douche of cold water.

Claire spoke in a speculative tone. That outburst of his seemed to have given her confidence. "That's why, is it?" she said. "I'm the type of person that's warranted not to get in the way. It's rather—ingenious—of you to tell me so, but I'm very glad to know. It explains a good deal."

He looked full at her with eyes that completely hid his soul. "Yes, you can put it in that way if you like," he said, and every hint of feeling had gone from his voice. "It's not quite what I meant to convey. But it's a point of view that exists. I don't believe in allowing a woman to come between a man and his profession. It doesn't make for happiness on either side."

"Of course, the profession should always come first," said Claire, "and the

woman a very long way behind—unless she chanced to have a profession of her own, in which case I suppose she would be the wrong woman."

"So far as I am concerned, yes," said Pax, uncompromisingly.

The humor in her eyes had turned into a dancing gleam that was more akin to mockery than amusement. "May I offer you a word of advice?" she asked.

He regarded her with a closer attention. "By all means," he said.

She made a little gesture, half careless, half deprecatory. "For what it's worth," she said. "It's only this. If ever at some future time you should really meet—the right woman—don't tell her—for your own sake, don't tell her—what you have just told me!"

He understood her, and for a moment an answering gleam shone out at her from his own eyes, like a warning light. But it was gone immediately.

"I'm sorry if I've offended you," he said with a certain stiffness. "It was not my intention—as perhaps you may realise."

Claire smiled at him quite frankly. "Oh, no, you haven't offended me," she said. "You've only—opened my eyes. I prefer to see things exactly as they are. It simplifies matters so enormously."

"And what exactly does that mean?" he asked very quietly.

She continued to smile, but wholly without coquetry. "It means that my previous impression is completely confirmed," she told him. "I hope you will meet the right woman some day, but you haven't met her yet."

"And you think I shall take that as final?" said Pax, rising.

"If you're wise you will," said Claire. He stood in front of her, looking straight down into her face. "Then I am not wise," he said. "And I don't mean to be."

She held up her hand to him in obvious farewell. "Which is a pity," she said. "Good-bye! Please don't think me ungrateful. I'm only trying to spare you unnecessary trouble."

He took her hand, and he held it very firmly. "I don't want your gratitude," he said, "though I shall do my best to deserve it."

Her smile softened a little. "I'm afraid gratitude is all I have to give you, Captain Pax," she said.

He bent without haste and put her hand to his lips. "You will give me something more than that—some day," he said. "Good-bye!"

He had turned and left her before she could contradict him further.

"I SUPPOSE most people would call me a lucky devil," said Chris Markham, disconsolately biting on the stem of his pipe.

"You are—very lucky," said Pax.

Chris regarded him with a species of moody truculence. "Well, I loathe going, and that's a fact," he said.

"You'll like it all right when you get there," said Pax.

"I shall probably never get within sight of a tiger and hate every minute of it," said Chris, tweaking Elfrida's ear with absent-minded energy.

"Nothing like looking on the bright side," observed Pax.

Chris bit his lower lip rather savagely. "I suppose you think I'm a regular bad hat," he remarked after a moment.

"I haven't said so," said Pax.

Chris was closely examining Elfrida's pink-lined eyes. "I feel an awful worm. But—I can't trust myself to be casual enough. Besides—I promised not to go before the Polo Ball, and here I am—bunking off at a moment's notice."

"My dear chap," said Pax with deliberation, "I don't suppose she will care two hoots when you're gone whether you said good-bye or not. You don't imagine you're the only pebble on the beach, do you?"

Chris winced a little. "Some comfort in that, I suppose. If she feels half as bad as I do—well, I'm sorry for her, that's all."

He was leaving at dawn on the following morning, and as he had not made arrangements to ride with Yvonne that day she would not be waiting for him. But they had planned to meet on the Club tennis courts in the evening, and this fact weighed on his mind a little. Yet he could not bring himself to bid her farewell. If he saw her for that purpose, he felt that he could not trust himself; and if he wrote, he knew that either he must be brutally brief or else pour out his soul in a fashion that would betray him irrevocably.

AND so he was following the line of least resistance while despising himself for so doing.

Perhaps when he was away and the memory of her had become less vivid and tormenting, he would write to her and apologise for his abrupt departure. After all, she would not really care.

Yvonne was alone. Claire had departed for Kapoo, and the bungalow seemed strangely empty. A blazing heat reigned outside, and the blinds were drawn. The punkah swayed to and fro with a slight creaking sound. It was the hottest hour of the afternoon.

Yvonne lay on a cushioned charpoy, with picture magazines littered around her and a box of cigarettes on a small table at her elbow.

The heat that had deprived Claire of all her vitality might almost be thought to have had a renewing effect upon Yvonne. Day by day she seemed to grow more lovely, more ready for whatever good thing life might have to offer.

Life so far had not presented any insurmountable difficulties. Of course, there was Guy—but he only loomed in the background occasionally and was easily forgotten when absent. She had never yet fully gauged Guy; and except on one or two occasions she had found it fairly safe to ignore him. Her marriage had not been an unqualified success, but there were very few that were, so it was no use worrying on that account. There was plenty besides to make life worth while. There were heaps of amusements, heaps of admirers—and there was Chris. . . .

She stretched herself out at full length with her lovely arms above her head, and heaved a long, satisfied sigh. Yes, there was Chris, and he was worth a dozen difficult husbands.

She was growing sleepy. The soft, monotonous creaking of the punkah was lulling her to repose. She gave herself up deliberately to the delicious drowsiness that was creeping over her senses. If she rested now she would enjoy her tennis and the night adventure with Chris all the more intensely.

It was nearly four hours later that she awoke, and then not of her own accord. Someone had flung open the door rather violently, and entered. She opened her eyes and looked around her with a start.

The brief Indian twilight was already falling and she realised that she had overlept herself. There had been no Claire to come softly in and awake her.

Staring lazily, she discerned her husband standing facing her, still holding the door. "Why—hullo!" she said. "I must be getting up."

"Been here all the afternoon, have you?" he said. "Quite a change!"

She heard the sneer in his voice, but she passed it by. It was not worth bothering about. Guy was Guy, and he would always be rude when he felt like it.

"Yes, all the afternoon," she answered, raising herself on her elbow. "How lazy of me! And I had promised to play tennis at the Club."

"Don't reproach yourself!" he returned scoffingly. "I don't suppose you were missed."

Yvonne never reproached herself, but she did not trouble to say so. Evidently Guy was in one of his aggressive moods, and she hoped he would soon go.

She laughed a little. Anyway, I should like to get up if you're no objection. You might go and get me a Martini. It's too late for tea."

That request of hers diverted him. Had she foreseen that it would? He stood up with a sort of heavy reluctance. "That's an idea!" he concluded. "Never too late for a drink, what? Well, put on something pretty when you are about it! That straw-colored thing suits you as well as anything. I like you in that."

He departed, leaving the door open behind him. And, with a slight shudder, Yvonne rose, crossed the room and closed it. Then, very softly, she lighted a lamp and began her evening toilet.

With lithe, steady movements she dressed herself in the maize-colored gown that he had desired, and when she was ready she turned the lamp low and went from the room.

As she opened the door that led into the living-room she heard the sound of her husband's voice cursing the bearer, Ghulam, in his own room, which led out of hers. And again, very slightly, she shuddered.

The table was laid for two, and the khitmutar was stepping silently to and fro, laying on plates and dishes. She went to a bureau and opened a drawer which contained cigarettes. She took one and lighted it, then moved to the open windows that led on to the dark verandah.

The night was dark and airless; the moon would not rise till later. She stood in the entrance gazing out while she smoked her cigarette. If Claire had been there they would have talked in a desultory fashion together.

As it was, the silence remained unbroken until with a flick of the fingers she spoke a word to the native servant, not turning her head.

He made swift response: "Atcha, mem sahib!" And a moment or two later he brought her a glass of liqueur on a tray.

A quarter of an hour later her husband flung open the door of his room and came out. He was in evening dress, but wearing

a crimson cummerbund in place of a waistcoat. He swaggered somewhat as he walked, and his face had an aggressive smile. His eyes were glassy and none too steady in their regard. They seemed to focus beyond the objects at which they looked.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, he remarked with jaunty self-assurance; "but as we're alone there's no hurry."

Yvonne looked up. "Oh, are you ready?" she said. "Then let's dine!"

Her tone and look were equally casual; she hardly glanced towards him as she rose.

But the man feasted his eyes upon her with greedy intensity. As she passed him he put out one finger and stroked her neck.

She shivered and shook off the touch as though she took it for some flying insect. And then they were seated opposite to one another at the table, with the khitmutar gliding solemnly between them.

They scarcely spoke during the meal. Her husband drank deeply and methodically, as though drink at the moment were the only thing that mattered; save that now and then his look travelled erratically and rather secretly across to the golden figure on the farther side of the table. But Yvonne's look never rose to his.

They had practically finished, and the native servant had withdrawn, when suddenly and bombastically Guy Chisledon asserted himself.

"I don't know whether you are contemplating going out anywhere to-night, but if you are you'll have to give up the idea. That mad wallah was seen in this direction only to-day, and I won't have you gallivanting about after dark till they've laid him by the heels."

It was not a conciliatory speech, but Yvonne showed no resentment. She smiled a little as she replied: "He's had a shot at me already, but I don't think he's a very good marksman. Anyhow, I'm not afraid."

"That's not the point," returned her husband. "The point is that I forbid you to go out to-night. Is that clear?"

"Oh, quite clear," said Yvonne, with a little ripple in her voice that might have been the echo of a laugh.

He frowned as he heard it. "And when were you shot at, I should like to know?"

She got up from the table without replying, and went to a cupboard in a corner on which was a spirit-stand for making coffee. Claire generally made the coffee. Yvonne busied herself with the necessary preparations, her back turned to her husband.

HE watched her, a very evil expression of malignancy and admiration combined on his face. But Yvonne could not see it.

Suddenly there came again the wail of a wild cat from the darkness, and Chisledon roused himself to utter an angry oath.

Yvonne stooped forward and began to draw off the coffee into a cup. There was something rather swift and desperate in her action, as though either the cry or the curse that succeeded it had goaded her out of her customary placidity. It was not her nature to move quickly or show emotion of any sort.

A few seconds later she turned round with a cup of steaming black coffee in her

hand, and took it to the corner of the table against which her husband sat glowering in his chair.

He looked up sharply. "That for me?"

"Yes, if you'll have it," said Yvonne.

He gave vent to a laugh that sounded oddly vindictive. "Is it a love potion—or otherwise?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Yvonne.

She had already withdrawn from his near vicinity, but he stretched out one hand towards her, opening and shutting it like the mouth of a hungry animal.

Yvonne sat down in the wicker chair she had occupied before dinner and took up the paper again. There was that about her attitude, calm and unstartled as it was, which somehow suggested the idea that she was deliberately waiting for something.

Several minutes passed, and she began to drink her coffee.

Her husband came out of what had almost seemed a trance and turned his attention to his. The coffee had cooled, and he took a mouthful, swallowed it and frowned.

Then he took another, savoring it with awakened attention, swallowed that also, and spoke. "This stuff isn't the same as usual."

Yvonne did not look up. "I made it precisely as Claire does," she said, "as far as I know."

Guy Chisleton sniffed at the liquid. "Has that old Ghulam been monkeying with it?"

"Of course not!" said Yvonne.

She drained her own cup with the words and set it aside.

"It tastes exactly as usual to me. Perhaps your cigar is different." She lit another cigarette herself as she spoke, and proceeded to smoke it with the air of having dismissed the subject from her mind.

A quarter of an hour later Yvonne stirred, laid down her paper, and softly rose. The cigar-end had just fallen from Guy's nerveless fingers on to the rush matting that covered the floor. She stooped and delicately picked it up, dropping it lightly into the coffee-cup at his elbow.

Then, for five long seconds, she stood looking down at him. He was breathing slowly and heavily. His eyes were shut, his mouth slightly open.

A faint smile glimmered across her face and was gone. Soundlessly she turned and stepped to the window.

The red curtain swished again very softly and then hung quivering. Guy Chisleton was alone in the room—sleeping peacefully in his chair.

IN her own room Yvonne proceeded without any great show of haste to change into riding kit. It was getting late, but Chris would wait for her. He would wait any length of time, and the moon was only just rising. They could stay out all night if they wished. Guy would probably sleep in his chair till dawn. He had done so before after a guest-night and had joked about it afterwards as though it had been quite an ordinary thing to do. Ghulam had gone to his own quarters on the farther side of the compound, and the bungalow was deserted except for themselves.

It had been an unpleasant evening, but, after all, Guy was not unmanageable. He would possibly be more amenable when he had slept off the effects of the coffee,

but she wished he had taken it all. It would have made things safer.

Dressed at length, she paused before putting out the lamp. It still looked dark outside, and she remembered that there was an electric hand-torch in Guy's room. He would not be needing it, and she would return it long before he could miss it. Softly she opened the intervening door and slipped in to find it.

The light from her own lamp guided her. She found the torch lying on his table and caught it up. In a moment she was back again in her own room and closing the door between. Then, growing used to the darkness, she realised that outside a light was growing. There would be moonlight after all, and she would not need the torch. It was certainly less risky without it. She laid it down on the table beside the lamp and took up her riding-switch.

It seemed absurd to wait any longer; there was nothing whatever to wait for. The hour appointed was already long past. She stepped to the window, gathered her courage together, and the next moment was out on the verandah.

Yes, the moon was rising rapidly now, but the sullen clouds veiled its light. The compound lay in an eerie dimness before her. But she did not need the torch, and as she descended the steps the path became less obscure. She had only a few yards to travel after all.

She slipped through the shadowing trees and stumbled against the wire that divided the two compounds. It gave forth a twang like the note of a stringed instrument, and she paused in nameless dread until all echoes of the sound had died away. She was absurdly nervous, so she told herself, for there was absolutely no danger of discovery. Guy was asleep, was bound to go on sleeping.

She climbed between the strands of wire and stood in the compound of the bungalow in which Chris lived. It would be funny if Elfrida discovered her, she reflected, though from what she knew of the bull-terrier's mental powers, she hardly expected to be taken for a wild cat. But she heard nothing, even though she was close to the spot where Chris must be waiting for her.

She came to the open gate that led into the road, and here swiftly she paused again. For someone was passing—a native on sandalled feet. Furtively she watched the muffled figure pad by, and thought of some jungle creature creeping at night from its lair.

She paced a few yards down the now deserted road. The night was hot and close, and her deep sleep of the afternoon had taken from her all desire to rest. She did not want to go to bed again for a long time. She would have ridden the whole night through with Chris.

She reached the gate that led into the compound of the bungalow occupied by Pax and Chris, and then again she heard the sound of feet. It was no native this time; the feet were not sandal-shod and stealthy, but blundering British feet that trod with purpose. A hint of panic seized her, and she slipped inside the gateway. But in so doing she defeated her purpose, for she almost ran into Peters, who was just coming out. He stopped short with a smothered exclamation, but before he could recover himself Yvonne was gone like a shadow among shadows, and he was left to wonder and surmise.

"Blimey!" he murmured to the world in general. "If I'd been a second later she'd 'ave been in me arms!"

He walked on down the road to the

barracks, still puzzling over the encounter.

As for Yvonne, swiftly but with infinite caution she had already turned her steps in the direction of her husband's bungalow.

There seemed small need for anxiety. All was as it had been when she had started on the adventure. She would get the torch and search the verandah for any explanatory note from Chris that might be lying there, but when once that danger had been averted she felt that there would be no further cause for anxiety.

So, almost unconsciously comforting herself, she made her noiseless way back. Once only did she pause, and that was when the wall of the wild cat suddenly pierced the stillness at no great distance from her.

READING lightly, she came to the verandah and softly mounted the steps. It lay in deep shadow, and she groped her way to her room with considerable caution to find the torch. Eventually she reached the open window, fumbled for a moment at the curtain, then drew it aside and entered.

The next moment a kind of horror seized her. She snatched up a box of matches and kindled the lamp. She had left the electric torch on the table. Vividly she remembered it. And the native servants had gone to their quarters, so that no one could have entered during her absence. But—now on her return she was faced with a stark and undeniable fact. The torch was gone. With a quivering tenseness she searched for it, but in vain. Everything else on the table was undisturbed. Only the torch had disappeared. Whither? Whither?

A sudden sound came to her—a coughing, rending sound from that other room which was her husband's. The horror that had come upon her gripped a little deeper, like a bird of prey seeking her heart.

What had happened? What was happening? He was awake, then? The safeguard had failed. With a feeling of faintness she remembered that he had not drunk to the dregs. She had hoped for the best; more, she had taken it for granted. But for the first time her luck had failed her. He was awake in that room beyond the closed door, awake and ill.

The draught had been insufficient, or possibly the alcohol he had taken had defeated its purpose. Whatever the cause, he was awake. And it was he who had entered her room and taken the torch away.

There was only one thing left to do—one slender chance of safety remaining. The maize satin dress that she had worn at dinner still lay across her bed. She must don it swiftly, before he discovered her, and go to him. She could then frame any excuse, say she had been in the compound or wandering on the verandah. Almost anything would serve so long as he did not discover her in riding-kit.

Then she snatched up the evening dress. Feverishly she pulled the shining thing over her head, becoming entangled in the shimmering folds and struggling with them almost fiercely. Dragging it down at length over her slender form, she became aware of something in the room that had not been there before—an added light, a sinister presence. With a gasp

she straightened herself and faced the danger-point.

Her husband had opened wide the door that separated his room from hers, and was standing there, with one hand grasping an electric torch which he shone full upon her as he gazed upon her. His face was white as death and in his eyes there was a glare so fiendish, so full of diabolical purpose, that for the first time in her life Yvonne was stricken helpless with terror. She could only stand staring back at him in a sort of horrified trance that bound her hand and foot while he slowly moved, slowly came forward, keeping the light of the torch focussed full upon her.

HE reached her, still bound with the fetters of terror, and, seeing her utter helplessness, he smiled—a devilish smile.

"Where have you been?" he demanded. She tried to answer him, but again she could not. Only an inarticulate murmur escaped her. That mask-like face close to her own seemed to deprive her of all strength. It was terrible to be held thus—held and questioned—even though she had succeeded in concealing the evidence that must have betrayed her.

But stay! Had she succeeded? There on the bed in full view lay the slender riding-switch which she had flung down upon entering. It had a gold top which gleamed horribly in the lamplight. She could not keep her eyes from it, and in a moment his eyes had followed the direction of her gaze.

She heard him laugh under his breath, and then in a moment he had tossed the torch, still shining, on to the bed, and caught up the switch.

"So," he mocked, "now we are quits! Measure for measure!"

It was the action of a madman. She realised that in a flash of understanding that seemed to sear her soul. He was beside himself.

She found her voice at last in a wild cry of entreaty. "Guy—Guy! You can't! You don't know—what you're doing!"

"Oh, don't!" he jeered in answer. "It's what I've wanted to do many and many a time. I've caught you at it now, and you're going to pay. There's no one to help you, so the less noise you make the better."

And then her punishment began. The riding-switch was light, but it had the supple strength of a serpent, and struggle as she might, she was powerless to free herself or to escape the cruel strokes he laid upon her. Over and over again he cut her with it till the agony was like a flame that licked in all directions.

Gasping, she broke from his hold and saw him reeling back on his heels with a face so twisted and ghastly that even in the midst of her own anguish she was startled. He recovered his balance as he fell, and flung the switch with violence from him. Then, still swaying, he turned towards his own room, and she realised that the nausea had gripped him again.

She waited for no more. Her soul was wild with pain and terror. In those few appalling seconds he had shattered her self-control, her reasoning powers, almost her humanity.

Practically she sprang for the window, hearing as she went through it a terrible sound that was like a scream, and fleeing the faster for what she heard. Then she was out in the night, all black and dazzling silver in the moonlight, and run-

ning, running, running, following blind instinct.

It was not until she was actually on the verandah of the adjacent bungalow that she knew whither her panic had directed her.

A light gleamed at the end of the verandah, and she ran towards it, crying, "Chris! Chris! Chris!"

And then, ere she reached it, a figure came to her—something solid out of the swirling shadows that seemed to have become a part of her brain—and she threw herself wildly into the arms of someone whom she did not stop to identify but who received her in a fashion that told her immediately that it was not Chris who had answered her cry.

He held her up, steadying her, while she clung to him, entreating him desperately to save her—to save her—not to let her be killed.

She was almost in a state of collapse, and very soon words failed in a fit of terrible sobbing that seemed to deprive her even of the power to stand. But by that time he had led her quietly into the room with the lighted lamp, the mosquito netting in front of the window had fallen behind them, and she had dropped on to Pax's bed, scarcely conscious of her surroundings.

Pax remained standing beside her. He could not well have done otherwise, for she clung to his arm with all her remaining strength, holding so desperately that without employing force he could not have freed himself. She was like a person drowning in deep waters. To have withdrawn himself would have been to leave her to sink.

He maintained his place beside her, therefore, until her distress had somewhat spent itself, but keeping a watchful eye meantime upon the open window in readiness for any pursuing enemy.

Yvonne realised this attitude of his at length, and looked up herself in swift apprehension.

"Oh, what—what shall we do—if he comes after me?" she whispered.

"He won't," said Pax imperturbably. "He may be mad, but he's not quite so mad as that. We're all ready for him." He indicated an automatic that lay on the table by the lamp which was so turned that its light shone outwards towards the compound. "Are you better now? What happened to scare you?"

She saw in a flash that he was thinking of the mad Hindu, but for the moment she was too exhausted to explain. Perhaps also at the back of her mind there was some alien motive that restrained her; she never afterwards knew. Her agitation was beginning to subside, however, though she still felt as if the use of her limbs had gone from her. Quivering, she relaxed her hold upon Pax's arm.

"Yes, I am better. Where—where is Chris?" she questioned.

He looked at her gravely. "Chris went off early this morning on a shooting expedition," he said.

"He has gone!" She uttered the words with a gasp that was almost a cry. She looked as if she would faint.

Pax bent a little in readiness to support her, but he did not speak. The absolute composure of his expression never varied, though Yvonne was gazing up at him with anguish in her eyes.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she whispered at length. "What shall I do?"

"Wait a little till you feel better!" he counselled. "You've had a fright, but perhaps it was a false alarm. I'll take

care of you in any case. We might ring your husband up if you think he'll be back."

She opposed the suggestion with a gesture that was almost violent. Her death-white face looked up to his in a kind of agony of supplication. "Oh, no—no! What would he say if he found me here? Ah, hark! What is that? What is that?"

"It's only a wild cat in the compound," Pax assured her soothingly. "I've heard it before. Don't be frightened! There's really no need."

She was trembling uncontrollably, and he was moved to lay a reassuring hand upon her shoulder. There could be no doubt that her panic was genuine, whatever the cause.

"Just keep still for a little!" he said. "I don't think there is anyone about, really. I'll see you back again when you're feeling better."

Yvonne crouched down on the foot of the bed and hid her face. "I can never—never go back!" she wailed.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Pax practically. "Let me get you a drink of some sort! It'll help you to pull yourself together."

He left her huddled on the bed and turned to the door which led into the sitting-room, in search of a restorative. He was convinced that when she had recovered from her agitation he would be able to make her see reason.

She raised no objection to his going, and he took this for a good sign. A small peg was all that was needed to restore her to her senses. He took a box of matches from his table to relight the lamp in the room beyond.

With the lighted match in his hand he opened the door and entered the dark room. The windows that led from it to the verandah were closed, and a rush curtain hung in front of them. As he moved forward he thought he saw a flash as of brilliant lightning gleam through the crevices, but, intent upon keeping the match burning until he reached the lamp, he did not pay much attention.

But the next instant a horrible sound that was like the roar of a wounded animal broke the stillness, and from behind him there came a gasping shriek which he knew had been uttered by Yvonne. Whizzing round, his match went out, and in the same moment the lamp in the bedroom was extinguished. But beyond, out on the verandah, clearly visible through the mosquito netting at the window, there shone the light of a torch that moved spasmodically up and down.

ONLY for a second or two was this visible, then—even as he began to stride into the room in which he had left Yvonne—the thing happened. He heard her gasp again, and immediately there followed the sharp report of a firearm—his own automatic; he knew it on the instant—and the light was gone.

There came an agonised yell from beyond the curtain, a struggling and slipping of feet, a headlong fall—and then out of a ghastly silence a queer, whimpering cough made itself heard—a terrible, gurgling sound as of someone fighting for air.

Pax found himself groping through the dark room with only the vague outline of the window with the chequered moonlight beyond to guide him.

"Where are you?" he said. "Yvonne! Where are you? Are you hurt?" Her Christian name came naturally to

his lips in those awful moments, though he had never addressed her by it before. Somehow he did not think of her by any other.

Her answering voice—faint, horror-stricken—came to him out of the gloom. "I only shot at the torch—only at the torch! I can't have—killed him, can I?"

"Give the thing to me!" said Pax. He had reached her now, though he could not see her. He touched an arm that felt like ice.

She was not moving, but standing rigidly. Feeling downwards, he found her hand, the fingers, also rigid, as though frozen about the weapon they clutched. "Give it to me!" he repeated with insistence.

She did not resist, neither did she yield. He loosened her hold and took the automatic from her.

AGAIN, out of the shadows her trembling whisper came. "I only fired—at the torch! I was so afraid—so dreadfully afraid—he'd see me."

"You stay here!" said Pax. He made his way to the window, not pausing to rekindle the lamp. He pushed aside the mosquito curtain and stepped out on the verandah.

There in the full moonlight a figure lay, stretched full length—a heavy, thick-set figure in European clothes with a close-cropped head pillowed upon arms that jerked spasmodically. Two yards away from it was an electric torch.

Pax stood for a second as if caught by the throat, then with a sharp effort went straight forward and stooped over the fallen man. As he bent, the figure moved, raised itself convulsively, and sank again. He heard once more a gurgling sound as of one trying desperately to breathe through choked lungs.

He knelt and took the heaving shoulders between his hands. "It's me—Packersley. Let me help you!" he said.

There came another terrible struggle in answer in which the fallen man fought to rise and again failed. And in the pitiless moonlight a dark patch showed beneath his prone body, spreading outwards to the man who knelt beside him.

"Don't!" urged Pax, bending lower over him. "Keep still Major; you're wasting your strength. I'll do everything."

A voice answered him that was more like the gasping utterance of a wounded animal than any human sound. Yet it had words that seemed to bite their way through some smothering substance with an intensity of determination that made them terribly distinct.

"You—devil!" it said. "You've got—my wife! And now—you've got—me!"

"Major!" Pax said, and it was like the exclamation of one suddenly stabbed. But in a moment he checked himself and spoke more calmly. "It was an accident. We thought it was the mad Hindu wallah. Your wife only ran here for safety."

With a violent jerk the shoulders under his hands rid themselves of his touch.

"So—that's—the lie—you're going—to tell—is it?"

With the last words there came a change. Breathing and effort seemed to cease together. The whole body collapsed slowly, shrank together as it were, and lay still.

Pax, stooping lower, pushed his hand feeling for the heart. . . .

Seconds later he rose. He was clad only in pyjamas, for he had undressed early on account of the heat, and they were wet also—wet and darkly stained like the patch on the verandah that was still spreading outwards imperceptibly in the moonlight.

He turned to the window that led into his bedroom and entered into complete darkness.

"Where are you?" he said.

Yvonne's voice answered him, sobbing out of the void. "Oh, what has happened? Has he gone?"

"He's dead," Pax said.

She uttered a muffled shriek in answer. He realised that she was lying huddled on the bed.

He could not remember what had happened to the matches. He dragged the mosquito-curtains apart, tearing at them in a kind of suppressed savagery. The moonlight streamed in, and he saw her—a broken, shaking creature, bereft of all reason, lying on his bed.

He came to her, stood over her. It was a moment when the stark truth only could be uttered.

"It was not a native. It was—your husband," he said.

She writhed under his eyes. The moon-rays caught the satin sheen of her golden dress—the satin white of her bare arms and neck.

She broke into further sobbing words. "I know—I know! He came after me. I gave him stuff to make him sleep. But it only made him ill—sent him mad. He caught me—beat me. That was why I ran away. I knew—I knew—he'd follow. But I only fired at the torch—I only fired at the torch—to put it out—so that he shouldn't see me here."

He spoke—his voice cold, measured, mechanical. "You knew it was your husband."

She caught back her breath. He had not asked a question, yet she was impelled to reply. For it was as if her soul lay naked to his gaze, and the horror was too near for evasion.

"Oh, yes, I knew—I knew! But I thought Chris was here, and he would save me—take me away. Guy was mad. I tell you—mad! I gave him stuff to make him sleep, but it poisoned him instead. He'd been drinking, and it didn't take effect. Besides, he didn't take it all. It wasn't my fault."

"Not your fault!" said Pax.

Something in his words pierced her like a twisted spear. She sprang up with a cry. And suddenly she was clinging to him in wild supplication, clinging once more as a drowning person clings—with clutching, desperate hands.

"It wasn't—it wasn't—it wasn't!" Her voice rose to a scream. "I only fired at the torch—his electric torch. I never thought of killing him. You can't say it was my fault! No one can! Pax—Pax—you understand! Say you understand!"

"Yes, I understand," Pax said. He was loosening her hold steadily, without violence. "But you shouldn't touch me. I'm not fit to touch. You ought to have known that."

"I can't help it," she sobbed, still clinging to his arms as he sought to put her from him. "I'm terrified—terrified! Pax, save me!"

"Yes," he said, taking her hands and holding them away from him. "I'll do that—if I can. But you're making it impossible. Don't you know I'm covered with blood?"

"Oh, how dreadful—how dreadful!" she cried, and shrank from him shuddering and covering her face. "How dreadful! What will they think?"

Pax bent over her abruptly, and took her by the shoulder as though she had been a man. Something had galvanised him into definite action—her complete helplessness or the awful urgency of the situation. "Yes, it's dreadful enough," he said. "But listen—and never forget! There's only one way of saving you. I fired that shot. I thought it was the madman Mirza Khan. You thought so too. Do you understand? You ran to me for safety. And I fired to defend you. Can you remember that—stick to it?"

His words carried too much weight to be ignored, and his hand upon her compelled. She ceased to sob, and lay quivering, submissive under his insistence.

"Will they ever believe you?" she whispered.

"Yes, they will," he answered with unyielding firmness. "If you hadn't touched me, I could have managed it better—kept you out of it entirely. But now I can't. So—you understand? Your husband was already out of the bungalow, when you left. You had a fright and came to me. I fired the shot. You understand? I fired the shot."

"Yes," she murmured, trembling. "I understand. Why do you keep on saying it?"

He stood upright, letting her go. His face was fixed and masklike, cold as that other face in the moonlight outside.

"Because," he said grimly, "that—is the lie we're going to tell."

CROFTON, the District Commissioner, leaned back in his chair and stared across his office with light bulging eyes which completely masked the intelligence behind them. He was a man of fifty who had given a good account of himself in the war, and had entered the Indian Civil Service immediately afterwards.

Two light knocks on the door brought a murmured response from him.

"Come in, colonel!" he said.

Colonel Risborough entered, ushered by a native clerk who instantly disappeared as if drawn backwards by a spring that closed the door in the same action.

Crofton raised his portly person with extended hand. "How are you, sir? Sit down! There's a chair."

Their hands met for a moment, and Colonel Risborough sat down facing him. He was a thin, worn-looking man with a quiet and courteous manner which never failed him. He often said the obvious, but in a fashion which did not sound commonplace.

"This is a sad business, Crofton," he said.

"It—it's an extraordinary business," Crofton said. He looked straight at his visitor with his somewhat owlish stare. There was nothing in the least inquisitorial about him. "I suppose nothing further has transpired?"

Colonel Risborough shook his head. "Except that we have heard that Miss Chisledon is returning immediately, may in fact be here at almost any moment. Of course, until she arrives, my wife will not leave Mrs. Chisledon."

"Ah!" Crofton spoke almost casually. "And she—Mrs. Chisledon—is still in the same dazed condition?"

"I believe the doctor has administered a strong opiate. He thought it best. He

seemed to fear some sort of collapse." Colonel Risborough leaned forward in his chair, his long fingers interlaced. "It's a ghastly affair," he said. "I can hardly believe it even now. But Packersley is straight—straight as a die. You may take it from me."

"I'm afraid—in my job—I can't take anything from anybody—without proof," said Crofton in his soft voice. "He—certainly he expects to be believed."

Colonel Risborough spoke with a certain inflexibility that did not hide his distress of mind. "He is the best officer I have, Crofton. If he is not absolutely decent and straight in every direction, I shall never believe in humanity again."

Crofton's expression remained unchanged. "Under a certain c-circumstances," he said, "a man can't be absolutely straight and decent at the same time."

"I can't be a case of that sort," maintained Colonel Risborough with insistence. "You know the sort of gossip that's been going round. Pax had nothing to do with that."

"That may be," Crofton's flat voice had a dull note of scepticism. "Yet—I understand—it was he who was so dead keen on getting young Markham out of the way."

"For the boy's own good," protested Colonel Risborough. "I was keen on it myself. We pushed it through in record time on purpose."

"B-so I gathered," Crofton nodded again as one registering a point. "The scandal was all around young Markham and Mrs. Chisledon. I've grasped that. But—do you think, sir, that Mrs. Chisledon had not been informed that Markham had left the bungalow?"

"No, no! Of course she knew! But why disbelieve Packersley's own story that she went to him for help. He was nearer to her than anyone else." Colonel Risborough spoke with an obvious effort to keep the rising anxiety out of his voice.

"But why suggest all this? I can't see the point of it. Packersley's story was clear enough. Why turn down the far more likely theory that she was scared by the mad wallah who is known to be in the neighborhood? It seems to me that you are going out of your way to look for crime."

"Oh, no!" Crofton said, and he spoke temperately, even gently. "No, sir. I am not doing that. If Mirza Khan—the mad wallah—had been anywhere about it would have been a different matter, and Packersley would have had a better chance of getting away with it. But—you see—he wasn't."

"What do you mean? How do you know? He's been prowling round the district for days." Colonel Risborough looked at him again with eyes that held a challenge.

"But Crofton met it with unvarying mildness. "Yes, I know, sir." He spoke without elation. "But he won't prowl any more. We laid him by the heels just two hours before all this happened—miles out along the road beyond the reservoir."

"You've caught him?" The colonel straightened himself sharply. "Why wasn't I told before?"

"Nobody was told," said Crofton flatly, "by my express orders."

Major Nicholls, the doctor, stood by Yvonne's bedside, looking gravely down-

wards. She lay like a beautiful statue under his gaze, scarcely seeming to breathe. On the other side of the bed, Mrs. Risborough, faded and weary, was keeping watch.

Her eyes were on the doctor's face, anxiously searching.

Finally he stood up again and met Mrs. Risborough's waiting gaze. "I think she will wake before long," he said. "I had better be sent for when she does."

"We will ring you at once," Mrs. Risborough assured him.

"Thank you." He glanced around him. "Miss Chisledon has not yet arrived yet?"

"Not yet. But she is on the way. She is sure to be here soon." The nervous strain on her long vigil sounded in her voice.

He regarded her sympathetically. "The sooner the better," he said. "I hope she will be here by the time Mrs. Chisledon wakes. It might make a considerable difference."

"Yes, they are very close friends," Mrs. Risborough admitted. "But I am rather afraid of the effect of all this upon poor Claire. She is not at all strong herself, poor girl."

"We'll take care of her," said Major Nicholls. "She mustn't stay here, of course. Neither of them must. But if I know her, she'll rise to the occasion all right."

Mrs. Risborough sighed. "It's all very terrible—like a hideous dream."

"That's what it will seem like to her," Major Nicholls indicated the still form on the bed with a rueful look on his sorrowful face. He belonged to the circle of Yvonne's admirers. "If we could only keep it as such it would be far better for her. But unfortunately she has got to wake up and realise it in all its horror. Crofton will see to that."

"It's enough to kill her," said Mrs. Risborough. "Can't you prevent it? Surely you can!"

He shook his head dubiously. "It's a very difficult matter. If Mrs. Chisledon is unable to give any evidence, it may be a serious thing for poor Packersley. We shall see—we shall see—hope for the best." He turned towards the door. "I can't do anything more for the moment. It's a tragic business. But—send for me when she wakes! I will hold myself in readiness."

He drifted away, and Mrs. Risborough sighed again. A tragic business indeed! The absolute quiet of the sleeping girl by her side seemed to emphasise the tragedy. She had never approved of Yvonne, but now—after her long watch—pity had taken the place of every other emotion.

A rumbling sound in the distance recalled her swiftly to her immediate surroundings. What was it? Thunder far away, or an approaching car? A few seconds of intent listening satisfied her. Yes, it was beyond doubt a car.

Nearer and nearer came the wheels, and now there was a pause. Yes, they were turning in at the gate. How hot it was, and how intensely Claire must be feeling it! If only Major Nicholls might succeed in carrying out his resolution not to let either of the girls stay in Bhana-pore! But that would mean leaving Pax to stand alone. And that—that might involve something which she had not so far allowed herself to contemplate at all.

Ah, the car had stopped outside. There was a murmuring of voices and there came a light footfall at the door. It opened very softly as Mrs. Risborough rose from her chair, and Claire stood facing her—Claire, pale indeed, but with

eyes of eager searching that somehow seemed to hold despair at bay.

Mrs. Risborough barely repressed a sob of thankfulness. "Oh, my dear," she said, "what a relief to see you!"

Claire came forward, scarcely pausing for the kiss that welcomed her. Straight to the bed she moved and knelt down by Yvonne's side.

"What is this?" she said.

Mrs. Risborough explained in a hushed voice, standing above her. "The doctor gave her an opiate. He thought the shock might unbalance her. But she has slept longer than we expected. I think she will be waking soon."

Claire stood up. If she felt any weariness she did not display it. A new strength seemed to have entered into her slight form. She held herself with an alertness which to Mrs. Risborough's eyes gave her an unfamiliar look. She had expected Claire to need support, but already she found herself leaning upon her. After her long, tragic watch she felt herself the weaker of the two. There was self-reliance as well as courage in Claire's eyes.

"I am quite all right," she said. "I brought refreshment with me and had it on the way. Please tell me all you know, and don't try to make it easy! I prefer to hear everything. I have got to know it sooner or later."

Mrs. Risborough glanced towards the bed. "I suppose she really is asleep?" she hazarded.

"She is certainly unconscious," Claire said. "He must have doped her pretty heavily."

"HE was afraid of the effects of the shock," explained Mrs. Risborough. "You see—poor girl—it all happened under her eyes. It was enough to kill her, too."

Claire took off her hat and pushed back the hair from her forehead. Her face was very resolute. "Well—please tell me—how did it happen?" she said.

Mrs. Risborough hesitated for a moment, and then decided to comply. She was too tired and too bewildered in any case to attempt to soften the recital.

"We have only Captain Packersley's account of it all," she said. "Poor Yvonne was too stunned to say anything coherent. She was alone here, it seems, when some native crawled along the verandah and terrified her. She thought it was the murderer—Mirza Khan—and rushed to Captain Packersley for protection. She must have been rather hysterical, for it took him some little time to calm her, and meanwhile Major Chisledon must have returned to the bungalow and found her gone. No one seems to know quite where he had been, but anyhow he went straight to Captain Packersley's bungalow to see if he knew anything. He had an electric torch with him which he shone in front of him. I think he, too, was unduly excited. But, anyhow, both Captain Packersley and Yvonne leapt to the conclusion that the native murderer had followed her, and Captain Packersley fired his revolver on the impulse of the moment—without stopping to go outside and see. Then—too late—he found that he had shot your poor brother."

She paused with an anxious look at her listener. Claire had heard the whole story, white faced and absorbed, giving no sign of the thoughts that were passing behind her calm front.

"Yvonne had not undressed. She was in her evening frock. When Captain Packersley got the doctor at last, he found her lying in a stupor—all bloodstained—

on the bed, while poor Major Chisledon was dead on the verandah. My dear, you must forgive me for telling you these dreadful details."

"I want to know them," said Claire, and with the words she turned her head with a listening motion. "Who is that?" "Either the doctor or my husband." Mrs. Risborough also listened to the sound of advancing feet. "Yes, it's Basil. Would you like to see him, my dear? Or shall I go?"

"Yes, I would like just to speak to him." Claire wheeled with sudden decision. "You won't mind, I know. I'll come back."

She was gone almost while she spoke with a swiftness that seemed to belie any idea of weariness, meeting Colonel Risborough as he entered, with that new alertness that had caught his wife's attention.

She gave him her hand in greeting, but she did not pause for any verbal formalities. "I have just got here," she said. "Yvonne is not awake yet. Mrs. Risborough is still with her. Do you mind—I may have a word with you?"

He looked at her, deeply sympathetic. "Of course!" "If there is anything I can do—you know how gladly I would be of service."

She gave him a brief smile of gratitude. "I know. That's so nice of you. Well, there is. Mrs. Risborough has been telling me how things happened. I only knew the barest facts before. It all looks simple enough to me, but I may not have heard everything; and I want you to tell me. It was—just a ghastly accident, wasn't it?"

Colonel Risborough's careworn face tried to smile in answer, but the result was scarcely reassuring. He evaded giving a direct answer. "No one has heard everything yet," he said.

"I know," Claire said again. "But surely Pax's account is enough? There can be no reason for anyone to throw any doubt upon it."

"I think you are right," he said, "though I hope you won't allow yourself to be too deeply distressed over what after all can only be regarded as a possibility at this stage. Captain Crofton is not wholly satisfied with Captain Packersley's account of the affair. You see, unless Mrs. Chisledon's evidence absolutely coincides with it, it may cast a very dark suspicion upon him. That, I must tell you, is Crofton's point of view rather than my own; but at the same time I cannot ignore the fact that the possibility exists, and I have therefore been compelled to take action accordingly."

"**W**HAT action, please?" demanded Claire, her voice very low but still persistent.

He made a slight gesture of protest. "It has grieved me beyond words to do it, but I had no choice. Captain Packersley has been placed under open arrest pending enquiry."

She received the news, standing very erect and without a sign of dismay. He wanted out of compassion to turn his eyes away from her, but he could not. She spoke with a cold clearness of determination that masked all feeling.

"Does that mean that he is suspected of having shot Guy on purpose?" He nodded. "That possibility exists," he said again.

Claire remained upright, unflinching. "It couldn't exist without a motive," she said. "What motive could there have been?"

He hesitated. "It's very difficult for me to tell you."

"Please don't hold back on that account!" she said. "It isn't the time for those sorts of scruples."

He bent his head in sad acquiescence. "You are quite right, and I suppose it is best that you should know at once. There is considerable doubt as to how long a time Mrs. Chisledon spent with Captain Packersley. There appears some reason to question whether she really went to him in a panic or—possibly—by appointment. The murderer—Mirza Khan—was not on the scene, as he was captured by the police a good deal earlier in the evening. Unfortunately, Packersley said that he believed him to have been the cause of the scare, and he shot at random under that conviction. It may have been true—it may not. But the doubt remains. Chris Markham was also out of the picture, by Packersley's own efforts. Could it have been—an assignation?"

"A what?" Claire's eyes opened wide. "You mean a love-affair between Pax and my brother's wife?"

There was something almost merciless in her question. Colonel Risborough made again his gesture of protest, but he answered with simplicity none the less.

"That is the possibility that has got to be dealt with, and—I hope with all my heart—disproved."

"It can be disproved," Claire said, and in her voice was a curious ring that was almost of contempt. "I can disprove it, Colonel Risborough, here and now. There was nothing—there could have been nothing—even of the nature of a flirtation between Pax and Yvonne. You can set your mind at rest on that point and take him at his word. Pax never cared for her. What he did in sending young Chris Markham away was done for my sake—and partly, I daresay, for Chris's. But in the main for mine; because he knew that I was uneasy at leaving her." She paused a moment, and then in a different tone that had in it a warmth of feeling which just before had been totally lacking: "And now I will tell you why," she said, "why, I mean, he wanted to do anything for me. It was because he loved me."

"Good heavens!" said Colonel Risborough, startled, looking at her with an almost dazed expression. This was an unexpected complication, and he did not see—what Crofton would have seen at a glance—the immediate result that it would have upon the situation.

Claire proceeded to enlighten him with absolute composure. "So, you see, there could be no question of a love-affair—or even a flirtation—between him and Yvonne. In fact, I was far more likely to disagree with him for his not appreciating her properly. I think that idea can be discarded for good and all, don't you?"

"Do you actually mean that you are engaged to him?" questioned Colonel Risborough, still groping a little.

"I mean that I am going to be," Claire said.

"But—but—my dear—" he spoke with some embarrassment—"hadn't you better wait a little? Wouldn't it be better—wiser? Things may go badly. One never knows. And then—"

"Things will not go badly," Claire said in her ringing voice. "He has no enemies, and he has done no wrong. What should I hold back? Wouldn't it be risking a very great injury to him?"

"I hope you won't do anything sudden," Colonel Risborough said. "You

might regret it deeply afterwards. You see," he spoke apologetically, "I feel rather responsible for you now."

"How nice of you!" said Claire, and held out her hand. "But really you needn't. I am not a child, and I have already looked—before leaping. Do you mind if I go to Pax now?"

He released her hand; there was something of command in her voice.

"Of course—if you really think it advisable. But I still think it might be better for you to wait."

"And I," said Claire, turning from him with a very definite decision, "think that I have kept him waiting too long already. Do you mind telling Mrs. Risborough that I shall be back before long?"

"**I**T'S a shame, that's what it is," said Peters, but he said it under his breath, because the captain was in the next room and it didn't do to be too emphatic in his hearing. "Not take the word of a bloke like 'im—a bloke as I'd go through Hades for! What in 'eaven's name do they want, I'd like to know?"

A sudden sound interrupted—the deep bark of Elfrida announcing an intruder on the premises. Peters paused and listened intently with his head on one side. Someone had come up the verandah steps.

He heard the captain speak in a quiet voice to the dog. "It's all right, old girl—only a visitor."

Elfrida subsided, and almost immediately there came another voice—a woman's. "Can I come in?"

Peters jumped. He knew that voice.

Evidently the captain jumped also, for he heard him spring from his chair.

"Miss Chisledon!"

The woman's voice came again instantly—an extraordinarily sweet voice. "Yes—Claire. I've just got here. Can I come in?"

"Well—I'm—fagged!" said Peters to the mess-jacket, and with that remark he closed down, as he would have expressed it; in other words, he threw a swift glance around to assure himself that everything was in order, and tiptoed out of earshot and away.

"I can come in?" said Claire.

"Of course." He received her gravely in the window-space of the sitting-room, not offering his hand until with a little smile she pressed hers upon him.

"I want to talk to you," she said.

"Can we be alone?"

"Certainly," said Pax.

His brown face expressed very little, it gave no answering smile. But his hand, brown also and very thin, held hers with a closeness which was probably wholly unconscious.

Elfrida, all smiles and sneezes, wrapped herself around each of them in turn. For some unfathomable reason she was extremely pleased to see Claire.

"Come inside!" said Pax, and Claire entered.

Once inside the bare chamber which Pax and Chris dignified by the name of drawing-room, she turned and faced him quite fully.

"Pax, I'm dreadfully sorry for you."

"Thank you," said Pax very steadily.

"I hope you are not going to misunderstand me," she said. "I'm not pretending—I couldn't pretend—that this awful thing happening to my own brother is not a fearful shock. Of course it is. And it will get worse before it

gets better—when I've had time to realise. But it won't—it can't—make any difference to my feelings where you are concerned, Pax. I know—none better—that you had taken on the care of Yvonne for my sake. What happened was in a way the outcome of that."

She paused as if for corroboration, and Pax spoke out of the shadow that hid his face. "I think that is hardly a fair way of regarding the matter."

Claire's hand continued to smooth Elfrida's sleek head, with a growing steadiness. "I had your own assurance on that point before I went away, and I don't think I am making a mistake. You knew I was very anxious and you wanted to help me, didn't you?"

"It's a man's job to help," said Pax. "Is it?" Her faint smile for a moment lightened the weary sadness of her face. "I know why you are being so non-committal," she said. "But it's no use. You went too far before I left."

"I AM afraid," said Pax. "I don't quite understand."

She turned quietly towards him, and her eyes were calm and resolute. "I will explain," she said. "I have already told Colonel Rishborough. Perhaps I ought to have waited and told you first. But I can't feel that it can make any real difference. You didn't actually propose to me the other day, but—you let me know that you intended to. I'm afraid I was not very encouraging then, but—I have thought it over since, and they say—her voice trembled a little—"that a woman is entitled to second thoughts. Pax, on second thoughts, I have decided to accept you. That's what I've come to say."

His voice came at length, rather hushed but totally emotionless. "It's just the sort of thing you would do, and I'm very grateful. But it's also the sort of thing I couldn't do. So that ends it."

"Ends what?" said Claire. He moved then very definitely, unclasping his hands with a wide gesture and rising. "Everything, I'm afraid. I'm no longer in a position to offer marriage to anybody. I've been sitting here thinking—almost all day long. And the only thing that's brought me any kind of comfort has been the thought that I didn't get any further—with you."

"That's absurd," said Claire. She remained seated, looking up at him. "You went too far to draw back now. I, too, have had time to think since I went away."

Pax turned from her and walked to the end of the room.

"Do you realise what my prospects are?" he asked her bluntly.

She answered without hesitation. "I realise everything. You stand a very great risk of misjudgment, but I have not misjudged you. If I had I shouldn't be here now. No, Pax, listen!" as he made some sort of sound to interrupt her. "I'm serious. I'm in earnest. I mean you to take me at my word. This awful thing that has happened must not—and shall not—be allowed to develop into something far more awful. I believe in you—as I believe in Yvonne, and everybody has got to know it."

He broke in upon her with a force that would no longer be restrained. "That's your sole reason! I won't allow it!"

She held up her hand. "Wait! You can't help it. If rests with me—not you. Would you allow it any more if you thought I was in love with you?"

"It shan't be done," he said stubbornly. "I shall deny it—flatly."

"Yes, you may." Calmly she answered him. "People will know why, and respect you all the more for it."

He gripped his hands together almost with a hint of violence. She had never seen him so moved, and she waited, summoning every particle of her strength to meet some harsh outburst.

At length very quietly he came to her, bent, and laid a hand on her shoulder. "Claire, my dear," he said, "this is about the finest thing you've ever set your hand to. But—it can't come off. How do you think I'm ever going to look myself in the face again if I take shelter behind a woman—who doesn't even love me?"

His voice was kind. It even had a whimsical note, and it was for some reason that note that sent the tears welling up into her eyes, so that she saw him as in a mist, smiling down at her.

Her throat began to work, and she put her hand to it quickly. With difficulty she found her voice. "I don't care what you say—how you put it. I know you would say just the same—if you thought I loved you. So—you see—that doesn't come into it. That's—ruled out."

He made a brief sound and straightened himself. She saw him stiffen, and she stiffened herself in response.

"I mean it, Pax," she said. "I mean it. Until this horror is over, nothing will alter my decision. I am determined."

He stood back a little, looking down at her as if he would see just how far she would go before he put a stop to the amazing sacrifice.

"And what about afterwards?" he said, speaking very quietly and gravely. "Have you thought of that at all?"

"I have thought of everything," Claire replied, and in her voice was an answering coolness of decision for which he was unprepared. "I have turned the sharpest corner of my life, I admit, but I am not afraid to go on. But I am only dealing with the present now, because that is going to take all our strength to cope with."

He made an odd gesture as of reverence to something unseen. "My dear," he said, "you are the greatest person I have ever met. I suppose it's the Divine in you—shining out—like an electric torch. But I can't surrender—I'm sorry—I can't."

His words held a suppressed emotion, but no hint of yielding. He stood quite upright as a man upon his trial.

Claire uttered a small sigh and got up. "I'm not asking you to surrender," she said. "It doesn't very much matter under the circumstances what you do. It's what I do that's going to count, and I just thought I would let you know. I'm going now. Good-bye!"

He made a sharp movement, and suddenly her hand was caught in his and he was bending over it, speaking in a voice that was hardly audible. "Claire—help me to play the game!"

"I will," Claire said, looking at his bowed head. "But it's teamwork—teamwork, Pax. I want you to help me save Yvonne."

Something like a shiver went through him, as though he had been struck an unexpected blow. "Oh—Yvonne!" he said, and straightened himself as if putting himself on guard against another.

"Yes—Yvonne." Very insistently she repeated the name and saw the masked look come back over his drawn face. "We must keep her out of this. She, too, is in an awful position. Can't you see it?"

He passed his hand back over his head. "I'm sorry," he said rather formally, as if he were striving to banish all trace of his momentary weakness. "I'm afraid I can't see what more one can do in that direction."

"I will tell you then," said Claire steadily. "You can give me that signet ring of yours to wear. That will help."

"My signet ring!" He looked at his hand sharply. And then he looked at her with a sudden indomitability of purpose that took her unawares. "So that you may wear it for Yvonne's sake?" he said.

She nodded. "Yes, for hers—since you won't do it for your own."

He still looked at her with that new force of will which she had not hitherto encountered. "You are ready to pretend that you are engaged to me—for Yvonne's sake," he said slowly. "Well, so be it then!"

He drew the ring from his finger and held it out to her. "You may have it—and wear it—but on one condition—since I am not doing this to save my own skin."

"What is the condition?" asked Claire. She took the ring from him with the words, but she did not put it on. She stood waiting.

"The condition is that you give me your word of honor to let me change it for a wedding-ring as soon as I find myself in a position to do so."

"Ah!" Claire said. It was an involuntary exclamation, and she checked all further utterance with swift self-restraint.

"So now you know," he said. "I will do this—for you and for no one else—on the condition I have mentioned. Do you accept—or refuse?"

She regarded him with level eyes, and the silence between them held like a stretched elastic, till it could endure no longer.

Then in her quiet voice Claire spoke. "I accept," she said, and with the words she slipped the ring on to the third finger of her left hand and held it up without a tremor for him to see. It was as though she registered a vow in that simple action.

Then without haste or agitation she turned away.

"Good-bye!" she said, and departed gravely along the verandah as she had come.

"I CAN'T understand it," said Major Nicholls. "Of course opiates affect people in different degrees; but I thought she would have waked long ago."

"Perhaps it is the shock," said Claire.

It was nearly midnight, and she was sitting by Yvonne's bed where Mrs. Rishborough had sat for so many hours. She had undressed and thrown on a pale blue wrapper that somehow made her look oddly young. To the doctor's eyes she had almost the appearance of a weary child.

"You ought to be in bed yourself," he said.

She smiled a little. "Thank you. I don't think I could sleep—anyhow yet. I shall lie down presently." She indicated the long chair in which she sat. "I can make myself quite comfortable here."

"You ought not to be left alone," he said.

Her grey eyes met his without foreboding. "Ghulam is within call," she said. "I asked him to stay. He is quite trustworthy, and I could ring through to you if anything were needed. But I don't think it will be." Her look went back to the unconscious face on the pillow. "She

is sleeping so peacefully. She is almost bound to be better when she wakes."

"Yes, yes, there's that," agreed Major Nicholls. "Left undisturbed, she ought to be fairly normal when she wakes. I am not really anxious on that score. Her pulse is quite good. So long as she doesn't get any more shocks."

"That, of course, shall be guarded against," said Claire with resolution. "I shall be here."

"Yes. I am glad of that." Major Nicholls turned from the bed. "Sure you're not nervous? You wouldn't like me to spend the night here?"

"No, indeed, thank you. I am sure she will be all right. Ghulam could always ring up, you know." Claire spoke with the quiet confidence of one not easily shaken. "Besides," she added, "Pax is only a stone's throw away."

"Oh! Ah! Pax!" Major Nicholls stared a little. He had not expected her to mention that name. "Yes, of course, there is—Pax," he said, seeking to cover his surprise.

Claire was looking at him again with her steady, fearless eyes. "You know we're engaged, don't you?" she said.

Major Nicholls looked embarrassed. "Oh! It's true, is it?" he said. "Yes, I had heard. I rather hoped it wasn't."

"Why?" said Claire.

He made an uneasy movement of one shoulder. "Horrible situation for you!" he muttered.

Claire shook her head. "I don't look at it like that, Major Nicholls. It's horrible for him, but for me—it could make no difference."

He regarded her doubtfully.

"None whatever," she said firmly. "No more than if Pax had run over Guy in a car. An accident may happen to anyone. It might have happened to Pax himself."

Major Nicholls made a protesting sound. He had seen the signet-ring on her finger, and he wished it had not been there.

Claire flushed a little. His silence was somehow hard to face. It disturbed her more than a spoken remonstrance. "I think you are rather unreasonable," she said. "I can't understand your point of view."

"No," said Major Nicholls bluntly. "You can't understand—neither can I—how a European could possibly have been mistaken for a native at such close quarters."

He turned aside with decision. "I'm sorry," he said briefly. "I shouldn't have spoken. Well, send for me if I'm wanted! I'll be in readiness." And with that he left her.

She watched him go, and then she sighed again—the sigh of one utterly weary and sick at heart—sighed and turned back to the bed, to find Yvonne lying still and motionless, but gazing full at her with eyes that saw.

In a moment Claire was bending over her. "My dear," she whispered softly, "so you're awake at last!"

Yvonne made a small motion with one hand. "Have I been asleep?" she said, and yawned. "I thought you were away."

Claire stooped to kiss her. "I went, darling, but I've come back—to take care of you."

"Have I been ill?" said Yvonne.

"Not really ill." Claire thought rapidly for a moment or two. "And you're not going to be. I shall see to that."

"You!" said Yvonne, and smiled up at her—that sweet, irresistible smile of hers. "Can you drive away microbes and things? You're very clever if you can." She stretched her arms slowly above her head in the old characteristic attitude. "I sup-

pose I've had fever, have I? I feel as if I had."

"How do you feel, darling?" questioned Claire.

The beautiful eyes met hers with a shadow of some horror as yet remote and uncomprehended in their depths. "I've had such queer dreams," she said. "I thought that Guy was dead, and you—and someone else—Pax, I think—were saying that it was my fault."

"No one would ever say that, dear," Claire said very quietly.

Yvonne spoke in a gasping whisper. "Claire! It was not—my fault."

Claire gathered her close. "My darling, of course it was not your fault! It was nobody's fault—unless it was poor Guy's. I have wondered if perhaps he was not quite responsible at the time."

Yvonne groaned. "He was always like that—at night," she said.

Claire held her closer still. "I ought not to have left you," she said.

Yvonne's arms clasped her like the arms of a terrified child. "You won't again, will you? Promise you won't!" she entreated.

"Never—never!" Claire said. "There, darling! Don't tremble! No one shall blame you. No one could blame you."

"It wasn't my fault," Yvonne reiterated, her face buried in Claire's neck.

"You're very tired," Claire said.

"Yes. I should like to go to sleep again." Yvonne's reply came through lips half closed. "Couldn't you come in here and sleep with me? I should feel safe then."

"Very well, darling. I will," said Claire.

Thereafter she did not speak again. The terrible shock of realisation seemed to have stunned her. And for a long, long time Claire sat there with her arms about her, gazing deeply before her with eyes that seemed to search a far horizon.

IF I might have a little t-talk with her," said Crofton, a reassuring smile on his pale flat face. "I shall be very careful not to agitate her."

He removed his dark glasses with the words, and the contrast of the light eyes which they had hidden gave Claire an odd sense of shock. Till that moment she had always regarded him as a good sort, but now something seemed to warn her, and she treated him with reserve.

"I couldn't let anyone see her without Major Nicholls' permission," she said.

"Oh, that's all right. I've seen Nicholls." Crofton's flabby voice had a self-satisfied sound. "I told him a friendly chat was all I wanted, and he didn't think it could do any harm."

"I think he must be mad," Claire said.

Crofton did not attempt to disagree. "He is, I understand, anxious to get her away from here as soon as possible—you, too!"

His eyes regarded her somewhat stony countenance sympathetically. "It was unlucky that you should have had to be recalled, Miss Chisledon."

"Everything has been unlucky," she replied quietly. "There are very few lucky accidents in the world."

"That's true," he assented. "The gods haven't many favorites nowadays, though I must admit I have always thought till now that Mrs. Chisledon must be one of them."

Claire suppressed a slight shudder. She wished with all her heart that he would go away. But this was obviously very far from being Crofton's intention. He stood his ground like a large, amiable dog who cannot believe himself to be unwelcome.

"If I might s-see her just for a few minutes," he said. "You be there too, of course! I only want to ask one or two questions—n-nothing very vital. Really you needn't be worried." His eyes rested upon the signet-ring on Claire's left hand. "Ought I to congratulate?" he asked.

She smiled for the first time, formally, somewhat perfunctorily. "You mean my engagement to Pax? That's very nice of you."

"Don't mention it!" said Crofton. "I think it's very nice of you—if you don't mind my saying so."

"Why?" said Claire.

His square shoulders gave a small, expressive shrug. "If I were in Pax's situation, I should certainly think so."

She flushed in spite of herself. "As a matter of fact, Pax was very much against announcing it at the present moment."

"I can quite understand that," murmured Crofton.

She looked at him with a certain defiance. "In that case, why make any insinuations about it?"

She turned aside with a heavy heart. "I will go and prepare Yvonne," she said.

"Don't—please—alarm her!" urged Crofton in her wake. "There is no earthly reason for that."

She made no response. He had aroused in her the deepest mistrust, though wherefore she could scarcely have said. Gravely she took her way to Yvonne's room.

She found her lying on her pillows, still pale and with deeply shadowed eyes but more composed, and able to give her a wraith-like smile that went to Claire's heart.

"Who, dear? Captain Crofton? He wants to see me, you say?" Her lips trembled a little, but her voice was steady. "Well, of course, if he must! Am I fit to be seen?"

"You are always lovely," Claire said with great tenderness. "He wants to ask you a few questions about that dreadful night. Do you think you can bear it?"

Yvonne sighed. "Yes, I suppose so. You'll be here, won't you? You promised."

"Of course I shall be here, darling." Claire bent to rearrange the coverlet with gentle hands. "But before he comes in, I want to say one thing."

"What! You too!" said Yvonne.

Claire looked straight down at her. "It's only this, dear; and it doesn't concern you so much as myself. I've had no time to tell you before, but I want you to hear it from me first." She held her left hand in front of Yvonne's eyes. "I am engaged to Pax."

Yvonne drew a swift breath. "Claire!"

Claire went on very quietly. "Yes. He told me he wanted me before I went away. I couldn't quite decide then. But I have made up my mind now. I saw him last night and told him. He wanted to put it off then, but I wouldn't allow it. I have told several people since, so I suppose the whole station knows by now. Captain Crofton knows, and I didn't want him to spring it on you."

Yvonne was looking at her with a very strange expression in her shadowy eyes—as if she were searching for something she feared to find. She spoke slowly. "I suppose you know—that he hates—me?"

"I know nothing of the kind," Claire answered steadily. "and I don't believe it. But he is in bad trouble, and I am going

to stand by him just as I mean to stand by you. Don't you understand?"

"I don't—quite." The look of dread in Yvonne's eyes was growing. "Why is he in trouble? Can't they take him at his word?"

"They have got to make the fullest inquiries in a case like this," Claire explained. "Oh, I know it's dreadful, but they are bound to. It's a formality that's got to be gone through. It's a matter that must be settled once and for all, so that no evil suspicions may ever crop up afterwards."

Yvonne had begun to tremble. "What evil suspicions?" she said. "Claire, are you—hiding something from me?"

"No, darling." Claire's hands clasped hers with instant reassurance. "I'm telling you everything—though I'd give anything to spare you. I know quite well that Pax shot poor Guy by mistake, but some people have raised a doubt about it. Anyhow, they want to make quite sure. And Pax—Pax is under arrest until these horrible inquiries are over."

Yvonne sank back limply on the pillows. "Oh, Claire!" she said. "I'm—frightened!"

"You needn't be." With unvarying steadfastness Claire reassured her. "Just try to answer Captain Crofton's questions as simply as possible! You've nothing to hide, darling, and no one need ever be afraid of the truth."

"Oh, I don't know," moaned Yvonne. "I don't know. They can—twist things so."

"Not with me here," Claire spoke insistently. "I can bear you out in everything you say. Don't be afraid, darling! Don't!"

Yvonne's eyes looked up to hers—pitiful, agonised eyes—like the eyes of a trapped creature. "And you—really mean—to marry Pax?" she said.

Claire's hands pressed hers with a suggestion of restraint. "Darling, yes. But we won't discuss that now. Captain Crofton is waiting. Shall I tell him to come in?"

Yvonne dropped her hand at length. "Very well, dear! Bring him in! But—he mustn't stay for very long. Tell him so!"

"I will, darling," Claire promised gently, and went quietly from the room.

The moment she was gone Yvonne moved, rose from her bed with a swift gliding motion and noiselessly opened a drawer in a tiny cabinet on her dressing-table. Her fingers found a sandalwood match-box and quickly withdrew it. From it she shook something into the palm of her hand—two or three minute crystals, no more. Then she replaced the box, closed the drawer without sound, and slid back to the bed.

"I haven't come to distress you," said Captain Crofton, pausing with Yvonne's hand in his. "You know how deeply we all sympathise with you, Mrs. Chisledon. But there are one or two points which I am anxious to clear up. I am e-sure you will understand that."

Yvonne, looking up at him from under her heavy eyelids, replied with a sort of murmur and slipped her hand free.

Claire drew forward a chair for him, and sat down herself on the other side of the bed.

"You see," went on Crofton smoothly, "I have heard everything from Pax's end, so to speak, but n-nothing from yours. It is difficult to piece together even a paragraph when e-certain odd scraps are missing. Thank you, Mrs. Chisledon."

He seated himself on the chair pro-

vided, looking portly and good-natured.

Crofton did not appear to be looking at anyone in particular. He proceeded without haste or embarrassment. "Captain Packerley's account only begins where you appeared at his bungalow asking for help. I have no specific details as to what happened before that to alarm you. That is where I want your help, Mrs. Chisledon. If this business can only be cleared up satisfactorily now, it will save your being called upon to give f-formal evidence later."

He paused. "Well?" said Yvonne. Her voice had a deep, unearthly sound. She spoke as though she were addressing someone unseen.

BUT Crofton was not discomfited. "I want to know," he said, "exactly what form the cause of your alarm took. Were you alone there?"

Yvonne's half-veiled eyes flickered a little. "Yes, alone," she said in the same impersonal tone.

"You were alone," said Crofton encouragingly. "And your husband—where was he?"

"I don't know," said Yvonne.

"He dined with you?" questioned Crofton.

"Yes, he dined with me," she said the words mechanically, as though repeating a lesson.

Claire from her post on the other side of the bed was regarding her with deepening concern, but she said nothing to impede Crofton's gentle progress.

"And he went out afterwards?" he suggested with his eyes on the yellow mosquito netting.

"Yes," said Yvonne.

"And you?" asked Crofton.

"I stayed here," said Yvonne.

"Were you doing anything?" he inquired.

"I was looking—at some magazines," she said, her brows contracting somewhat.

"You saw him go?" said Crofton.

"He didn't take much notice," said Yvonne.

"Should you say that he was in an absolutely normal condition when he went?" pursued Crofton.

Yvonne's brows drew closer together.

"I don't know what you mean by normal," she said.

"I mean e-sober," said Crofton.

A long shiver went through her; she was silent, her eyelids drooping more and more.

"You needn't be afraid to tell me," he said.

She spoke almost under her breath.

"Is it fair, do you think?"

"Ah!" said Crofton. "I understand. I needn't press the point. I understand p-perfectly. We will go on to another point. He went on. You remained here. For how long, Mrs. Chisledon?"

"I don't remember," said Yvonne.

"Will you tell me what happened?" said Crofton persuasively.

Her brows began to work again. "It's like—a bad dream," she said, speaking in the same remote and weary voice. "It's difficult to remember the details. I smoked and read for a little while, and then—it was hot—and I got up—and went outside. I think there was a moon. I'm not sure. The shadows were very black."

She shivered again, and seemed about to drop into silence; but then, as if urged by some invisible force, she continued. "I heard a native moving out there—and there was a wild cat scream—

ing—and then I saw a figure—a native—creeping towards me. He had something in his hand—yes, there must have been a moon—I saw it shine. And then—I saw—his eyes." Her own eyes suddenly opened wide and gazed around, the pupils dilated, panic-stricken. "There was a devil in them—he meant to murder me—and I ran—I ran for my life!" She flung out her hands. "Claire!—Claire!"

"I am here, darling," Claire's hands closed upon them instantly, holding them fast. "Don't be frightened. There's no need."

Yvonne sank back deep into her pillows; she was gasping, but her eyes were half closed again, the distraught look gone. "I'll never forget it," she moaned. "Oh, if I could only forget!"

Yvonne's voice came brokenly. "It was all so dreadful. I hardly knew—what I was doing. I just ran—and ran—in and out of the bushes—trying to hide—and he came after me—like an animal—like a tiger!"

"You poor darling!" murmured Claire. "And then?"

"Then I got to the bungalow and rushed in and found Pax. Chris Markham had gone, and there was no one else."

"Not Peters?" said Crofton's voice gently in the background.

"No. He had gone, too. I saw him in the road by the gate before it all happened." Yvonne's words rushed out feverishly again as though the idea to tell the whole story and have done with it had seized upon her and now drove her irresistibly.

But Crofton quietly checked the headlong recital. "And he saw you, did he?"

"Yes," she answered, recklessly. "yes. But that was before. That had nothing to do with it. It was after he had gone that I saw—the madman. It must have been Mirza Khan. I told Pax so. He came out on to the verandah to meet me and took me into his room. His revolver was on the table. He said he would get me some brandy. And then—

and then—someone came—close up to the window—and Pax shot—through the curtain."

She broke off with an agonised sound and covered her face.

Crofton spoke gently from the background. "He didn't stop to look at all—just shot at random? Is that right?"

"Yes—yes." She spoke through her trembling hands. "We were—so sure—it was Mirza Khan. Everything was done—at random. There was no time. Can't you understand?"

"I think so," said Crofton. He rose rather weightily, his pale face quite expressionless. "Well, I am sorry to have distressed you, Mrs. Chisledon. But that is all, anyhow, for the present. I am very much obliged to you."

He turned to go, but in a moment was recalled by Yvonne's voice—wild, insistent. She had raised herself in the bed, putting Claire to one side. Her face was the face of one who flees from a relentless pursuer.

"What do you mean—for the present?" she said. "What more can I do—or say? Haven't I told you—everything—everything?"

He stopped, looking full at her, his eyes very calm, deliberately unobservant. "Mrs. Chisledon," he said, "you are upsetting yourself quite unnecessarily, believe me. You have done all that could be expected of you, and there is no more that you can do now. I may ask you later to look over a statement which I shall prepare, and to sign it if you find it to be correct."

But that is all I have to suggest, and I think it will probably be enough."

Yvonne dropped back and lay still with closed eyes.

Claire paused for a few seconds, looking down upon her; then very quietly stood up and followed Crofton from the room.

"I am sorry," he said, "to have upset her. I hoped she would be calmer. After all, I don't think I pressed her very hard."

Claire answered very gravely. "You must see for yourself that she is utterly unfit to give any calm account of what happened. But at least I hope you are satisfied that her story corroborates what Pax has already told you. There can be no doubt of that."

Crofton nodded. "So far as it goes, Miss Chisledon, certainly. But it is not a very consecutive narrative. In all that she has told me there is only one helpful item, which may prove the connecting link I am trying to find."

"What is that?" said Claire, taken by surprise.

His light eyes went beyond her. "Quite a small thing really—but small things count. She saw Peters, you note, and P-Peters saw her."

Crofton's eyes came to hers, vaguely smiling. "Peters," he observed, "is a faithful servant and—perhaps—a little short-sighted. We shall see."

"Oh, but Peters—" Claire found herself groping for words—"you couldn't take—Peters—seriously!" she ended half appealingly.

"I don't," said Crofton, and finally turned to go. "With everything that Peters says, I take—s-salt."

He departed, and Claire looked after him with interest and a certain watchfulness in her eyes. Then, suppressing a sharp shiver, she went back to Yvonne.

"THIS is wretched," said Chris Markham.

He stood on the verandah facing Pax, who lay back in a wicker chair with a cigarette between his lips.

Pax spoke meditatively, half cynically. "Heaps of better men have been tripped up for less."

"Oh, confound it, man!" There was heat in Chris's protest. "You can't take this thing lying down."

"I'm not sure," said Pax with grave deliberation, "that it isn't my best course."

"What do you mean?" Chris spoke with the impatience of badly-shaken nerves. "It's appalling. You can't let 'em bring a murder charge against you."

Pax paused to flick the ash from his cigarette before replying. "It's not exactly a question of letting," he said then. "One doesn't want to be charged with murder—naturally, but I don't see that making a song about it is going to prevent it, do you?"

"Man alive!" said Chris. "You're mightily calm about it."

"I've had time," said Pax, "to think it over."

Chris surveyed him with closer attention, paused, and then abruptly spoke his mind. "Look here! If you've some notion at the back of your brain that you're shielding me in any way over this stunt—come off it! I'll tell the whole world that I had a flirtation with Yvonne—and that I was infernal cad enough to clear out without letting her know."

"I shouldn't do that," said Pax quietly into the explosive silence that followed the words. "It isn't going to help anybody, and certainly won't improve her reputation as a witness—or anything else."

Chris swore deeply. "They'll never call her. Nicholls says she's utterly unfit to say anything whatever."

"I believe that is true," said Pax. "Crofton has already had a shot at it, but nothing tangible has resulted. Not that I should know if it had." He laid a steady hand upon Elfrida's snowy brow. "Quite obviously, he doesn't keep me informed as to the outcome of his investigations."

Chris swung on his heel. "I shall go and see Crofton. He must see reason. He must see it was an accident."

"I shouldn't," Pax's calm voice restrained him. "Why you've come back at all I don't know. It's not your job to butt in. In fact, the more you keep out of it, the better."

"Why?" demanded Chris.

Pax explained with unchanging composure. "You don't want to provide motives or any other complications. They've got my story. Let them get on with it! There's no need to vary the theme."

"But you—but you!" fumed Chris.

A faint smile lightened the dark shadows on Pax's face. "They can't hang me on my own evidence," he said.

"What I've said, I stick by. My chief consolation is that you were in the jungle when this show came along, and I only wish to heaven you'd stayed there."

"How could it?" said Chris.

Pax's smile dwelt upon him for a second and passed. "I suppose—you—couldn't. But I wish you had all the same. Well, now you are here—has anyone told you of my matrimonial prospects?"

"Your what?" Chris stared.

"I see. You're still in the dark." Pax looked contemplative. "It may be a bit of a shock to you. It was to me at first. Miss Chisledon—Claire—has done me the honor of accepting me."

"What?" said Chris.

Pax's eyes, brown, rather concentrated, met his. "I thought you might have heard. She knew I meant business before she went to Kapoo, but we left it in the air, so to speak. Now she has come back—and insists upon announcing the engagement."

"My stars!" said Chris. "What on earth—I mean, what made her do that?"

Pax's eyes fell suddenly to Elfrida's nudging head. "That I can't tell you," he said. "Have you ever asked yourself why any woman accepts any man?"

"My dear chap!" said Chris, and clapped a warm hand upon Pax's shoulder. "I'm awfully glad, of course, and all that. At least I shall be when all this wretched show is over. She's a jolly fine girl. I've always thought so."

"Thanks!" said Pax, without looking up. "We're agreed on that point, anyway." He paused a moment, then spoke slowly, with very definite restraint. "One other thing, Chris! You're a good fellow, but—you know—you're a bit on the impetuous side. There's one thing I'm going to ask of you—a personal favor if you like."

"Anything!" declared Chris. "Anything under the sun!"

"You won't like it," warned Pax.

Chris flushed suddenly a deep crimson. "Oh, don't start in again jawing about that miserable affair, Pax! I cut adrift to please you."

"Yes, and I want you to stay cut," said Pax. "It's been a bad chapter, my boy, and I want to know that—whether I sink or swim—it's closed once and for all. Understand?"

Chris's discomfiture began to harden into a certain stubbornness. "I'm not

sure that you have the right to say that to me," he said.

"No," said Pax, "you don't understand. That's why I'm calling it a favor. It's the first—and it may be the last that I shall ever ask of you. Are you going to turn it down?"

Chris stirred uneasily. "It's rather—uncalled for, isn't it, to put it like that? I mean, no one in their sober senses would charge you with murder."

"I'm not discussing that," Pax said. "I'm not really expecting a murder charge. I've too much faith in Crofton's sagacity for that. It may be manslaughter, or it may be nothing at all. But—whatever it is—my army career is finished. A man who has shot his major—even by mistake—his teeth showed a little—can't hope to carry on afterwards as if nothing had happened. That's not done."

"Oh, I say!" Chris said, and suddenly he stopped as though a silencing hand had been laid upon him.

"Well?" said Pax.

Chris started, pulled himself together with an obvious effort, spoke. "I hope it won't be—as bad as that. It's bad luck anyhow. Of course—I'll remember what you say, and—he gulped a little—"I'll do my best to—respect your wishes."

"Thank you," said Pax. "And now the best thing you can do is to go back and finish your leave with the bigers."

"Think so?" said Chris. He looked down at Elfrida who was nuzzling at Pax's leg. "Don't you want me here?"

"Want you!" said Pax, a hint of humor that was quite mirthless in his voice. "Well, of course I want you—and Elfrida, too. But I'm afraid I shall have to do without either of you before long. This enquiry comes off in two days' time, and after that—His silence was significant."

"Pax!" burst forth Chris.

But Pax did not look at him again; he was stooping to examine one of Elfrida's neatly clipped ears.

"Good-bye, old chap!" he said very quietly and definitely.

And Chris turned and left him there.

"IT'S no good you trying to prove as I see anything I didn't see, sir," maintained Peters respectfully but firmly. "I've told you all I know. There was a dirty-looking native slouching in the road when I went back to barracks that night—as I mentioned before. But I left the captain alone in the bungalow, and I didn't see no one else. As I say, sir, it's no good you trying to make me think as I did, sir, because I didn't."

"Thank you, Peters." Crofton was making notes in a pocket-book, not hurriedly, but with deft precision. "And that will be your evidence on oath, will it?"

"It will, sir," said Peters, and licked his lips with a certain relish as if the prospects were not wholly without charm.

Crofton looked bland. "And this native in the road who was slouching along—which way was he slouching?"

"The other way, sir," said Peters promptly.

"Do you mind telling me which was the other way?" inquired Crofton.

"The opposite way to what I was going myself, sir," said Peters.

"You're sure of that?" said Crofton. "Swear to it, sir," said Peters, licking his lips again.

Crofton made another note, his smooth mouth slightly pursed.

Eventually he looked at Peters again. "I think I am right," he said, "in believing that you are very greatly attached to Captain Packersley?"

Peters blinked a little, his green eyes very shrewd. "Fond of 'im, d'you mean, sir?" he said.

"That is what I mean, Peters," said Crofton.

Peters considered for a moment. "Well, I ain't got nothink against 'im, sir," he said finally, "if that's what you mean. An officer and a gentleman, sir—that's what I've always thought 'im—and a good sportsman, too."

"Captain Packersley is in a very difficult position because there is no one to corroborate his statement," said Crofton. "Mrs. Chisledon has done her best, but she also is in a very difficult position, being an interested party. You—and you alone—stand right outside. Your evidence is an independent testimony and, you may take it from me—it is not in Captain Packersley's interest that you should withhold anything you know. The situation is a very grave one, and only the truth can help to lessen its gravity. Now, Peters, you see how you stand. It is your word against that of Mrs. Chisledon. She declares that she met you and that you saw her on that night. I have no doubt in my mind that that statement is true, and you have no reasonable excuse for contradicting it."

Peters refrained with difficulty from clicking his heels as he made brief and emphatic reply. "If you ask me, sir, I should say it was all a feminine fable—and nothink else," he said.

"That is your last word?" said Crofton. "My first and my last, sir," said Peters impressively.

Crofton sighed. "You persist in that. Well, I suppose you are a trusty servant according to your lights."

"I've never been called such a thing before in all my life, sir," said Peters, looking slightly affronted.

"I think you might—quite reasonably—be called something a good deal worse," returned Crofton rather curtly. "Well, that's all. You can go."

Peters saluted smartly and went.

"SHE must be got away as soon as possible," said Major Nicholls for the twentieth time, standing by Yvonne's side, his fingers on her pulse.

"I know—I know." There was a wrung sound in Claire's voice. "She is losing ground—terribly. I can see it almost with every hour that passes. But what can we do? Oh, if to-day were only over!" murmured Claire under her breath.

"I know," said Major Nicholls. "It's ghastly for you. They are not wanting you as a witness, anyway?"

Major Nicholls transferred his attention to her again. "It certainly is a vile situation for you," he said. "But it'll soon be over now. They can't possibly muster enough evidence to commit him for trial."

"Isn't that almost the worst thing that can happen?" said Claire unexpectedly.

He averted his eyes swiftly. "I don't know. No, I shouldn't say so. Anyway, we've kept her out of it, and I think that's a matter for congratulation. I've got to give evidence myself, of course, from a surgical standpoint, and I ought to be going. But you may be sure I shall do my best for Pax—and you."

She uttered a small sigh of impotence. "If people would only be sane!" she said. "He has already told them exactly what

happened. Why can't they believe him?"

Major Nicholls shrugged his shoulders. "The Press have got to be considered, you know. They don't like the common-sense conclusion—naturally. There isn't enough thrill about it."

Claire sighed again. She had no desire to detain him. He had never been able to offer any real comfort, and she felt better able to endure things alone.

It was towards evening when Yvonne began to grow restless—a sure sign of returning consciousness.

Claire went to her and softly spoke her name, but Yvonne did not hear her. She only moaned and began to murmur odd words that were often too vague to be distinguishable.

Yvonne moaned again, and she bent towards her. "Are you awake, dearest? Can I do anything?"

Yvonne's eyes opened and gazed at her. They were dark, immense, so shadowed that they seemed to be shining out of deep caverns.

"Oh, Claire!" she said. "Don't let Guy come in here again!"

"Hush—hush!" Claire said, drawing her close. "You are safe—with me."

But Yvonne only shook her head and shivered. "I shall see him—even if you don't," she said. "That's—almost the worst part of it. Oh, Claire, you must never—never leave me."

"I never shall, darling," Claire said very quietly. "Unless you yourself wish it. Oh, here comes the khit with tea! That will do us both good."

But it was not the khit who came softly forward a moment later with the tea-tray, but Ghulam the beaver in snowy attire looking as though he had just stepped out of an Oriental fairy-tale.

He smiled at Claire, but his eyes at once sought his mistress with swift concern. Claire had laid her back upon the pillows, and she rested there motionless with closed eyes as if exhausted.

Ghulam set the tray upon a table by her side. "Mem-sahib!" he said in a hushed voice. "Mem-sahib!"

Yvonne's eyes opened. "Ghulam!" she said, and in her voice was a strange note of relief as though she hailed a rescuer. Ghulam bent in a deep salutation. "I am here, mem-sahib."

She gazed at him with a sort of dumb eagerness, and it was Claire who spoke. "What has happened? Is the inquiry over?"

"All over, mem-sahib," said Ghulam gently to Yvonne.

Claire leaned forward. She felt as if her heart had suddenly sprung into her throat, and she had to fight for further utterance. "And—Captain Packersley's case?" she managed to say.

Ghulam bent himself towards her. "The Captain sahib is waiting to speak to the Miss sahib," he said in a whisper.

Claire started. For a moment the room and everything in it seemed to darken, then she gripped herself anew.

She turned and went from the room, outwardly calm, inwardly shaken by such a tumult of agonising doubt and dread as had never before assailed her. She did not even know how she found her way, for she was as one groping through a thick darkness that enveloped and paralysed her.

SHE wondered afterwards if her deathly face betrayed her, for the first thing she knew of Pax's presence was the steady grasping of both

his hands on her arms and his quiet voice telling her to sit down.

He sat down and took out his cigarette-case. "May I smoke? And will you join me? I shall feel happier if you will."

She accepted a cigarette, still rather unsteady, but with growing confidence. He lighted it for her, and she noticed that his hand was quite unwavering. Then he lighted his own and began to smoke.

"What has happened," he said, "is exactly what I expected. I have been given the benefit of the doubt—but the doubt still remains."

"What do you mean by that?" said Claire.

"I mean," he said, "that there is insufficient evidence to show whether I have told the truth or not. There is no one to deny or to confirm. Therefore I am turned loose on the world at large. But if I shoot anyone else—even by accident—it will probably go hard with me."

Claire was conscious of a mingling of relief and uneasiness which deeply disturbed her. "I suppose—it might have been worse," she said after a moment.

"It might," he conceded, "very much worse. But on the other hand the mercy of the law is not always extended from motives of pure philanthropy."

"Surely Captain Crofton believes in you!" she said.

Pax flicked the ash from his cigarette. "I can't see any special reason why he should," he said. "Does anybody ever believe the best of anybody else without some sort of proof?"

"But I have given him proof," Claire said in a low voice.

He bent his head. "For your sister-in-law's sake. You think he is not astute enough to realise that?"

She felt herself flushing. "Why should you say that?"

He looked full at her again. "My dear, the whole station knows it," he said very quietly.

"Knows it! Knows what!" said Claire, feeling suddenly trapped.

"That you haven't the faintest intention of marrying me," he rejoined.

She gasped in answer; words were hard to find. "I—gave you my promise," she said at last.

"Are you going to keep it?" Pax asked.

"I—always keep my promises," she told him proudly, "unless I am released from them."

"Oh!" said Pax in his quiet, uncritical voice. "Then you are going to ask for your freedom. Is that it?"

She rose, stung unbearably, though scarcely realising wherefore. "I shall ask for nothing," she said, and if her voice were icy there was that within her which burned like a consuming flame. "I am quite prepared to continue our engagement until—" She paused, instinctively twisting the heavy ring on her finger, waiting for words that did not come.

"I—see," said Pax slowly. "It has become a debt of honor with you. And—forgive me—suppose I don't?"

He went on with barely a pause. "You see, the thing you objected to about me—the main drawback—has now ceased to exist. My career has come to an end. My prospects—such as they were—have crumbled to nothing. I can never attempt to put my profession first since I shall no longer have one."

"What do you mean?" She was staring at him now aghast, her own discomfiture forgotten. This was a new tragedy unfolding before her, and it was as if the ground swayed under her feet. She put out a hand to the wall to steady herself.

His quiet unhurried voice enlightened her. If he saw her agitation he did not—apparently—flatter himself that what he had to tell her could serve to intensify it. "I am resigning my commission," he said. "I am bound to do so—after all this—as a matter of common decency."

She turned slightly from him. "Then—what I have done—has been useless?" she said, speaking more to herself than to him.

"That depends," said Pax.

"What on?" She did not look at him, for she did not want to see that faint, rueful smile of his. His attitude was so unassuming, and yet she felt herself bound hand and foot.

"I should say it depends on you," he said, "more than anyone. It was you—not I—who announced the engagement. It is for you to say what is to happen next. I am entirely at your disposal."

Was there satire in his voice? She tried to detect it and failed. A desperate feeling came over her—a sense of striving against overwhelming odds—a sense of responsibility and utter impotence combined.

"I don't know what to say—or do," she said. "You will think me very heartless no doubt, but—Yvonne—is the only person I can consider at the moment. I can do—only—what is best for her."

"I anticipated that," said Pax. "Curiously enough, I am thinking of her, too."

"You are?" She was conscious of a gratitude that she could not express. "Yes," he spoke deliberately. "You want this thing to die out of itself. You want to make absolutely certain that the question of motive may never again arise. You know—as well as I do—that there was no earthly possibility of a love-affair between Yvonne and myself. But—other people don't. Yvonne—unfortunately—has attracted a good many people, and the fact that I was not one of them is not generally believed at the moment. If I had to stand my trial for murder, she would almost inevitably be charged with complicity. Your action has gone a considerable way towards preventing this, but the danger is not yet over. It may crop up again."

"I know," Claire said, and her voice was tortured. "I know. That's what I've been facing all the time. She was so afraid of Guy. I've found that out—since all this happened. It complicates matters—so terribly."

"It does," agreed Pax. "It's a terrible situation. I've thought, too—thought hard. But there's only one remedy—so far as I can see."

"What is that?" Claire's question had a hopeless note; she was at the end of her resources and she could not help letting him know it. She had borne too much unaided.

He answered her with the simplicity of one stating the obvious. "It involves a certain risk to both of us, but—I hope not too great a one. And it would unquestionably strengthen the position all round. I suggest that you should extend your generosity a little further—and marry me."

"Oh—that!" said Claire. Somehow she had known it was coming, yet she was not prepared for it.

His look met hers again, not without authority. "I can see no other safe way," he said. "To my mind drifting is the most dangerous of all. People are bound to say that our engagement was simply a piece of bluff—which it was. Personally—she saw his faint, wry smile again—"so far as I am concerned—they can say what they like. But, unfortunately,

it isn't so simple as all that. You—and Yvonne, too—are implicated, and I am not sure that you can afford to draw back."

"We shall leave India," said Claire quickly.

"So shall I," said Pax. "But we shall all be met by reporters as soon as we reach England. I suppose you realise that?"

"Oh, no!" said Claire.

"It's a little way they have," said Pax. "In America I believe they go one better and actually board the boat before you have a chance to establish an alibi."

"Don't!" she said again in semi-tragic dismay. "I can't bear it."

"That's where I might be useful," he pointed out. "The strong, silent husband—keeping all impertinent enquirers at bay! I believe I could be quite good at that—if you would give me the chance."

SHE gave him her hand; it lay passive in his. "There is one thing I must say to you, Pax," she said.

"Say on!" said Pax, retaining his hold. She felt her color rising in spite of her efforts to keep it down. "You must realise," she said, "that whatever I decide to do, I am going to devote myself to my poor Yvonne first, before everything else."

Pax's smile was baffling; it seemed to express so many things and yet she could not confidently give one of them a name. "Yes, that is understood," he said. "And if I can help you in any way, I will."

"You mean that?" said Claire, looking him straight in the eyes.

He looked straight back. "Yes, Claire. I mean it."

Her look continued to meet his for several seconds, then it fell. She uttered a half-sigh and drew her hand away. "Well? What would you like me to do—send you a message?"

"Just a chit if you will," said Pax, "to say Yes—or No."

She turned slowly from him. "Very well. By to-night."

"Thank you," said Pax quietly. "Good-bye!"

Pax sat alone in his bungalow. It was growing late, and he had discarded his half-formed intention of attending Mess. After all, no one really expected to see him after what had happened, and his notice, if belated, would cause no surprise. He had sent Peters off with it immediately upon his return, for somehow after his interview with Claire it had seemed impossible to face the world again without a pause.

"I'll pass presently," he said very quietly to Elfrida, smoothing her nap straight again.

She responded with a vague murmur that grew to a definite and threatening rumble in her throat. Those pointed ears of hers had caught a sound outside of which she deemed it advisable to give warning. People like Pax who talked when they ought to be listening needed looking after.

It was after all no very formidable visitor who eventually came into sight on the verandah, though Pax was on his feet in a second to greet him. Colonel Risborough, looking paler and more careworn even than his wont, came straight up to him with extended hand.

"How awfully good of you, sir!" said Pax as he gripped it.

"My dear fellow!" the colonel said, and paused a moment while some emotion seemed to work within him and pass.

Pax was completely motionless. His

hand-grip was the only animate part of him. There was no sign of feeling in words or voice. "Sit down, sir!" he said.

"No," said Colonel Risborough. "No. I haven't come to stay. In fact, I'm on my way to Mess, as you see."

"Of course. It's a guest-night," said Pax. "I'm afraid I'd forgotten that."

"You're not coming?" questioned Colonel Risborough.

"No, sir. I've warned out—rather late, I'm afraid. They'll have to fine me before I clear out." Pax's smile had a wooden quality, strictly decorous.

"I'm sorry for that," his colonel said, "but I daresay you have faced enough. I was only wondering whether anything could be done—whether you need definitely clear out—whether in short—"

He paused and coughed, then spoke out firmly. "I'd like to help you, Packersley, if you can put it in my power to do so. I can't see a good man like you floored for nothing. You are worth a great deal to me in the Regiment. If you can give me any sort of justification for standing by you, giving you my support—in short, showing the world that I know you to be absolutely honorable and aboveboard, then I'll do it, and help you to live this miserable affair down."

"Thank you, sir," he said, "and—of course—I'm tremendously grateful. But I'm afraid it doesn't alter anything. It can't. I've got to face things—and make the best of them. Won't you—have something to drink, sir?"

It was as if he had presented an impenetrable shield, forcing the other man back. Colonel Risborough sighed and accepted defeat. "I think you are making a mistake," he said, "but I can't prevent it. No, nothing, thanks. I won't say any more now. It's obvious that I can't help. But—if my wife or I can do anything whatever in the way of helping you—with regard to your marriage or in any other direction—you'll let me know. Is that understood?"

"Thank you, sir," said Pax.

The colonel's hand pressed his shoulder hard for a moment. "There's no one I would less willingly part with than you," he said with feeling. "Good-bye!"

Pax's hand went up instinctively. His eyes came back from their distant contemplation, and looked his commanding-officer straight in the face. "Thank you, sir," he said again, briefly, almost automatically. "Good-bye!"

But the grasp of his hand was not automatic, and as Colonel Risborough went away he turned, pivoting on his heels, and watched him out of sight.

It was Peters who broke in upon his solitude five minutes later, just as the mess-bugle sounded in the distance.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Peters. "I give your message, sir, and I said as it was my fault and quite unavoidable as it was delivered so late, sir, so I'm hoping as you won't get fined, sir."

"Oh!" said Pax. He had dropped into his chair and was smoking; his face was lined and very weary. "That was good of you, Peters, but you needn't have taken that trouble."

"Nothing's too much trouble for you, sir," said Peters, kinking his right ear after a fashion he had when inclined towards any species of sentiment.

Pax lay back and looked up at him. "Well, Peters," he said, "you won't be taking much more for me, anyhow. I'm quitting after this show."

"What! Leaving the Army, sir?" said Peters.

Pax leaned slowly forward to examine one of Elfrida's crisp eyebrows. "Yes, clearing out," he said.

"Blimey!" said Peters. "They'll never let you do that, sir!"

Pax uttered a queer laugh which made even Elfrida stare for a moment. "It's not a question of letting. It's just got to be," he said. "Even you couldn't alter that, Peters—though you did your best under very difficult circumstances."

"Me, sir!" said Peters, mildly indignant. "If you'll excuse me, I didn't do nothing at all. There's a good deal though as I would do, sir, given the opportunity. But I don't suppose as I shall be, sir, for you don't want to be lumbered with a bit of lumber like me."

"What do you mean by that?" said Pax, without lifting his head.

"If they don't want you—they just aren't going to 'ave me," he said, as a sort of epilogue to his former speech. "So that's that."

Pax sat regarding him for some seconds. He noted the fighting chin and belligerent attitude with a sort of detached interest which might have disconcerted anyone less determined than Peters, who did not shift an inch.

When he spoke at length his voice was absolutely level. "But we don't do things like that, Peters," he said.

Peters continued to look uncompromising. He had the type of countenance which could lend itself to any expression at the briefest notice.

Pax spoke again. "Look here, Peters! This is nonsense. I won't have you disgracing yourself and the rest of us for the sake of a silly bit of sentiment. It's not done."

"I shan't disgrace you, sir," said Peters with the simplicity of overwhelming sincerity. "The rest of 'em can go to the devil."

For fully twenty seconds Pax said nothing whatever; then very quietly he rose and held out his hand.

"Thank you for that, Peters," he said. "Don't mention it, sir!" said Peters, gripping Pax's grip.

"You're a fool," said Pax.

"And proud of it, sir," said Peters defiantly.

"I'll take you," said Pax.

"Very good, sir," said Peters.

Pax smiled a little. "Hullo! Here's someone!"

He turned aside with an obvious air of relief to meet Ghulam ascending the verandah steps.

The Indian servant salaamed and presented a note. "From the Miss Sahib," he said. "There is no answer."

"Right!" said Pax. "You can go."

"Atcha, sahib!" The man bent himself again and departed like a silent-moving panther.

Peters snorted contempt in his direction and moved away a pace or two.

"All right. You can stay," said Pax.

He opened the note. It contained one sentence only.

"Yes, I will marry you and try to be a good friend to you, but you must please remember that Yvonne will have to come first with me always—Claire."

Pax looked up. He was pale but completely master of himself.

"Peters!" he said.

"Sir!" said Peters.

"There's one thing I haven't told you—though you have probably heard it," said Pax, speaking very deliberately. "Miss Chisledon is going to do me the honor of marrying me."

"Really, sir?" said Peters, trying not to look in the direction of the note Pax held.

Pax quietly folded it. "Yes, really, Peters. It will probably be before we leave India."

Peters gulped a little and spouted again. "I'm very pleased to hear it, sir, very pleased indeed. Hope I may be allowed to congratulate you, sir. It's a real piece of good news, and it'll take your thoughts off things a bit, which is what you want more than anything else, sir. Change of subject, change of air, change of heverythink!"

"Except friends, Peters," said Pax.

It was a bare week later that Claire arose on the morning of her wedding-day. It had been a week of such anxiety and hurried preparation as she had never before known, and throughout it she had had a bewildered feeling of unreality that had hung upon her like a hampering weight. She had scarcely seen Pax, and then only for very brief intervals at a time to discuss practical points which had to be settled. There had been so much to be thought of, so much to be done, and above everything else—the turmoil and effort involved in closing down the bungalow and supervising the packing of all the things that were destined for England—there had been the care and perpetual gnawing dread regarding Yvonne.

Yvonne was still in that state of semi-torpor from which Major Nicholls deemed it inadvisable to rouse her, and Mrs. Risborough had promised to come and stay with her during Claire's brief absence at the garrison church. Ghulam would be within call also. She had begun to depend upon Ghulam, for he seemed to have a magnetically soothing effect upon Yvonne. He was to accompany them to England by Yvonne's pathetic desire, and she knew that she would find him invaluable on the journey.

They were to start within two hours of the ceremony. Everything was ready at last. The strenuous efforts of the past week had not been in vain. There again Ghulam had proved himself invaluable, and her earlier distrust of this man was wanting.

She was ready some minutes before the wheels of Colonel Risborough's car sounded on the drive, and she knelt for a space beside her bed, but somehow she could not concentrate her thoughts for prayer.

They drove away together, and he glanced once or twice at her white, composed face and marvelled. There was something about Claire that day—a quiet, gentle aloofness—that was disconcerting. Colonel Risborough did not know whether to be congratulatory or sympathetic, and ended by being starkly silent.

They reached the cantonments and drove to the garrison chapel inside the barrack-gates. The sentry on duty saluted, but there seemed to be no one else about. The parade-ground was a glaring desolation.

Colonel Risborough, handing out the bride, just checked himself on the verge of remarking that it would be a good thing to get it over. And Claire smiled her unmoved, impersonal smile as though she fully understood and agreed.

They moved up the short aisle between the empty chairs to the altar, and she was aware of a slight scuffle behind them, caused by Elfrida, evincing a very natural desire to act as bridesmaid, and being restrained by Peters with murmured admonishments.

And then they reached the altar-steps, and Pax came gravely forward to meet them. The padre was waiting as Pax took his place by Claire's side, and she saw with a sharp touch of surprise that young Chris Markham was there also, very white and stern, standing at Pax's elbow. She had no time to give him even a smile of greeting before the service began.

It was a very brief beginning, so brief that almost before she knew it Pax's voice was speaking very steadily and resolutely, uttering the first vow. A tremor ran through her. Now it was for her to speak! She heard the padre addressing her in words clear-cut and simple that seemed to drive into her very soul. And suddenly a great wave of feeling swept her from head to foot, and she knew that she was afraid.

The padre ceased and there was a silence. They were waiting for her to answer. She was there to answer; but she simply could not. Her throat refused utterance. It felt swollen, dry, paralyzed. She made a spasmodic gesture. A brown mist was swimming before her eyes, and through it she could see only one thing—Guy's face, hovering before her—Guy's face with a sneer about the full lips, and a mocking, dreadful question in the eyes. It was as if he had come back suddenly out of the Land of Shadows to deride them. She gave a short gasp, and everything went black.

Someone was speaking to her very gently and persistently. She felt the rim of a glass against her lips.

"Perhaps you would like to postpone it," suggested the padre.

He was young and earnest, and she heard a note of compassion in his voice, but she could not see him clearly. She could see only Pax and the sacred Symbol beyond.

Pax spoke. "I don't think there is any need for that. She will be herself in a few moments."

He helped her to her feet. The padre moved back half reluctantly to his post. Colonel Risborough came forward and supported her on the other side.

And a few minutes later she and Pax, kneeling together, were pronounced man and wife.

DURING the rest of the day Claire was constantly reminded of Mrs. Risborough's remark concerning Pax that morning; for from the moment that their wedding was over he took quiet command of the entire situation, and her responsibilities were at an end. Though she played her part in preparing Yvonne for the long journey before them, she knew beyond all doubting that the whole matter would have been accomplished, with no undue stress or strain, without her help.

Of Chris she saw no more beyond a hard handshake and a murmured inquiry for Yvonne which she found it very difficult to answer. He did not congratulate her or make any attempt to treat her marriage as one of ordinary portent. He seemed in fact more occupied with Pax than with herself, but she did not see the parting between them.

Almost the first she saw of Pax for

more than a few minutes at a time was when they dined together on the swift-rushing train after darkness had fallen upon the sun-baked desert that night. She had left Yvonne resting on her bunk in the next compartment, watched over by Ghulam, who would call her in a moment if she were needed.

Pax had waited for her until she had made every arrangement for her sister-in-law's comfort, and he had rather the air of a man who would continue to wait until midnight if necessary when she finally joined him.

"I'm so sorry," she said, but he stopped her at once.

"My dear, please don't be that! It's a waste of energy. Sit here while I get you a drink!"

But when she had partaken of the drink he gave her and found it to be iced champagne, she did lift her eyes with an effort of protest.

"Pax, how frightfully good of you! You ought not to."

"I know what I ought to do better than you do," said Pax in his dry, matter-of-fact voice. "Drink that down! You want it."

Presently, feeling revived, she sat up and joined him at the evening meal.

Towards the end of the repast Peters looked in upon them to satisfy himself that they were being properly attended to, and to inform Pax that Elfrida had had her supper and had done herself a treat.

"Glad to hear it," said Pax. "Hope she won't be ill, but it's your pigeon if she is."

And then Elfrida herself came in, moistly smiling, to assure them of her own well-being. She fully understood now that her idol had become her master, and she also seemed to have grasped the fact that the pale bride of the morning had in some fashion passed into his possession, for she went out of her way to pay homage to Claire too.

They both fondled her till she lay down between them in sheer contentment, while Peters mounted guard outside.

Claire leaned back in her seat. She was very tired, but the meal had done her good. She closed her eyes while it was being cleared away, and felt that she could have slept where she sat.

Pax did not disturb her, and for a few fleeting moments she fell into a light doze. Then a sense of responsibility pierced her, and she roused herself.

She smiled and sat up. "No. I mustn't asleep yet. I must get back to Yvonne."

"I wonder," Pax said very steadily and deliberately, "if I might ask you something."

She faced him with a hint of desperation. "Yes, if you must."

His eyes looked straight into hers. "What made you turn faint this morning? Don't answer if you don't want to!"

She flinched a little, but steadied herself anew. "Oh—that! I think it was—partly—the heat."

"Not entirely?" said Pax gently but with grave persistence.

She turned her face aside. Somehow she could not bring herself to speak to him of that vision of Guy. Was it not by his hand that Guy had died?

"I would rather—please—not say any more," she said.

He made a slight movement; the pressure on her arm increased perceptibly. "Perhaps," he said, "I understand—without being told."

He spoke again and his voice was frankly quizzical, as though he addressed

a child. "Claire, will you be as kind to me as you were to Elfrida just now? I won't ask anything more than that."

She felt her heart give a hard thump of dismay. It was ridiculous, so she told herself, but she stood as if turned to stone.

He waited for a moment; then: "Not even that?" he said. "My dear, it's all right. Don't mind me! I'm only fooling. I'll take you back to Yvonne."

He made a definite move, and she went with him, shaken, submissive, curiously humbled.

It had not been in her to grant his request, but as soon as she found herself alone with Yvonne, she wished with all her heart that she had done so. It was not the memory of Guy that had prevented her—only the consciousness of that unknown force which seemed to encompass her in all directions, yet never wholly to compel.

Yvonne was awake but drowsy. She had not asked for the Miss Sahib, Ghulam explained.

Yvonne stirred with a hint of restlessness. "I don't like that torch," she said.

Claire stooped and kissed her. "Don't worry about it, darling! Go to sleep!"

For some seconds she stood watching, but Yvonne did not move or speak again. And the train rushed on and on through the heat-laden night.

She moved at length and looked towards her own bunk but she did not go to it. Some influence for which she could not account took her to the door into the corridor. She went to it, opened it, and stood still.

A figure stood there, immediately facing her. Her hand went to her throat involuntarily. Somehow she had known—she had known!

Her physical powers struggled for a moment, and were gone. Her knees doubled under her.

But she did not fall, for Pax took her as she sank, and held her in his arms.

Her head was on his shoulder. It fell back with the swaying of the train, and in that moment he quietly shifted his hold to support it, and kissed her on the lips.

She closed her eyes instinctively, feeling herself borne on a strength that held her up even while it conquered her. She could not have described her emotions in that moment, but she felt her throat convulsed with tears. Tears of relief or tears of anguish? She could not have said.

She only knew that she must not—could not—give them vent in his presence, and so she lay in stiff immobility, save for the heaving of her breast, until she knew that he had gone.

And then she turned her face into the pillow and wept as she had never wept before.

Yet at last—worn out—a certain peace descended upon her, and she slept.

DURING the rest of the journey to Bombay, Claire scarcely left Yvonne's side. She herself was yvonne prostrated by the heat, and upon Yvonne the perpetual movement and unrest of travel came to have an almost nightmare effect. She clung to Claire as she had clung in the earlier days, and Claire was only too thankful to stay beside her.

Ghulam stole in and out and waited upon them while Pax and Peters remained

in the background, never obtrusive, but never far away.

On boarding the boat at Bombay Claire found that Pax had a cabin next door to them where, as he explained, he could be knocked up at any time if help were needed. And though Claire thanked him, she could not picture any circumstance under which she would feel impelled to summon him to her aid.

As she had feared, the first part of the voyage, though cooler than the overland journey, was almost insufferably hot. Day followed day, torrid and airless, and it was useless to look for any improvement in Yvonne while such conditions lasted.

There was very little gaiety on board, a fact for which Claire was supremely thankful. She felt that she could not have borne the merriment and racket in which she and Yvonne had participated on the voyage out, and she fancied that Pax also was glad to be quiet.

IT was on an exquisite evening at the end of May that Pax first saw Wychmere and had a glimpse of Claire's little "house of dreams."

They passed it on their way to the hotel down by the sea, riding in the rickety hotel omnibus in which Yvonne lay back against Claire with closed eyes, heeding nothing. Ghulam crouched in a corner, and Pax sat alone by the door. They had left Peters behind in town with Elfrida, and it was curious how empty the world seemed without him.

There had been little trouble over their landing, and no publicity, owing to Pax's carefully laid plans; and now they found themselves in a sort of fairyland almost too good to be true, as though they had been travellers stepping off a magic carpet. The hedges were decked in the bridal white of hawthorn, and the air was heavy with its fragrance. Here and there along the ditches a few primroses still lingered, surrounded by leaves that were out of all proportion to themselves. And—as they passed the small brown gate in the laurel hedge that led to Silverhayes—the song of a nightingale thrilled like a clarinet through the odorous stillness.

The jolting vehicle came to a pause. They had reached the hotel that looked out over the shimmering bay, and were turning in between a pair of ramshackle gates that looked as if they had hung open so long on their rusty hinges that they could never be persuaded to close.

The drive was moss-grown, verged by ill-kept shrubs in which a hundred birds seemed to be singing. They wound some two hundred yards along its narrow length and came to the entrance of the hotel. It was away from the sea—a grey, frowning facade with a crumbling stone portico, ivy-grown, cheerless almost to the point of repulsion, over-shadowed by tall trees in the tops of which a multitude of rooks were cawing. No sign of life greeted them. No light shone in any direction though the dusk had begun to fall.

Pax glanced back at Claire as they stopped. "Not specially encouraging," he remarked. "I'd better get out and investigate."

"I expect it's all right," she made answer. "It's always like this. Mr. Cartridge is very infirm and he's getting old."

"Yes, it's all right," announced the driver, a burly countryman. "The boss has had one of his bad goes. You

take the ladies in, sir! I'll see to the luggage and this chap."

He nodded towards Ghulam whose expression remained one of complete aloofness and disdain.

Pax descended. The gaping darkness of the portico was not attractive, but he found the great front door unlocked and entered.

The hall in which he found himself was dark with evening shadows, and displayed no sign of life. He made his way to an aperture in the dimness that had the appearance of an office. A slab of wood barred his progress, and he knocked upon it with decision.

Something moved in the darkness beyond, a chair scraped on a bare floor, and a sulky form loomed before him.

"Hullo! Hullo!" said a voice, a man's voice with a curiously flabby quality. "Who are you?"

"Hullo!" responded Pax. "My name is Packersley. I telephoned for some rooms this morning and was told that you had accommodation for my wife, her sister-in-law, a servant and myself."

"Accommodation!" The flabby voice caught the word with a sort of grab as a terrier catches a rat, and shook it vindictively. "Accommodation! You can have the whole place if you want it."

"I don't," said Pax temperately. "But you might let me see some first-floor rooms. One of the ladies is ill and wants to go straight to bed."

"Might put a light on," suggested Pax as a bell pealed dismay in some far-off region.

"All right. There's a candle somewhere. Electric light is off to-night." A match was struck and after some blundering a candle glimmered through the shadows.

"Are you the manager?" asked Pax.

"I am—manager and owner." A sardonic smile accompanied the announcement. "Comfortable rooms, excellent cuisine, spacious garage and stabling. A pint of hot water obtainable daily for shaving purposes. Baths when notified beforehand. There's always the sea to fall back on."

"Or in!" suggested Pax amicably. "Well, do your best for us to-night anyhow! Things may look different in the morning."

"Think so?" asked the manager of the Wychmere Hotel in a tone which did not require any answer.

Pax gave none. He was looking about him with interest. The place was evidently old, and it had the air of a country-house rather than an hotel. In spite of its gloominess it interested him. He felt he would like to explore further.

"Dingy old dungeon!" suggested the proprietor dispassionately.

"Old-fashioned, eh?" responded Pax.

"Prehistoric!" returned the other with a sort of dreary fervor. "Gets you down and out. No one ever comes more than once, and that only for one night as a rule."

"Not a bad corner of the world anyway," remarked Pax. "Ah! here's someone!"

"Housekeeper, cook, and chambermaid!" announced the bulky person leaning on the counter. "Here, Charlotte! The visitors have arrived. Show this gentleman round the first floor and let him have his pick!"

Charlotte was a plump, bare-armed young countrywoman whose shining face testified to the fact that she had just

detached herself from her labors in the kitchen. She greeted Pax with a homely smile and turned at once to conduct him.

"This way to the stairs, sir! It's getting a bit dark, but I think we can manage. Beautiful day it's been. You're the party that rang up this morning, I suppose?"

Pax admitted that he was. They were mounting a wide staircase with a panelled wall on one side and a massive carved oak balustrade on the other.

They turned at right angles by an open oriel window that looked straight forth to the silvery skyline.

"Pretty, isn't it?" said Charlotte.

"You'll like your rooms, sir."

She opened a door with the words, and Pax entered an enormous bedroom with a huge canopied bedstead draped with dark red curtains. The furniture was of massive oak, very heavy and cumbersome. But there was no mustiness in the atmosphere. The evening air blew in soft and pure from the sea. Again something stirred his pulses. He felt as one who had returned home after long absence.

"I like this place," he said.

Charlotte beamed upon him. "Wouldn't you please to look at the other two rooms before we go down? They lead out of each other, sir, and are only just next door to this one."

"Oh, never mind! I'm sure they're all right," Pax said. "Let's get the luggage up and Mrs. Chisledon settled for the night. That's the most important thing."

THAT first night at Wychmere left an impression upon Pax which he never quite forgot. It was as if he had stepped into a world of fifty years ago—a world in which modern equipment, modern efficiency, modern speed, were all unknown. They dined—he and Claire—in a vast and lofty dining-room in which their small table, illuminated by candles, was the only spot of light, waited on alternately by Charlotte and Joe Bradford. Ghulam was in charge of his Mam-sahib upstairs.

The meal was distinctly homely, but it was not badly cooked. Charlotte had provided soup of the cubist variety, fish that was genuine if somewhat nondescript, mutton chops that were unexpectedly tender though unbelievably large, apple dumplings of a girth which provoked a most musical and swiftly suppressed giggle from Claire, and the cavernous remnant of a Stilton cheese of such antiquity that, as Pax murmured, it did not bear looking into. Wisely she refrained from any attempt at coffee; but at the end of the meal a heavy shuffling sound proclaimed the entrance of the manager and proprietor who, with the assistance of two sticks, dragged himself with waltz-like movements the whole length of the room to ask if they had got everything they wanted.

Pax, rising instinctively, pulled forward a chair, and the huge ill-shapen form sank on to it with a wheeze of relief.

"Not very strong on my pins," he explained. "Had an illness last winter that played me up. If there's anything else you and your party would like, sir, I'll get it to-morrow."

"I can't think of anything," said Pax.

"But if I do, I'll let you know when to-morrow comes."

"That's right," nodded the landlord.

"I'll do anything—everything in my power. Hope you're going to make a stay of it."

"Yes, I hope so," said Pax, with a glance at Claire.

Cartridge went on in somewhat of the fashion of an ambling mule. "I thought you were all right the moment I looked at you, but somehow I didn't connect the name. Now Charlotte's told me—I know you are."

"Thanks," said Pax. "That's worth hearing. You've got a beautiful place here."

"Beautiful!" said Cartridge, and turned his heavy-lidded eyes for the first time upon Claire. "You know it, madam. You've lived here," he observed.

She bent her head. "At Silverhayes, yes. I wonder I have never seen you before."

"Nothing to wonder at in that," said Cartridge. "I never go outside. I've been a cripple for years, and it gets worse. That's why the place has gone to rack and ruin. It wants a man—a live wire—not a hulk like me—to look after it."

"I wonder you don't get a manager," suggested Claire, with slight hesitation.

He nodded, looking sardonic. "Yes, I've tried that, and been swindled—right, left, and centre. The fellow cleared out eventually with all he could lay hands on, and I've carried on alone ever since. It's a ramshackle old show enough now, I admit, but at least there are no thieves in it." He glowered a little at the memory but in a moment resumed his placidity. "Well, I hope you'll stay and find it to your liking. It's not a place of luxury, but we'll do our best for you."

He began to struggle up out of his chair, waving aside Pax's instinctive movement to assist him.

They watched him go in silence, until his queer shell-backed form was swallowed in the deeper shadow of the doorway. Then for an instant their eyes met.

"Poor fellow!" murmured Claire.

"A good sort," said Pax, "if—"

"If what?" she asked.

He smiled faintly. "I rather suspect he drinks like a fish, but he may be a good sort all the same. Shall we go into the garden?"

She hesitated. "Yvonne!"

"Go and have a look at her and then come back!" he suggested.

She rose and turned towards the window. "No, we'll go outside for a moment, and then I must go up."

He followed her. They stepped forth into a quiet world that was soft with the glimmer of moonlight. The sound of the sea came hushed from a shore invisible.

"We must go back," she said at length to the unseen companion who had walked by her side. "There is—Yvonne!"

Pax spoke, close to her ear, deeply, insistently. "Yes, you shall go back," he said. "But you are mine—not Yvonne's. I am only—lending you to her."

In the strange seconds that followed she understood with a clearness that somehow blotted out resistance that he, too, was under the spell of the magic that had gripped herself—he too had felt the yearning and the joy that was spring. Not since their wedding-night had he kissed her; but he kissed her now, passionately, triumphantly, with a mastery that encompassed her weakness without a tremor. And the close pressure of his lips upon her own was as the seal to all that that night of hidden magic had been to them both: it set her very being afire.

"Oh, don't—don't—don't!" she besought him weakly.

And in the moment she uttered the words she knew herself free. Her bondage was gone—the way to freedom was open. He held her, but no longer as a prisoner. His arm merely gave her support.

"You want to go?" he said. "Perhaps you are right. Good-night!"

She could not look at him. Her knees were trembling. With an inarticulate murmur she freed herself and left him.

WHEN Peters made his appearance on the following Sunday, he was inclined to be somewhat critical of his master's surroundings.

"Not much of a place for you to stay in, sir," was his comment. "Could do with a splash or two of paint, couldn't it?"

"It certainly wants a little money spending on it," Pax agreed. "But they make us fairly comfortable."

"That's that girl they call Charlotte in the kitchen," said Peters shrewdly. "She's the 'ub of this concern, as you might say. Seen it at a glance, I did. And what about—the horses, sir? Done hanythink in that line yet?"

"Give me time!" said Pax. "I've only been here three days."

Peters gave him a glance that was respectfully censorious. "There's good stabling 'ere, sir," he remarked. "Ought to 'ave been turned into garridges by this time, o' course, but it ain't. 'Ad a look at 'em yet, sir?"

"Well, no, not yet," Pax had to own, seeking to stifle a sense of guilt for the omission.

"There's no time like the present," said Peters firmly. "Will you come along now, sir? There's nobody about."

The buildings in question were of some extent and lay on the north side of the hotel, adjacent to the kitchen premises. They went through the cobbled yard that led to them, Peters clattering over the stones with all the assurance of a soldier on parade.

"I've got the key, sir. I took the liberty to ask for it," he announced. "Ah! Hullo! Who's this?"

"This" was the owner of the Wychmere Hotel who came shambling across from the backdoor on his two sticks to join them.

"Want to look at the stables, do you?" he said, a humorous grimace that defied pain on his fat white face.

"I ought to have asked you first," said Pax, waiting for him.

"Not at all. Charlotte's boss of the keys," rejoined Cartridge amiably. "You can poke into any hole you like, sir. But you won't find much."

"Well, my man here was just wondering, but I haven't got any horses at present," Pax explained. "It was only an idea."

"That's all right. Come on and look at 'em!" said Cartridge. "They're not fit to house pigs in at present. But maybe you'll have some notions of your own. I'm always willing to listen to a sound proposition."

"Thanks! You go ahead then, Peters, and unlock the door!" said Pax. "That's a smart-looking man of yours," observed Cartridge, as Peters complied. "Yes, he's quite unique," Pax said. "Randy, too. You'll never find him slacking."

"Just the sort of fellow we could do with here," said Cartridge. "It's awful to see a place go to the dogs for lack

of money and proper management, isn't it?"

"It is rather," agreed Pax.

Cartridge sent him a sidelong look as he hobbled along. "Well, that's my trouble," he said briefly. "If you want to make use of the stable you'll have to make 'em habitable yourself."

"I see," said Pax, and added sympathetically, "you've had bad luck."

"The devil's own," said Cartridge. "But I can't talk, can I? So have you."

"Oh, well, mine's over now," Pax said. "All I'm wanting is a job of work."

"Oh!" said Cartridge. "That's what you're wanting, is it?"

Pax smiled. "That's why I want to look at the stables, Mr. Cartridge. Peters has some idea of turning me into a riding-master. He has discovered a school in the vicinity."

"I see," said Cartridge. "Trying to find you a billet, eh?"

Pax smiled. "I believe that's his idea. He's coming to me as soon as the dog is out of quarantine, and I shall certainly have to get busy then, if not sooner."

"I see," Cartridge said again. "Well," he seemed to consider for a second or two, "why not—sooner?"

Pax looked at him. "What do you mean?"

Cartridge explained rather laboriously. "I'm an invalid and always shall be. Also, I drink too much—but I don't get tipsy. I've had one manager who swindled me. I kicked him out. You're straight, and you want a job. That man of yours has sense. You can put in as much or as little as you like. I can do a little in the same line—not much. My gambling days are over. But if you care to have a shot at pulling the place together, well—I shan't get in your way. It's a business proposition. The place is mine, and I'll let you into it. We share the proceeds—if any—equally. How does that appeal to you?"

Pax continued to look at him very steadily. "It may be a business proposition," he said at length. "But it doesn't sound exactly businesslike to me."

A slow grin spread over Cartridge's face. "I'm like that," he said. "When I take to anyone, I stick till further notice. I've taken to you, Captain Packersley. I don't expect it to be mutual. No one ever takes to me. I drink too much. But the job's there if you care to take it on. If you don't, well—we're as we were, that's all."

"I see," said Pax in his turn. "It's very decent of you to offer it to me."

"Oh, cut that!" said Cartridge. "I'm not a philanthropist. It's just that I'm past work myself, and you're a sound man. I believe you'd make a success of anything you put your back into. You're the type that wins out."

"Am I?" said Pax, and his smile took a very wry turn for an instant. "You're taking a good deal for granted. But I'm grateful to you all the same."

He gave a brief nod of farewell, and proceeded to stomp back across the yard without further words.

When Peters made his next appearance at the Wychmere Hotel, he announced his intention of trying to make himself useful, having squared himself, as he expressed it, she on her part, with feminine tact, having succeeded in so endearing herself to her attendants that his particular care was no longer required.

"Once now and then is all she expects, sir," he told Pax. "I explained it all to her and she took it all in. It would be sheer waste of time my stoppin' on there with you wantin' all the help you can get this end."

The house, though neglected, was not structurally in serious disrepair, despite the dismal representations of its owner. As Peters cheerily remarked, a lick of paint would do wonders; but they could not start upon the main rooms until Claire and Yvonne had removed to Silverhayes. Pax summoned the local builder and turned his attention to the kitchen premises, to the deep satisfaction of Charlotte between whom and Peters a warm, if somewhat flippant, sympathy had taken root.

Pax moved rapidly but warily in those early days of the new venture. He had no intention of committing himself to any great expenditure at the outset, agreeing in the main with Peters' trite and oft-repeated advice to make his money before he spent it. A certain outlay was inevitable, but in this direction he found Cartridge unexpectedly willing to contribute his share. Curiously, the unforeseen turn of events had awakened a long-dormant sense of responsibility in the decadent landlord, and Pax's energy called back to life some spark within him which he had long considered extinguished.

Pax did not look to Claire for sympathy, nor did she offer it. Claire was a shy and aloof being in those days, and he saw but little of her. She was always either watching over Yvonne, or superintending the preparations at Silverhayes for their reception. The tenants had left, and she had set her heart upon moving in at the earliest possible moment, still clinging to the belief that the perfect peace of the place and its old associations would bring back to Yvonne the youth and animation of earlier days.

So the work at Silverhayes went rapidly forward, and when the first of the real summer heat came upon them they were ready for the move. It was not the first time that Claire had prepared the little house for Yvonne's reception. The woman from the village who had helped her before had been on the spot, and the work had not been arduous. There had been no need to consult Pax regarding it, and it was only upon the matter of transport that she finally approached him.

"I know you will be very glad to get us all out of the way," she said, as they sat together one evening after Peters had piled up and removed the dinner-plates and retired, up to the neck in crockery, to the back premises. "And there is really no reason for any further delay. If Yvonne is equal to it, we could even go to-morrow—if you could arrange it."

PAX, in the act of lighting a cigarette, paused, looking at her through the smoke very steadily.

Claire was smoking herself, and she leaned back in her chair in a relaxed attitude. It had been a wearying day for her, though she would not have had him know it.

Pax put away his lighter and replied with a sort of considered directness which often characterised his speech when addressing her. "Certainly I could. If everything is quite ready, I expect you will be glad to get the move over. I have hardly seen the place yet. Shall we walk round and have a look at it? Or are you too tired?"

"I am a little tired," she admitted. "But

I shall have to go in the morning. Will you come then if you care to?"

He also leaned back, but his look remained upon her—gravely, searchingly. "There's one thing," he said, "which we haven't really discussed, and I admit it isn't of paramount importance. Possibly you have already taken it into consideration."

"What is it?" said Claire. There was a hint of apprehension in her voice though she did not alter her position.

He explained in the same restrained yet resolute fashion, almost as though he spoke in the presence of a third person. "You have, I hope, allowed for the fact that I should like to come into the scheme of things. I mean with regard to accommodation. If you stay at Silverhayes—I must also."

"Oh!" said Claire. The exclamation came from her wholly involuntarily. It was obvious that she had dismissed such an idea completely from her calculations. "I'm afraid—I haven't thought of that," she said after a moment. "You are so busy here now—that I took it for granted."

"Never do that!" said Pax in his quiet voice. "Of course I am coming with you. I am quite prepared to contribute both your share and my own towards the expenses of Silverhayes. But I am not prepared to allow you to live there without me."

A quick tremor went through Claire, as though she had come into contact with an electric battery. She straightened herself abruptly and met his look with a steadiness that equalled his own. "Will you tell me why?" she said.

Pax hesitated for a second, but for no longer. "Certainly," he said. "Because you are my wife, and because I mean to take care of you."

Claire rose. It was as though she could bear no more, but whether it were anger or some other emotion that moved her was not apparent in face or gesture.

She merely said in a reconciled tone, "That ends it, then," and turned away before he had time to rise and bid her good-night.

IN the middle of July there came a heat-wave, but the work on the Wychmere Hotel was by then completed, with the exception of some of the outbuildings.

Pax launched his advertisement campaign in the third week of the month, to Cartridge's sardonic amusement. "Old-fashioned hotel by the sea. Moderate tariff. Good accommodation. Garage and stabling. Service and civility a speciality."

In that week also he began to collect his staff with the same acumen and unsparing thoroughness which had characterised all his efforts from the outset. His selection was personal; he left nothing to chance.

"It's going to be a country-run concern," he said to Cartridge. "Nothing spectacular. I'm not out for floodlight effects."

"You're going to give 'em the goods, all the same," said Cartridge.

And this expressed in a nutshell exactly what Pax intended to do.

Three days after the posting of his advertisements he received a visit of inspection from a personage whose advent filled Peters with the liveliest optimism. This was none other than the head of Staple School—Dr. Boniface. The term

was winding up with some jubilee celebrations, and there was a scarcity of good accommodation for visitors in the immediate neighborhood.

It was Peters' duty to conduct this potential patron round the establishment, and he did so with considerable pomp and a great many flattering references to the captain, into whose presence he finally conducted him.

"This 'ere is Captain Pax—the new manager," was his airy introduction. "E'll tell you ball you want to know, sir, about tariff and such like."

With which assurance he departed to hunc about the entrance for the illustrious gentleman's departure and tip.

Pax, unexpected of a visitor, was in his shirt-sleeves, superintending the fixing of a large mirror in the lounge. He turned to greet the newcomer and saw a tall, grey-haired cleric who surveyed him with interest.

"This is a great enterprise," was the visitor's introductory comment.

"It is, sir," agreed Pax. "If you'll come into the office I can tell you everything you want to know."

He led the way thither, and produced the hotel booklet which he and Cartridge had been at some pains to compile.

"I am Dr. Boniface," announced the clergyman, "the Head of Staple School. Perhaps you have heard of me."

"I have," said Pax quietly. "As a matter of fact, I had half contemplated starting a riding school for the benefit of your pupils, but this other job turned up first."

"I see," said Dr. Boniface. "Well, there is certainly scope for that sort of thing, and it is a beautiful riding country. Your name is Captain Pax?"

"My name is Packersley," said Pax.

"Ah!" There was a moment's pause. Then: "Am I speaking to the Captain Packersley?" inquired the schoolmaster with slight embarrassment.

He fumbled with his spectacles and put them away; then opened the hotel booklet which Pax had given him, and stared at it with unseeing eyes.

"I think that tells you all you want to know," said Pax. "We are running this place on very simple lines. I'm not asking you to send your friends here, but if you do we shall do our best to make them comfortable."

"It's a very charming place," said Dr. Boniface rather vaguely.

"It is the most completely restful place I have ever known," Pax said.

"Ah! You have found it so?" Dr. Boniface looked up with eyes that still peered, but with a friendly glint.

"Yes." Very simply Pax made answer. "It has given me just what I needed"—he paused an instant, then added half whimsically—"work—and rest."

There was a momentary silence; then, wholly unexpectedly, the schoolmaster held out his hand.

"Captain Packersley," he said, "I believe I have done you an injustice, and I apologise. In any case, I think you are a very brave man, and I hope that you will succeed in doing what you have set out to do. If you will allow me, I shall tell all whom it may concern that this place is being run by a friend of mine."

He freed his hand from Pax's ready grasp as suddenly as he had offered it, and turned about awkwardly, with the evident desire to escape from a difficult situation without further parley.

"You are very good, sir," Pax managed to tell him as he found the door.

"Not at all—not at all. I hope we may meet again," said Dr. Boniface, and made his exit at a speed which lacked the dignity of his arrival.

REACHING the last curve before the gate of Silverhayes came into view, Pax paused and looked back over the sea. It was laden of hue and the sky-line was almost obscured by storm-clouds, but the beacon-light on the far point of the bay flashed its signal towards him as he looked, and again he felt as if he had encountered an omen of better things to come.

The light flashed away again, and he drew a long breath and turned. Close to him was a small post-box fixed against the hedge, and as he moved a quick step sounded on the path above him, and Claire came swiftly round the corner, a letter in her hand.

She saw him with a start and a smothered exclamation, and suddenly it seemed to him that there was consternation in her look, though she swiftly recovered herself.

"Why, it's you!" she said. "I thought it was the postman."

She turned and put her letter into the box, then looked back at him, and again, oddly, it seemed to Pax that her attitude had in it something unusual, half defensive.

Her eyes went beyond him for an instant and observed the brooding sky. "I think we shall have a storm," she said.

"I think we shall," agreed Pax, and wondered at the sharp anxiety that crossed her face. "It would be a relief, wouldn't it?"

"Not to me," said Claire with a slight shiver, preparing to turn back.

He fell into step beside her. "You're not nervous, are you?" he said. "We never get any real storms in England."

She made a protesting gesture. "It's bad for Yvonne. Even England can be terribly oppressive."

Pax spoke deliberately. "The best thing for Yvonne in my opinion, would be to make her take a dip in the sea every day."

Claire shook her head with suppressed vehemence. "Oh, you don't understand. She isn't just neurotic, as you seem to think. It's far more than that. It's as if something in her has snapped. It's not her fault, poor darling. It's simply that life has been—too hard."

"Why don't you get a doctor?" said Pax.

They had reached the garden-gate. He held it open for her, and was struck afresh by that intangible quality about her which seemed to suggest some hidden resistance. She met his look with eyes of unflinching resolution.

"If I thought it would do her any good I would," she said. "There is nothing I wouldn't do for her. But it is more a malady of the soul than the body. I don't know of any doctor who could deal with it."

PAX was too busy in the days that followed to dwell to any great extent upon the situation at Silverhayes. His advertisement campaign and the visit of Dr. Boniface seemed to bear fruit simultaneously, and he found himself occupied early and late in his hotel enterprise. Even Cartridge was moved to partake to a limited degree in his energetic efforts to keep abreast of the sudden rush of popularity that now beset them.

The popularity of the place as a summer resort had fully justified his original out-

lay, and Cartridge's confidence in him was unbounded. Moreover, he had no urgent desire to pause in his efforts, for though he still slept at Silverhayes, he spent less and less of his time there, and it was abundantly evident that his presence in the house was by no means a necessity. Claire, when he saw her, was always quiet and preoccupied. She seldom spoke to him of Yvonne, and he gathered that the latter's condition remained practically unchanged. But there was undoubtedly a guarded atmosphere at Silverhayes—a sense of repression that was almost stealth, and Pax sometimes wondered if Ghulam were at the bottom of it.

With the beginning of October came a spell of wet weather which practically emptied the hotel, with the exception of a few hopeful guests who appeared for week-ends and then drifted away again.

This was Pax's opportunity, and he took it, to start his scheme for keeping riding hacks on the premises. He made one or two journeys to London, but for the main part he did not go far afield, and he never slept away from Silverhayes. As in his earlier venture he was determined to move with caution, and the animals he eventually secured were remarkable rather for soundness than form. As Peters said, it was like marriage: health and disposition came first, and good looks several lengths behind. For why? Because, after a week or two you wouldn't even see the looks, but you'd notice both of the other two always, specially if they wasn't there.

He repeated this bon mot to Charlotte while helping her to wash up, and her reply that a happy heart generally made people look their best seemed to him extraordinarily apt.

"You and me always thinks alike," he said, vigorously polishing a dish, his head on one side. "Never met a female with such brains before."

Charlotte laughed heartily over the compliment. "Sakes alive, man! It doesn't need much brains to do that," she said.

"Ho! Don't it?" said Peters, edging a little nearer. "Darn! There's the office-bell, and I'm supposed to be on duty. I must 'up it'."

He tore himself regretfully away, still hearing her cheery laughter behind him and chuckling in irresistible response even while he cursed the interruption.

It was October, and the early twilight had fallen. He switched on lights as he went till, arriving in the front hall, he came upon the visitor whose summons had disturbed his love-making.

A tall man in a heavy overcoat stood waiting by the closed window of the office, and even as he wheeled at Peter's approach there was something about him which the Cockney's shrewd perception instantly recognised as familiar.

He turned on another light and satisfied himself. "Why?" he ejaculated. "If it ain't Mr. Markham! Ooever would 'ave thought to see you, sir? The captain will be pleased."

PAX had been away nearly all day. He was sitting with Cartridge, who had been confined to his room for some time with a sharp attack of rheumatism, relating all his doings during his absence, when Peters presented himself with his news.

To say that he was "rattled" would have been scarcely an accurate description, but he was for the moment as-

tonished enough to wonder whether Peters had taken leave of his customary astute senses.

Then at Peters' urgent explanation, "You know, sir—Mr. Markham, sir—out of the regiment, sir—'ome from India!" he realised that he was faced with another and wholly unexpected problem.

He got up. "Sorry, Cartridge, I must go. I'll come back later. This is an old friend turned up."

"Oh, confound old friends!" said Cartridge, disconsolately. "Now, I shall get drunk."

Pax turned and patted his shoulder. There was something very pathetic about the humped figure in front of the fire. "No, you won't. You're not to. You've got to keep your brain clear to help me after dinner. Now, don't be an ass—there's a good chap!"

"All right," conceded Cartridge with a gloomy smile. "We'll see what can be done. But you needn't pretend you can't run this show without me, for I know better. You'd do it on your head."

"Rot!" said Pax. "I've never done anything on my head yet. Getting too old for those sorts of antics. Here, Peters! You stop and talk to Mr. Cartridge for a bit while I'm gone!"

Pax's greeting of the new arrival was far from lacking in cordiality. They met in the empty hall where Chris was waiting, and the hand-grip they exchanged was of the warmest.

"My dear fellow!" Pax said. "Why on earth didn't you let me know?"

"Thought I'd give you a surprise," grinned Chris. "How are you, old chap? Going strong? How are the girls?"

"They're not here," Pax said briefly. "Come along in and have a drink! How do you find me out?"

"Oh, I keep my own Intelligence Department," said Chris lightly. "But I think it was pretty mouldy of you not to write."

"I'm sorry," said Pax. "I've been so infernally busy. What are you doing over here? Privilege leave, I suppose?"

"You suppose right," said Chris. "Look here, I've got some bags scattered on the step. Can Peters fetch 'em in? I've come to stay."

"That's all right. We'll attend to them later," said Pax, opening a door that led into the inner sanctuary behind the office. "There's no one on duty at the moment. We've cut down the staff for the winter."

They adjourned to Pax's study. Chris entered. "A fire, by Jove! That's good. It's beastly cold outside."

After a pause Pax turned to Chris. "What have you come for?" Pax said, and there was more of weariness than harshness in his voice. "Your game was played out long ago."

"That's where you make a mistake," returned Chris enigmatically. "To be precise, my game has only just begun."

"You said you'd keep away," said Pax. Chris's eyes gleamed with a momentary fire. "No, I didn't say that. I said I'd do my best. Well, I did. But it was no use. Circumstances were too strong for me."

"What circumstances?" said Pax. Chris raised his glass again and drank. "There's no point in going into details," he said then. "And you must forgive me if I can't see why you should have any earthly objection to my turning up now. The whole business has blown over and is practically forgotten. I know you've suffered for it, and I'm sorry. But so has she, and I don't see the object of every-

body going on suffering. It's not common sense."

"You simply don't realise the situation," Pax said.

"Perhaps you don't either," Chris suddenly spoke with intense deliberation. "Perhaps—in a sense—you never did. You thought it was all mere fooling—an idle flirtation—on my part. Well, you were wrong. I'm older than you think, and—it wasn't just calf-love with me. I cared for her."

"My dear fellow," Pax said, "I'm horribly sorry for you."

"For me!" Chris uttered the words half-challengingly.

Pax confirmed them without raising his voice. "Yes, for you. Because if you expect to find happiness with Yvonne you'll be disappointed. She will never marry you."

AND why not?" demanded Chris. "Because she's ill, weak, needing support?"

Pax gave him a sudden searching look. "Who told you all that?"

Chris made an impatient movement. "What does it matter? If that's the reason, d'you think it's going to stand in my way?"

Pax did not answer. He merely said, "She is a nervous wreck. You will do far more harm than good by seeing her."

"I'm sorry," said Chris. "I'm going to see her. And I'm going to marry her, too, if she'll have me."

"She won't," said Pax.

"Won't!" Chris stared at him. "How the devil d'you know?"

"Oh, never mind how!" Pax said with a sigh. "I do know. That's enough."

"It's not enough," Chris contradicted him sharply.

Pax turned abruptly from him, picked up his glass and drained it. His throat moved spasmodically as he did so, as if the liquid nearly choked him. He spoke finally with his back turned.

"As a matter of fact Yvonne's got Claire. She seems to get everybody in one way or another. But she won't have you, Chris. That I promise you."

"D'you mean to say"—Chris flung the words with unconsidered impulse—"are you hinting—that you'd try to prevent it?" Pax, what the devil do you mean?"

"You understand me," Pax said, and he spoke through set teeth. "I'd move heaven and earth—for your sake—to prevent it if I could—if I thought she'd have you. But she won't. She'll turn you down."

Chris gave him a hard look and swung back to the fire. "Sorry!" he said briefly. "I'm not taking anybody's advice this journey. I'm running my own show. Why you should want to interfere I don't know, but it won't make any difference. I'm going through with it. Anyhow, I mean to see her."

"I certainly can't prevent you doing that," Pax said in the same quiet tone. "But, if you're wise, you'll at least wait till morning."

"Why?" There was an odd note in Chris' voice, half aggressive, half apprehensive. He remained facing the fire.

Pax came and stood beside him. "So far as I know, she never sees anyone at this hour except Claire and Ghulam," he said. "She seems to be a confirmed invalid. Perhaps you don't know that?"

Chris turned to him impetuously. "I say, old chap, don't let's fall out over all this! I've missed you so infernally."

"Have you?" said Pax. A wistful smile hovered about his face for a moment and

passed. "Well, have a cigarette! I'll get hold of Peters to see to your things."

He held out his cigarette-case, and Chris, strangely softened, helped himself with a murmured word of thanks.

There followed a brief pause, during which they smoked in silence. Then, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, Pax turned and went away on his mission, leaving Chris alone in front of the fire.

PAX had been dining at the hotel since Cartridge had been confined to his room, to ensure that everything should be in order for any chance visitors, and he and Chris sat down together a little later to a meal which, though not elaborate, was everything that a weary traveller could desire. Things might be done on a smaller scale in the off season, but they were not allowed to be inferior on that account.

They talked of many things as they dined, but they avoided all intimate subjects by mutual consent. Pax spoke of the hotel enterprise, of the struggle they had had, and the gratifying success which had been finally achieved.

They laughed together over their early days in India as they smoked by the fire, and the subject lasted them until Pax got up to go.

"I've got to say good-night to poor old Cartridge before I clear out," he said. "You'll be all right, will you? They'll look after you. Ring for anything you want."

"You're going, are you?" said Chris.

"Yes. I sleep at Silverhayes—and that's about all." Pax held out his hand. "Good-night, old chap! I shall be back first thing in the morning."

Chris gripped him hard. "Pax," he said, and looked him straight in the face, "are you going to tell them I'm here?"

"I shall tell Claire," Pax said.

"You won't talk to Yvonne about me?" Chris' voice had an urgent note.

Pax paused. "Why not?"

"Because I want to see her myself first." Chris' hand still gripped with persistence. "You'll let me do that?" he said.

Pax freed himself and was gone before Chris could reiterate his request. And Chris made no attempt to detain or follow him. He knew Pax too well for that. But as he returned to smoke his pipe in solitude he tightened his jaw and squared his shoulders. He had no intention of submitting to Pax's ruling on that account.

Could he have seen the utter dejection of Pax's gait when he finally passed out under the lamp into the dripping mist of the October night, his attitude would have been very different. For Pax moved as a man who was sick at heart.

He reached the little gate in the hedge and turned inward. The drenched orchard trees scattered more drops upon him as he walked up the narrow path. There was a light in the room over the porch—Claire's room; but the windows of Yvonne's, round the corner of the house, gave forth no glow. They were usually heavily curtained to shut out the gleam of the beacon-light on the distant headland.

He opened the door very quietly and entered, closing and bolting it behind him. The silence after the dreary dripping without was like the quiet of a vault. He stood on the mat for a few seconds as if listening to the utter stillness.

Then he took off his hat and coat and hung them on the peg where Peters would

find them in the morning, and turned to the stairs.

With a steady step he ascended the stairs, and turned deliberately to the room over the porch whence the light shone down upon the garden. The next moment very quietly he knocked upon the door.

"Claire! Can I come in?"

There was a second or two of dead silence, then some hurried movements, followed by Claire's approaching step. The handle turned and the door opened. She stood before him, clad in a pale blue dressing-gown, her hair loose about her neck.

Her eyes met his with a startled look. "What is it, Pax. Something wrong?"

"Can I come in?" he said.

She glanced behind her in a momentary indecision, then stepped back. "Yes, I suppose so. Is there anything the matter?"

He entered and closed the door behind him. "Yes, I want to talk to you—to tell you something."

She looked uneasy. "Yvonne may be wanting me at any moment. If it isn't terribly important, would it keep till morning?"

He shook his head with a hint of sternness. "No, I'm sorry. Yvonne may be wanting you in the morning, too. Listen, Claire! Somebody—from Bhanapore—turned up this afternoon. Can you guess who?"

He saw her eyes dilate. She turned suddenly very pale, but her response came without faltering. "Was it Chris Markham?"

Pax stared at her. Somehow—though he had strongly suspected it—he felt that he had not actually believed it until that moment.

"You knew then?" he said.

She bent her head. "Yes, I thought he might come. I wrote to him."

"You—wrote to him!" Pax said.

She made a slight gesture as though the question were hard to face, but she answered it, her voice very low. "Yes. I told him that she was ill and wanting him. I thought he ought to know."

"You told him that?" Pax said.

She raised her eyes again defensively. "Yes. Surely he owes her something—after helping to bring all this upon her!"

He ignored the justification. "And you did it in secret—without telling me," he said.

"I had to do it," Claire said. "It seemed—her only chance. I believe it still is."

"And what of him?" said Pax. "Doesn't he count at all?"

"Of course he counts," Claire answered in the same low voice. "It's for his happiness, too."

"For his happiness?" Pax echoed, as if he could not restrain the words. "A boy like that, with all his life before him, to marry a half-demented creature who—"

"Pax! Stop!" Sharply she broke in. "She is not demented—or anything like that! You have no right to say such a thing. It's cruel—it's wicked!"

Suddenly she turned from him as if she could bear no more. He saw her shoulders heave.

But he gave no sign of relenting, though strong emotion from Claire was so rare a thing. "I've got to say it," he said, "because it's true. And you knew

that I should have said it. That was why you wrote without telling me."

Her words went into sobs. She leaned her head against him, the soft hair falling over her face, her whole frame shaken.

"Oh, Pax, you can't—you can't stand in the way. It isn't right."

"It is right," Pax said through set lips. "And I'm going to do it."

She stared up at him as if incredulous. "You can't mean it," she said. "And—anyhow—Chris wouldn't listen."

"No." Grimly he allowed the point. "I've done with Chris. But not with Yvonne."

She stopped. Her hands went up to her face for a few moments, but she lowered them again, tightly clasped together.

There followed a silence that was terrible during which she watched instinctively for some violent outburst with which she knew that she would be wholly powerless to cope.

"To-morrow," he said, "you will tell Yvonne that no power on earth will induce me to agree to her marrying Chris Markham or any other man. That is my final word."

He made a movement as if to go, but Claire lifted a detaining hand. She did not attempt to rise. Perhaps she still lacked the strength. But she spoke, and her voice had a resolute quality, though it was scarcely more than a whisper.

"Pax—why should I tell her that? You—what power have you—to prevent it?"

He looked down at her sombrely. He had regained his self-control, and no sign remained of the fire that had scorched her.

"Ask her that!" he said. "She knows the answer."

And then slowly he turned away and went to the door. There for a moment he paused, not turning, and his voice came back to her, very quiet, completely implacable.

"Remember, we are playing the straight game! If you don't tell her—I shall."

He opened the door rather suddenly and went out, closing it behind him.

A misty sunlight was pouring over the country on the following morning when Chris went up the lane and passed through the gate that led to Silverhayes. He moved with eager step, taking but slight note of his surroundings, intent only upon his goal.

So, softly whistling to himself, he walked up the winding orchard path to the ivy-clad porch.

There came a slight footfall and he wheeled swiftly round to find himself face to face with Claire. Very pale and quiet, she met him with extended hand.

"Oh, Chris!" she said. "How are you? Come out into the garden and we'll talk!"

He looked at her eagerly. "Yvonne—how is she?"

She made a slight movement as though to ward off the question. "Not very well, I'm afraid. But come outside and I'll tell you everything. There's a seat round here under the wall. It isn't really cold."

"First, I've got to tell you something," she said, "which I didn't tell you in my letter—which I haven't told a soul. You know what a terrible time she went through—when Guy died. I needn't remind you of all that. It's only to get you to realise that it had a very bad effect

upon her. We didn't have to go through it, so it's hard for us to understand. But it nearly drove her to insanity. She couldn't sleep. She was haunted—always haunted—by the memory of that dreadful night. Chris—she laid her hand upon his arm and spoke very earnestly—"what I am going to tell you now must never, never be repeated to a soul. But—if you are going to help her—you must know it. I only found out for certain just before I wrote to you. I wrote—in desperation." Her lip quivered unexpectedly and she paused.

Chris put his hand on hers. "I say, don't mind telling me anything!" he said. "I'm here to help."

She nodded. "I know. You love her. That makes all the difference. But—all the same—I'm not sure now—that I've done right. There are—so many obstacles."

"Tell me!" said Chris gently.

She controlled herself with an effort. "I don't know why I'm being so weak. Please forgive me! Yes, I'll tell you. She suffered—so dreadfully, that at last she took to—drugs. I never suspected it at the time. I thought it was just the result of the awful nervous shock and that it would pass. But later—after we settled down here—I began to suspect. And at last I found out for certain. But—it had become such a habit with her then that I couldn't stop it. You see, I had nothing to offer in exchange. And I honestly think she would have gone mad without it. But Ghulam—we brought him back with us from India by Yvonne's wish—Ghulam assures me that the doses are lessening. And I so counted on your coming—on your influence—" She paused again and put her hand to her throat, finally ending in a choked whisper. "And now—it's all—no good."

"Why?" demanded Chris swiftly. "Why should you say that? I'll help her. I'll put a stop to it. She'll forget all about it—I'll make her forget—as soon as we're happy together. Claire—Claire, what's the matter? There's nothing to cry about. You're just worn out, that's all."

"I think I am—rather," she admitted, again forcing back her distress. "But—that isn't all. As I say, I had counted on you. I could think of nothing else. But—I can't do that any longer now."

"Why not?" said Chris.

"Because—" she spoke with slight hesitation—"Pax—won't hear of it."

"Oh, rats!" said Chris. "What on earth does it matter what Pax says? He tried to get at me last night, but I simply wouldn't listen. Look here! Take me along to see her, there's a dear! And let's cut Pax right out of it, anyway."

"We can't," Claire said, and in her voice there was a dull hopelessness that somehow carried conviction. "He has the power to put a stop to it, and he means to do it."

He looked down at her with eyes of stern resolution. "I think—with your permission—I'll see Yvonne."

"Oh!" Claire said.

He went on steadily. "You needn't be afraid. I'll go very carefully. I won't upset her. But—well, I've just got to find out, that's all."

Yvonne lay on a couch in her room by the open window. There had been times in the summer when at Claire's earnest persuasion she had gone down to the garden and lain there with the sunlight filtering through

the apple trees upon her, but that had never been at her own wish, and now that the summer had passed—though she hated the chills of morning and evening—it was a relief to be allowed to spend her time in peace and without any sort of effort.

To Claire sometimes, viewing her with an aching heart, there was about her a hint of that quiet majesty which is only fully seen on the faces of the dead. And it seemed needlessly cruel to disturb her, since to rouse her was to make her suffer.

As she went upstairs to Yvonne's room on that morning of misty sunshine she had it in her heart to wish that her letter to Chris had never been written.

Yet, as she entered and saw the still figure lying there, a faint ray of hope flickered within her once again. Was there perhaps even yet a chance that Chris' coming might bring relief?

She went to her and stood beside her. She had a rose in her hand, dark crimson and richly fragrant. She laid it softly against Yvonne's cheek.

"Thank you, dear," whispered Yvonne.

Claire bent a little to look at her. "Are you very tired to-day?" she asked.

"Very, very tired," said Yvonne.

Claire's hand smoothed her pillow. "Would it be too much for you to see an old friend?" she suggested gently.

Yvonne's heavy eyelids opened slowly till the beautiful eyes met Claire's. "A friend?" she questioned. "Who—who?"

CLAIRE touched her hair with caressing fingers. "It's someone you knew in India, darling," she said, "someone you often think of."

"Someone—from India!" said Yvonne, and a very strange look flashed suddenly into her eyes—a look half imploring, half afraid.

Claire stooped lower and kissed her forehead. "Would you be very surprised," she whispered, "to hear that Chris Markham is home on leave and has come to see you?"

"Chris Markham!" repeated Yvonne, and her voice had a scared note. "Is he—here?"

"He is waiting at the door," said Claire. "Shall I bring him in?"

"Oh, no—no! Wait!" Yvonne's reply was quick and agitated. A deep wave of color surged over her face. For an instant the old haunted look showed in her eyes, then the white lids fell, veiling them. "Why should he come to see me?" she said. "He left me—before."

"Dearest," Claire said, "he won't stay if you don't want him. I'll tell him to go without seeing you if you like."

"No, you needn't do that," Yvonne's voice was quiet again. It had a deadened sound. "I don't mind seeing him. It can't make any difference now, can it?"

Chris entered. His quick glance took in everything—the sunlit room, the couch by the window—its motionless occupant. She scarcely turned her head at his coming, but the color still burned in her cheeks.

Claire met him with a whispered warning. "Be very careful not to distress her! Don't stay long!"

Then she moved quietly away and Chris nodded and took her place.

"Yvonne!" he said, and knelt down by her side.

A deep quiver went through Yvonne. She lifted her eyes slowly to his. "Well—Chris!" she said and faintly smiled.

He took her hand and kissed it. "Why are you still ill?" he said.

"I don't know. Am I ill?" said Yvonne.

He kept her hand pressed to his face. "You're going to get well now, anyway," he declared.

"Am I?" said Yvonne. Her eyes contemplated him with an odd wonder. "You haven't changed a bit," she said.

"Of course I haven't," said Chris stoutly, "though I've come through some devilish hot weather since I saw you last."

Again that hard quiver went through her. "Since you saw me last!" she said. "That—was aeons and aeons ago."

He smiled at her confidently, holding her hand against his cheek. "You haven't forgotten how we danced—and sat out—together," he said.

Her heavy lids fell. "And then parted—and never met again," she said.

"We've met now," urged Chris.

She sighed. "Yes—for a little while," she said.

He pressed her hand a little closer. It felt cold, strangely inanimate. "Why not for always?" he said boldly. "Things are different now."

"Very—very different," said Yvonne.

He leaned towards her, as though seeking to melt her coldness at his fire. "Only in one sense, Yvonne—darling," he said. "I love you now—just as I loved you then. I've come all the way home to tell you so."

She stirred at that, and seemed to shrink. "Ah, but why did you let me down?" she said. "Why did you let me down? I—needed you so."

Chris also winced a little at the question, but in a moment he braced himself again. "I had to go. It wasn't playing the game. You must have understood, dearest. Surely you did understand! I loathed going—more than anything I've ever done."

"It was worse for me," she said.

He tried to look into her veiled eyes. "But it's over now," he told her earnestly. "It's all over now. We're free to start afresh. And I'll never let you down again, Yvonne. I swear I'll never let you down."

She made a slight gesture of negation.

"It's too late—now," she said.

"Too late! What nonsense!" Chris spoke with intentional force.

"Yvonne!" He slipped his arm behind her pillow. "Darling, look at me! I'll soon make you remember," he said.

He was holding her fast with the words, fast against his heart; and something of his intensity of feeling must have reached and moved her, for she slid her arm about his neck as she lay. But there was nothing of passion in her surrender. Her body was limp in his clasp.

"I think I loved you—once," she said.

"And now, too!" he urged, with his lips to hers. "You love me still. You still want me."

"I've often wanted you," she murmured very sadly. "But—you were never there. I'm here now, though," he told her triumphantly. "I'm here now, darling,—with you for always."

His lips pressed hers closely, possessively, but her lips made no return. When he relaxed again, her eyes were closed and her face was deathly white.

"Yvonne!" he said in quick anxiety. "Yvonne! What is it? I haven't hurt you?"

She answered him in a whisper so faint that he could barely catch it. "No—no! I'm only—so tired. Let me rest! Leave me—leave me!"

He felt as if something had gripped him by the throat—some deadly thing against which he was completely powerless. He laid her back upon the pillows and knelt, watching her.

"Yvonne!" he whispered hoarsely. "Tell me—you're not trying to send me away because of—Pax?"

"Pax!" She started violently at the name. Her eyes opened wide, and for an instant he saw stark terror in their depths. "Why—why do you ask me that?" she said. "What—has he been telling you?" And then swiftly she covered her face with her hands, crying, "Oh, go—go! Haven't I suffered enough? Must it go on for ever and ever? Couldn't Pax—have spared me—this?"

Chris stood up. That one moment of revelation had shocked him to the soul. The strangled feeling was still at his throat, preventing speech, but in any case he had no words left.

Dumbly he turned away from the sobbing, distraught figure. So it was Pax—it was Pax who had brought her to this—Pax who had murdered her husband—Pax who had married that husband's sister to save his own neck. Like a web of evil it unfolded itself before him as he stumbled dizzily from the room, reeling like a drunken man. Pax—Pax!

During that day Pax was absent on business connected with the riding-school which he was hoping to establish. He had left early to go to a place some distance away to inspect some hacks, a matter which claimed his most careful consideration and which was bound to take up a good deal of time.

He felt it would be a relief to be thus occupied, for the situation that had arisen at Wychemere was one upon which he had no desire to spend long hours of contemplation. His ultimatum to Claire the night before would, he believed, have the necessary result without any further interference on his part.

Whichever way he turned, her eyes were before him, imploring him, and he yearned to go back and try to comfort her, even though bitterly aware of his own complete impotence in that direction.

Yet though he actually passed the gate of Silverhayes in the little second-hand car which he had bought for his various journeyings, he did not stop, knowing too well that no welcome would await him there. With a grim face he drove on to the Wychemere Hotel, the first rain of a stormy night driving in from the sea against the wind-screen.

It was considerably after the usual dinner-hour when Chris entered the hotel. The rain had come on heavily and his clothes were soaked, but he did not stop to go up to his room. He turned straight into the lounge where Pax was smoking before the fire, merely throwing his hat aside before presenting himself.

His face was white and drawn as he came forward. He looked exhausted, but his eyes were fiercely alight.

He uttered no word of greeting as Pax looked up, and Pax rose with the air of a man meeting the inevitable. "Hallo, Chris! What's the matter?" he said.

Chris came straight up to him. "I've got to have a talk with you," he said.

Pax regarded him with steady interest. "That's all right, old chap," he

said. "But get into some dry clothes first! You've had a wet tramp."

"Tramp!" Chris uttered a harsh sound that was like a strangled cry. "I've been tramping over those cliffs all day," he said. "And now—"

"And now," interrupted Pax firmly, "you're going to have a drink and change. We'll talk for as long as you like afterwards, but not before."

"We'll talk now!" began Chris, but Pax's quiet hand on his shoulder checked him. For the moment habit reasserted itself, and he responded almost mechanically to the authority to which he had always accorded respect.

Pax stood still, watching him. But as Chris disappeared, he crossed the lounge to a door that led to the dining-room and called Peters to him to give the necessary instructions.

"And get him to have a hot bath if you can!" he added. "Dinner must wait. He's drenched to the skin."

It was some seconds later that the sound of the telephone-bell ringing in the empty office reached him, and he straightened himself to obey the summons, knowing that there was probably no one else within earshot.

The place was dark and cold. He switched on a single light as he entered. Then he picked up the receiver—and heard Claire's voice.

"I want to speak to Captain Packeraley, please—very urgently."

A strange throb went through Pax; he had never heard her calling so earnestly to him before.

"Yes, I'm here," he said. "What is it?"

Her voice came again instantly; it was low and agitated. "Oh, Pax! Can you come up at once? Yvonne—is not—so well, and I've got a doctor. At once, Pax—at once! Don't tell Chris! He mustn't come with you."

"That's all right," Pax said. "I'll come straight away."

He heard her give a short gasp. "Be quick!" she said, and rang off.

Pax replaced the receiver and turned to the desk. He found a bit of note-paper and scrawled across it:

"Don't wait dinner. Will see you later.—Pax."

He addressed it to Chris, and went out into the hall.

He left it on the table there at the foot of the stairs, then seized a hat and mackintosh and turned to the door. It clanged behind him as he passed out, and he met the lashing rain as he stepped forth from the shelter of the house. The night was dark, but he could have found his way blindfold. It was a bare three hundred yards up the lane to Silverhayes, and he had traversed the distance too often not to know every inch of it.

The lamp over the hotel gateway guided him part of the way, and when he rounded the curve the lights of a car in the lane above showed him the rest.

The car outside Silverhayes was empty. The garden-gate swung on its hinges. He plunged up the narrow path, and saw a light in the house in front of him. A few seconds more, and he was at the door.

He pulled off his streaming mackintosh and hung it on a peg in a small recess. Then he stood, listening. What was happening in that room above, which he had never entered? Yvonne was not so well. Claire needed him; had sent for the doctor, who obviously was still in the

house. Should he ring a bell or go up to announce himself?

He suddenly felt that he could wait no longer, and turned to the stairs. If he rang, probably only Ghulam would answer, and he could not hope to get the plain truth from him. But even as he moved there came a sound. A door opened on the landing above and someone came out. He heard the quiet footfall that he would have known before all others, and in another moment Claire appeared at the top of the stairs.

She saw him in the second that he saw her, started, paused, then seemed to muster her strength and came on slowly down to him. Looking at her as he awaited her approach, he saw that her eyes were oddly fixed as though they searched for something beyond him.

And yet they regarded him also, for as she reached him she stopped. "Oh, you've come!" she said. "I rang you up, didn't I?"

He put out a hand and took hers, finding it like ice in his clasp. "Claire!" he said. "What's happened? Tell me!"

HER eyes met his, but still with that dazed, far-off look. "She's gone," she said in a hushed voice. "She's dead."

"My dear!" Pax said. He put his arm about her, though she gave no sign of needing support or that she was even aware that he gave it. "Come into the dining-room and tell me about it! How did it happen?"

She stood motionless. "It was an overdose," she said. "She killed herself. Perhaps you can tell me why."

There was no feeling of any sort in her voice. It was dull and lifeless. Her face was whiter than he had ever seen it.

"Claire!" he said, shocked. "Are you—sure?"

"Oh, quite sure," she answered. "She breathed very strangely for a time, and then—it was after the doctor came—it got slower—and slower—till it stopped. He tried to inject something, but it did no good."

"What was it she took?" Pax asked, with a desperate feeling that if he could not somehow chain her attention it would drift beyond his reach.

She shook her head. "I don't know. It was some Indian drug that Ghulam had. I knew that she was taking it, but she had begun to take less lately, and I thought when Chris came—"

Again her voice trembled a little; she broke off. "Where is Chris?" she said.

"He's at the hotel. I didn't tell him," Pax said. "You didn't wish it."

"No," she assented. "He distressed her so terribly this morning—though he didn't mean to—I couldn't have let him see her again." She shivered suddenly. "Isn't it dreadfully cold?"

"Come into the dining-room!" Pax said again. "There's a fire there, isn't there?"

"Yes, if it isn't out." She turned mechanically. "I've been upstairs all the evening. We had to wait a long time before the doctor came."

They entered the dining-room together. There were a few red embers left, and Pax put her into a chair by the hearth and knelt to coax them back to life.

Claire sat and watched him, her hands clasped round her knees, still shivering intermittently, but too stunned or too exhausted for emotion.

Pax succeeded in kindling a small

flame at length, and turned back to her.

A sudden shudder assailed her, but she overcame it. "I can't—I somehow can't believe it," she said.

"I know," Pax's hand pressed her shoulder. "You're bound to feel like that at first. But—it must have been an accident."

"It wasn't," Claire spoke with conviction. "It was because of Chris. There's something behind it all—something you are keeping from me. But I shall have to know it now." She paused, and again a hard shudder went through her which she fought to suppress. "It's impossible," she said, still looking up at him with eyes that were strangely impersonal, "to go on—to attempt to go on—with this secret barrier between us. If I know of some definite wrong, I may—in time—be able to forgive it. But I can never forgive a wrong I don't know."

"I have never wronged you," Pax said quietly.

"I am thinking of her—not of myself," Claire answered, and she spoke with a kind of cold conviction that did not seem to express her inner thoughts at all. "I know—and Chris knows, too—that there was a secret between you. I don't say that you have wronged me. You haven't had much opportunity. But—you must have wronged her—it was that secret that killed Yvonne."

He spoke after some seconds of difficult silence. "I think you are taking a good deal for granted. What has happened was probably an absolute misadventure. But, in any case, if you thought that she had deliberately kept anything from you, would you wish to pry into it now?"

"Oh, you don't understand," Claire said, and rose to her feet with a gesture of unconscious majesty that seemed to open an immense gulf between them.

He went close to her, but he did not touch her. "Claire," he said, and in spite of his utmost effort he could not keep the pain out of his voice, "I don't know what you have in your mind, but I swear to you that I have done nothing to wrong either you or Chris or Yvonne."

She did not turn. Her voice came muffled through her hands. "I don't believe you, I'm sorry, I can't. Even Ghulam—hates you. Why—why?"

She bowed her head lower and stood motionless, caught together, as it were, striving to suppress her anguish, but not fully succeeding. Now and then one of those dry sobs went through her, seeming to tear her very heart.

Pax drew away from her. He could think of nothing more to say. He was face to face with a situation that completely baffled him.

And then—through the half-open door—he heard a movement, a slithering sound with which he was familiar. He strode forward.

But in the same moment the door opened farther and Ghulam presented himself with a deep salaam.

"The doctor sahib is coming," he said. There was a step on the stairs behind him, and before Pax could speak the doctor appeared—a short, grey man with glasses, who entered somewhat abruptly as if he had no time to spare.

"My name is Tudor—Lennox Tudor," he said. "I think you are Captain Packersley."

Pax acknowledged the fact without words.

The doctor continued in tones that were brief and businesslike. "I'm afraid this is a serious matter." He turned and shut Ghulam outside. "It means an inquest, of

course, I shall have to notify the authorities."

"Yes, of course," said Pax. "Please take all the necessary steps! Is there anything I can do?"

"Not at present. You were not even in the house, I believe?" Dr. Tudor looked him up and down with a keenness that betrayed the fact that he knew something of his past. "But I would like you to be here to answer any inquiries if you will. Meantime"—again he glanced at Claire—"I think nobody had better go into the room. I have taken the liberty to lock the door. I am now going to get the nurse from the village, and I will bring her back with me. I daresay she would spend the night if Mrs. Packersley would care for her to do so."

"Thank you," Claire spoke for the first time. "I hardly think that will be necessary."

"As you like, of course." The doctor turned. "I'll be going." He looked at Pax. "I suppose that Indian servant is trustworthy?"

Pax hesitated, and it was Claire who answered. "He has been absolutely devoted to my sister-in-law for many months. So far as she was concerned, no one could have been more so."

"Very good." He opened the door again: the hall was empty. "Well, I shall be back with the nurse directly. Joye! What a night!" He made a dive for his hat and coat, dragging on the latter before Pax could offer any assistance. "Thanks! Don't bother about me! Take care of your wife!"

He made a dash at the front door, pulled it open, and was gone, banging it behind him.

Pax turned round to Claire. "And now," he said, "before he comes back I am going to the hotel to tell Chris."

She bent her head. "Yes, I suppose it would be best."

"I shall soon be back," he said, pausing. "You're not wanting me?"

She raised her eyes and looked at him squarely, mercilessly. "No," she said very clearly, "I never want to see you again."

He turned away without a word, found his own hat and mackintosh, and left her standing there.

THE lamp over the hotel gateway was obscured by tossing tree boughs, but he caught its reflection on the driving rain as he pursued his way. A few paces more and its rays illuminated his path. The revolving light gleamed again, and he thought of Yvonne—poor tragic Yvonne—with a sudden flood of compassion in which all bitterness was washed away. She had suffered cruelly, Claire had said, and he knew that it was true. Life had been bitterly hard for her also. He could not be sorry that she was at rest.

Half-way up the drive now and ready for the strain! Chris would have died—Cartridge would be expecting him—he must return without delay—so he would have to manage without. It had been a heavy day. It would be a still heavier night, but he supposed he would get through it somehow. Heaven was doling out all this, and he had got to stand up to it and make a decent show.

That was the only thing left now—but oh, Claire—Claire!

He saw the light over the porch, and suddenly reflected that none of the way had been wholly dark.

It was then that the blow fell. Out of the storm behind him something glided

up—a vague figure with the suppleness and the stealth of a serpent. Through the streaming rain something flashed. It came upon Pax like a hammer-stroke between the shoulders—and then a piercing pain, an agonising pain. He uttered an involuntary cry and swung round. Something was rending inside him. He knew he had been stabbed. Through the storm and the darkness he heard the laugh of a devil. But he saw nothing, for even as he turned he fell, choking, not five yards from the step coughing spasmodically and choking again, with a gush of blood in his throat as he dropped face downwards on the gravel within the arc of light that spread outwards from the porch.

"Now, where the devil is 'e?" said Peters ten seconds later, approaching the hall door for the third time. "Must 'ave gone up to Silverayes, but 'e said 'e was comin' back. Looks as if dinner'll go the same way as lunch—with Mr. Markham settin' in 'is corner like a dog with distemper. Blimey, what a 'urricane! A balmy night, I don't think!"

This as he opened the door to peer forth! What he thought or did not think after that remark was not expressed in words. There are some situations in which all faculties save the power which governs instantaneous action seem to be paralysed. And Peters had never moved more quickly in his life than he moved that night; but he was incapable of uttering a sound or seeing anything beyond that huddled figure lying in the drive during those moments of swift action.

He was not a big man, but he was possessed of a wiry strength that was of more use to him than any bulk. There was no superfluous weight about Pax either, and when Peters' thin arms gripped and raised him, his falling consciousness prompted him to make a responding effort on his own behalf.

The anguish came again, but somehow he kept his senses until Peters had half lifted and half dragged him over the step and through the open door. And then the awful choking overwhelmed him once more, the life-blood welled up and streamed from his mouth. He sank downwards—downwards—into a soundless darkness in which no beacon shone. And as he went he remembered Claire, and the great gulf into which he was descending became that which had opened between them when she had told him that she never wanted to see him again. Claire! Claire! She would be free, and the secret would die with him.

That was his last thought as he slipped down into the unknown depths.

What was that light on the far horizon? Was it a star—a beacon—a torch? And why did they hold it up to him when he was rigid in death and powerless to move hand or foot?

What was that whispering above his head? Was it the wind stirring the grass over his grave? Was it, by any chance, the dawn-wind of the Resurrection?

Years—probably many ages—had passed over him, and still he wanted to sleep, to be still in his grave, to lie in oblivion. He wanted rest as he had never wanted it during the whole of his earthly life. It was hard when he had passed through the darkness of death to be awakened again so soon. He yearned to be left in peace a little longer, to shut his eyes to the dawning light, to rest—to rest!

"He's so dreadfully tired," said one of the voices. "I don't think we can rouse him now."

"Then I shall have to leave without saying good-bye," said another voice. "Will you say it for me—with my love?"

"Say it to him yourself!" said the first voice. "I think he will understand."

"Poor dear old chap!" said the second huskily. "I don't think I will. It's such a shame."

That voice reached Pax very definitely. His spirit stirred in answer, and suddenly he realised that he was in the body still, and back in the world he knew. He opened his eyes and looked straight before him.

But at first he could see nothing clearly. He had lain in the shadow of death for so long that he was dazzled by the light of day. His sense of weakness was overwhelming, but he felt no pain.

Then someone knelt down by his side, and he saw Chris' face looking very earnestly into his own.

"Oh, dear old fellow!" Chris murmured rather unsteadily. "Pax, it's me. Don't try to speak! Let me just hold your hand a minute before I go!"

Pax gazed straight at him. Speech was completely beyond him. He could not understand why the boy was regarding him with such devotion, but he managed a flickering smile in answer. For Chris looked on the verge of tears.

"I've got to go," he told him. "But you're getting better now. Don't let anything put you back! You're wanted—badly. You've got to get well."

The tears were actually in his eyes as he spoke. He held Pax's hand between both his own.

He passed out of Pax's sight, and Pax closed his eyes again in sheer weakness, and wondered if it had been a dream.

WHEN he reopened them it was much later, and his brain had cleared. He found that he was lying in the large, south-facing bedroom which Yvonne had once occupied at the Wychemere Hotel, and something told him that he had been lying there for a very long time. He remembered the first occasion on which he had entered that room with the cheerful Charlotte, and the magic that had drifted through the open windows. It had been spring then or very early summer, but now the year must be nearly over, for he could see bare boughs etched in black against a grey sky. It was growing dark, and even as he looked someone moved in the room and a shaded lamp glowed. By its light he saw a hospital nurse with a face of great serenity, doubtless the owner of the voice that had advised Chris not to linger. Was she keeping everybody at bay like that? Pax wondered.

He was not aware that he made any movement, or indeed that he was capable of doing so; but she turned at that moment and came towards him as if he had summoned her.

He lay missing for a space under the nurse's watchful eyes, and then, in his weak whisper, "I should like to see—Peters," he said.

He half expected her to frown upon the request, but she did not. She smiled instead. "Well, so you shall," she said. "He is often in here, and most helpful. But you must let him do all the talking—or nearly all of it—and he mustn't stay too long."

Pax smiled acquiescence. He certainly had small inclination to talk.

He closed his eyes again while he waited, and so lying he did not even hear the entrance of Peters, and only awakened to the consciousness of his presence when a strenuous whisper announced, "E's asleep again, nurse. We mustn't disturb 'im."

He looked up then and saw the lined and anxious Cockney face surveying him with eyes of deepest concern. "Hallo—Peters!" he said, and his voice was a little more than a whisper this time. "I didn't hear you come in."

Peters looked for a moment as if he were going to burst into tears, and then, miraculously, converted his expression into the broadest grin that Pax had ever seen.

"Lord bless yer, sir!" he said. "I always comes in 'ere in me stockin' feet. It's after. Pleased to see you lookin' yourself again, sir. You've 'ad a devil of a time, and no mistake. But it's all over now, sir, all over now. You're goin' to get well again—come back to us all and make us 'appy."

It was at this point that Pax laughed—actually laughed, though feebly enough, and Peters went a step backwards in terror.

"Don't you do it, sir! Don't you do it! You'll start the emmarrage again, and then what'll we do? 'Ere, nurse! I'd better go. I'm doin' more 'arm than good."

"It's all right," the nurse said reassuringly from the other side of the bed. "A little laughter never hurt anybody. Keep quiet, that's all! Look! He wants to say something before you go."

For Pax had moved his hand towards Peters, and Peters stooped very nervously and held it while he spoke.

"Good luck, Peters! I'm glad. Tell Charlotte—from me—you've got to be happy—both of you!"

Peters beamed delight. "I'll tell 'er, sir. Don't you worry! And I'll bring in a surprise to see you to-morrow. But you must go to sleep now, sir. You must go to sleep now."

But Pax's weak fingers detained him for a moment. "Is it—Elfrida?" he said.

Peters nodded. "That's right, sir. She's been 'ere for a week or more, and always 'usin' to come in and see you. Asks after you bevery day, sir, just as 'uman as a monkey, sir. Never seen such intelligence."

"I think perhaps that's enough," murmured the watchful nurse, seeing Pax's features beginning to twitch humorously again. "You've done him quite a lot of good, but he mustn't get over-tired."

So Peters faded obediently out of Pax's view, and Pax sank into a doze that was strangely peaceful.

That night he had a curious dream that Claire had come into the room and was sitting out of sight, watching him. He kept telling himself in his semi-waking moments that it could not be true, yet as soon as he fell asleep again the dream was renewed. Claire was there. And because the dream was so precious to him, he strove very hard when the morning came not to wake.

It was some hours later that the nurse who presided in Pax's sick-room went to the door in answer to a very humble knock and admitted Cartridge. At least it looked like Cartridge as he might appear in another sphere.

sagged, as if the outer layers of his person had become too spacious for him. He had certainly lost a good deal of superabundant flesh. And, seeing him, Pax reflected again that he himself must have been ill for a very long time.

Cartridge crept timidly forward, trying to walk on tiptoe between his two sticks. Pax smiled a greeting, and the nurse brought forward a chair, into which Cartridge sank with a grateful sigh.

"My stars!" he said. "You have given us a devil of a time, captain. You're looking pretty feeble, too, but you're alive—that's something."

"Yes, I'm alive," Pax said, and turned his right palm uppermost to receive Cartridge's grasp when he had disposed of his sticks.

It was a very close one when it came, and Cartridge mopped his forehead at the same time with his free hand as if to wipe away a latent embarrassment.

"It's been the dickens," he said. "Two specialists and an operation that seemed to take all night! Thought you'd never come out of it."

"Well, I'm still here," Pax said.

Cartridge gazed at him over his handkerchief. "That Indian devil!" he said vindictively. "I'd have screwed his neck for him if I'd been anywhere about. You don't know what we've all been through. You never will know."

"Sorry!" murmured Pax.

"You sorry! What have you got to be sorry about?" demanded Cartridge. "It wasn't your fault that the filthy hound—Well," he checked himself abruptly, "we'll leave that. But we'd have all gone to the bottom if you'd pegged out. There was never any luck about this show before you came."

"This job must have cost a bit," said Pax.

"Oh, hang the cost! That's my affair," Cartridge spoke with sudden firmness. "I'd have sold the whole blinking show for you. It wouldn't have meant anything more to me after you'd gone. And d'you know what you went and did that night? Made me promise to stay sober till I saw you again! Dirty blighter!"

Pax smiled at him. "And you did?"

"You bet! A bargain's a bargain, though I don't know how I kept it," Cartridge sounded plaintive. "I said to myself: 'If he snuffs it I shan't care what happens, so I'll go a bust and die too; but so long as he doesn't—I'll hang on.' And—confound it—I did. Hardly know myself now."

"How long?" asked Pax.

"Seven weeks," Cartridge told him gloomily. "Pretty rotten it's been, too. I can tell you."

"Keep it up!" said Pax.

"Oh, I shall stick it if you do," Cartridge agreed with a rueful smile. "So there's something for you to live for, anyway. Suppose I'd better be going again. You're only to be bored in small doses at present. Hurry up and get well, captain! There's lots to be done."

PETERS came in that evening, firmly leading by the collar a wriggling creature of immaculate whiteness whom he conducted to the side of the bed with the solemn adjuration to "be-ive like a ldy."

Elfrida, whipping everything with her tail as she passed, advanced her forepaws upon the bed to kiss as much of her master as her tongue, greatly elongated, could possibly reach, whining her adoration the while. Her dark eyes gazed forth from

their pink rims with a world of sympathy in their depths, and when he touched her she crouched her head beneath his hand as if she found the honor overwhelming.

"Ain't she a picture?" said Peters. "I tubbed 'er and kept 'er shut up half the afternoon, so as she could come up and see you, sir, before your evening doze."

"My what?" said Pax, still fondling the white satin head.

"Your sleepy stuff, sir," Peters explained. "You've 'ad it all along, just to keep you quiet like. Shouldn't wonder but what they'll be leavin' it off soon."

"I'm leaving it off to-night," said Pax. "Are you, sir?" Peters looked delighted for a moment, then: "Ope as you'll sleep all right," he said dubiously. "Shouldn't take no risks—not if I was you, sir."

Pax merely smiled and turned the conversation to Elfrida.

But later, when Peters and his charge were gone, he quietly announced his decision to the nurse.

"I'm not in any pain, and I will sleep without any help to-night."

She did not oppose his wish. "I'll leave it by your side," she said. "Don't forget it's there if you want it! Otherwise you will have to ring the bell, but that's always left within reach."

"I am alone at night, then?" Pax asked. She smiled. "Well, not altogether. I'm only in the next room. I should hear at once if you wanted me."

"Thank you," said Pax.

She arranged everything for the night, and he settled down to sleep. A shaded lamp was alight beside him, but the room was full of shadows. He lay for a space, gazing into nothingness, vaguely enjoying the solitude. Then by imperceptible degrees he drifted into slumber.

He had hardly expected to sleep, but his brain had been at work during the day, and he was very tired. But it was not the sort of repose that had been his the night before. He slept peacefully and naturally, and half waking turned without undue effort and slept again. It was a night such as he had not known for many months—a night of strange and complete contentment—and it was not until it was nearing its end that he dreamed.

It was the same dream as before—the dream that Claire was with him—the dream which made waking not worth while. Yet he could not hold it. It led him straight into consciousness. He opened his eyes in the dimness of the winter morning, and urgently spoke her name.

"Claire! Claire!"

There was a movement somewhere in the room—a pause—silence.

He spoke again. His dream had gone. He waited upon reality.

"Claire! Is it Claire?"

And then he saw her, rising up from a couch that was invisible to him at the foot of his bed, dressed in a blue dressing-gown, as he remembered her—as he remembered her.

Noislessly she came to his side. "Can I get you anything?"

Her voice was very soft; it had a hushing quality. He had a vague idea that he had heard it before in exactly the same way—in the night—when he had been too heavy with narcotics to understand.

He looked straight up at her, noting the dark weariness of her eyes as she bent over him.

"So—you have been here—all the time!" he said.

"Only at night," she answered gently. Pax's hand slipped down to hers and held it. "Why are you being so nice to me?" he asked. "Am I going to die?"

Her pale face quivered with some

strange emotion. "No—oh, no!" she said. "You are much, much better."

"Am I going to get really well again?" pursued Pax, watching her closely.

She did not shrink from his look, or attempt to evade it. "Please, heaven, yes—quite well," she said.

"Will you tell me what happened?" he asked. "That is, if you can bear it."

"I will tell you," Claire said. "But I want you to know—first, Pax—that the moment you left me that night I realised—that I wanted you back." She choked a little and tried to smile. "Women—are like that, you know."

"I don't know," he said. "But tell me the rest, my dear; just the bare facts—if you can!"

"I can," Claire commanded herself and spoke steadily. "After you were gone, I waited till the doctor came back with the nurse, and then I went up with them to Yvonne's room, because I felt I must see her again. She looked most beautiful—like an exquisite statue—in perfect rest. I kissed her, and she was hardly cold. But I knew she was gone. Then as I turned to go I saw a letter on the table by her side addressed to me. And I took it and went to my room—and read it."

SHE paused. She was looking at him no longer. Her eyes were lifted, and she did not seem aware of the tears that were running down her face.

"In that letter," she said, speaking very softly, "she told me—everything. Some day you will read it for yourself, and I know that you will forgive her. She told me all about Guy, about her love for Chris, and her running out to find him, not knowing that he had gone. She told me of her return to Guy, and of Guy's madness and brutality, and of her flight to you, still hoping to find Chris. She told me of Guy following her, and how—in a frenzy—she snatched up your revolver and fired at the electric torch he was carrying, not caring what she did. She told me of how you shouldered the burden and saved her, and of how afterwards her life was never worth living. And she ended like this: 'I am taking this way out because I can't bear it any longer. You must know the truth, but I could never bring myself to face you after you knew. But when we meet again—if we meet again—perhaps you will have forgiven me. I think you will. At least—by the wonderful love you have always had for me—try to understand and pity—your Yvonne.'"

Claire's voice was suddenly caught by a sob; but in a moment she went on: "I do understand—and I have forgiven." She turned and looked down again at Pax. "I know you will forgive her, too," she said.

His hand still held hers, and his clasp had a comforting touch. "Claire," he said, "that letter must be destroyed. We will keep the secret together—you and I."

She smiled at him through her tears oddly, uncertainly. And then suddenly she leaned over him and her arm encircled his pillow. "Oh, Pax—Pax," she whispered brokenly, "do you still say that? You would—yes, you would! But it's too late now. That letter has been published—and there's no secret left to keep." She laid her head down by his and sobbed. "I had to do it. It was the only thing to do. Chris wished it, too."

Pax's weak hand caressed her face.

"But, darling—" he said, "but, darling—why? You shouldn't have done that. It could have been hushed up."

"No," whispered Claire, "no—no—no! Do you never think of yourself?"

"I might have died," he said, "and then—"

"Oh, don't!" she broke in, and suddenly her hold was close. "Never say that! You don't understand?"

"Do I? I wonder," said Pax.

She was clinging to him, her face hidden. "When Chris rang up and told me—I could hardly believe it. The doctor was with me, and he came straight to you, and did what he could. But he gave no hope. And then we got specialists—and there was that dreadful operation—and all the police inquiries at the same time—and Ghulam being taken away. He thought—he honestly thought—I should be—pleased."

Sobs checked her utterance. She clung more closely.

Pax's hand was on her head. "And you've been nursing me ever since," he said.

"Only at night," she whispered.

"Every night?" he said.

"Yes, every night. They made me rest in the day." She began to strive for calmness, but she remained in the same position, her face hidden from him.

He spoke after a brief space, very gently, with a suspicion of humor in his voice. "I shan't want to get well now."

Her hold tightened instantly, almost instinctively. "You must get well, Pax. You must—you must!"

"Not if I can help it," said Pax firmly. She stirred in protest. "But you must!"

"Not if I've got to fend for myself at night," he said.

She raised her head and looked at him with eyes that shone through her tears. "When you are well," she said with a faint smile that strangely beautified her wan face, "you will have me by day as well as by night. You'll never fend for yourself again. You're far too—precious."

"Do you mean that?" said Pax.

She bent her head and the last of her tears fell on his hand. "Don't you—understand?" she said again.

He was silent for a few moments, and then, "What is that light behind the curtain?" he said. "I want to see it."

She got up, drawing her hand gently from his. She crossed the room to the window.

"Do you mean the revolving light on the headland?" she said. "My poor Yvonne's electric torch?"

She drew the curtain back, and the winter sun, new risen, deeply red, shone into the room.

"Come back to me!" said Pax.

She returned and knelt down by his side. He took her hands again and held them against his heart.

"That's the light I wanted to see," he said. "The Lord's own electric torch—lighting the world. Now I can look at you properly—see you—as you are. Claire—tell me what you want me to understand!"

She bent towards him, but her lips were quivering and she could not speak.

"A little nearer!" he said. "A little nearer!"

And the trembling lips met his.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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